DR. TALMAGE IN THE PARLOR OF HIS HOME.

AUTHORIZED AND AUTHENTIC

LIFE AND WORKS

OF

T. DeWitt Talmage

174

By

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS

THE NOTED AUTHOR AND POET

ASSISTED BY

GEO. C. COOK and MARSHALL EVERETT

A carefull study of the most unique figure ever seen in the pulpit; with a close analysis of his character and the voluminous product of his genius.

Fully Illustrated with Portraits and Photographs

His Wit, Humor and Pathos Profusely Illustrated by His Own Words

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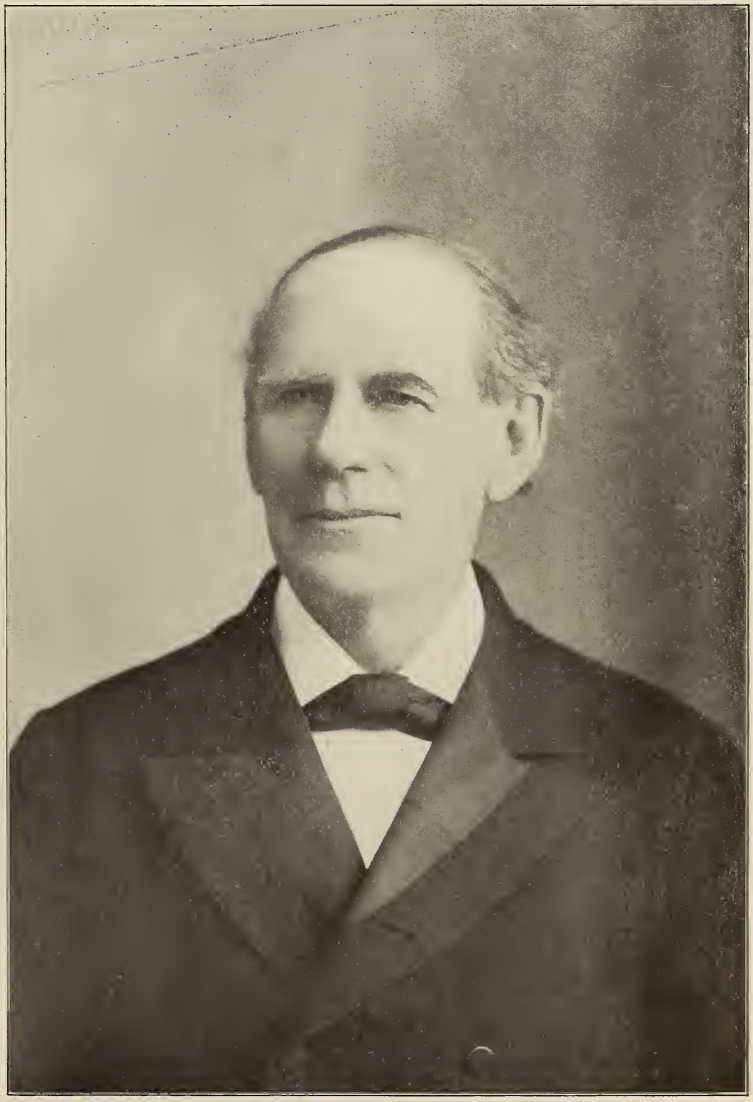

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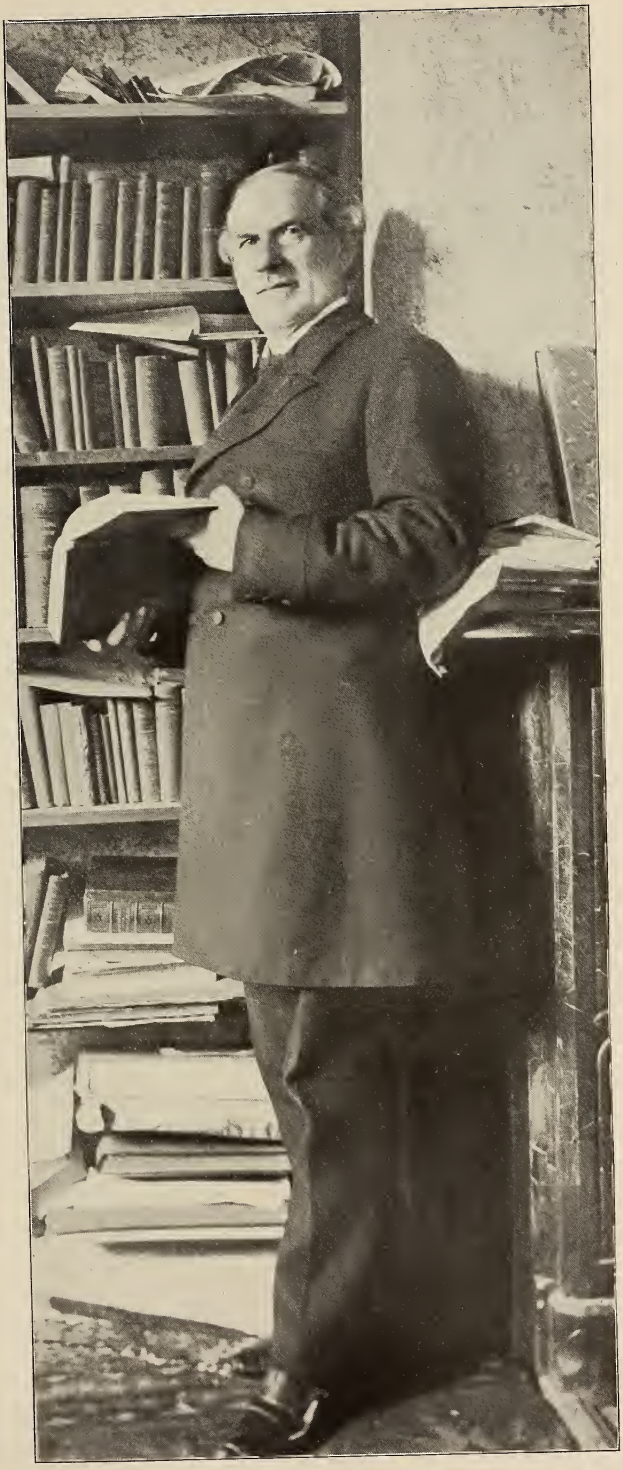

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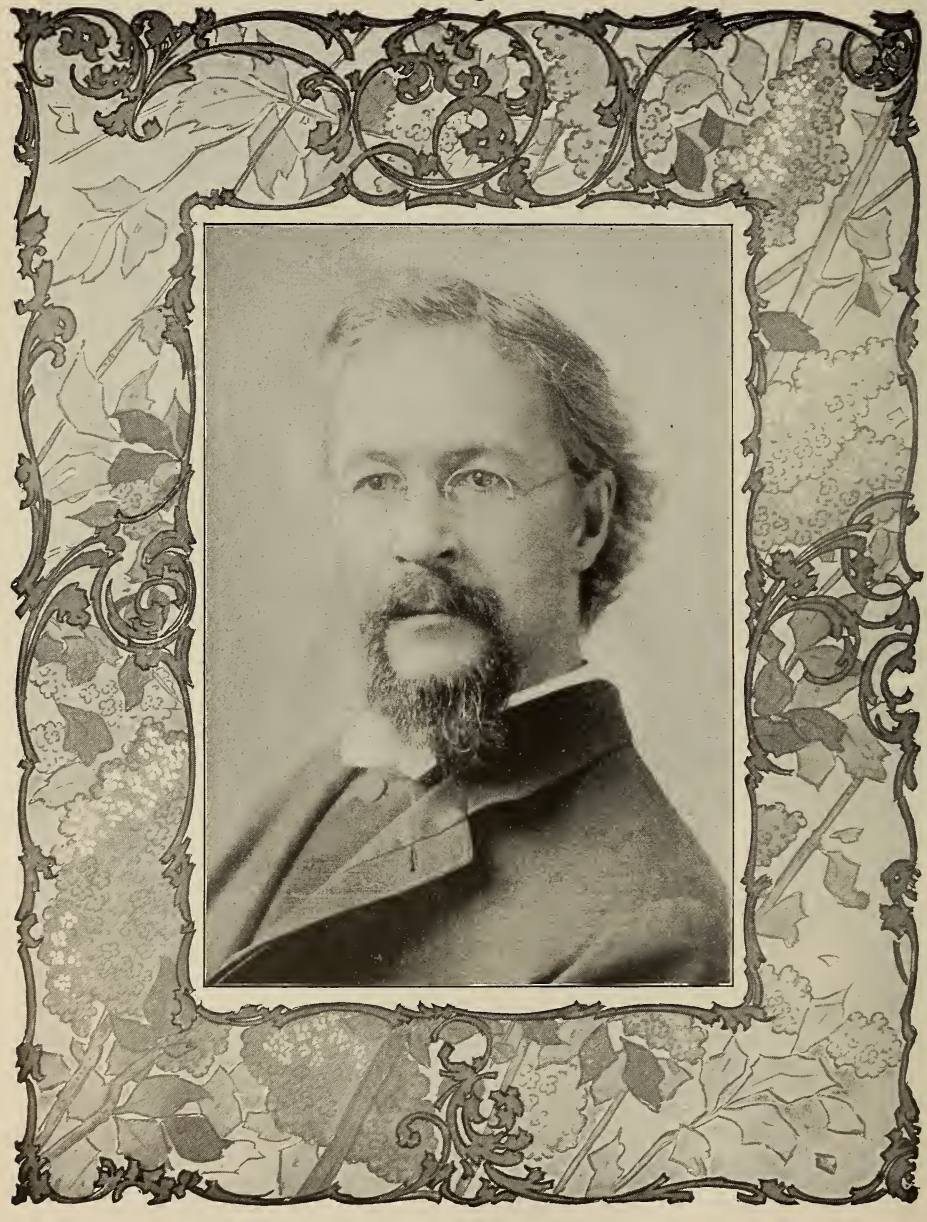

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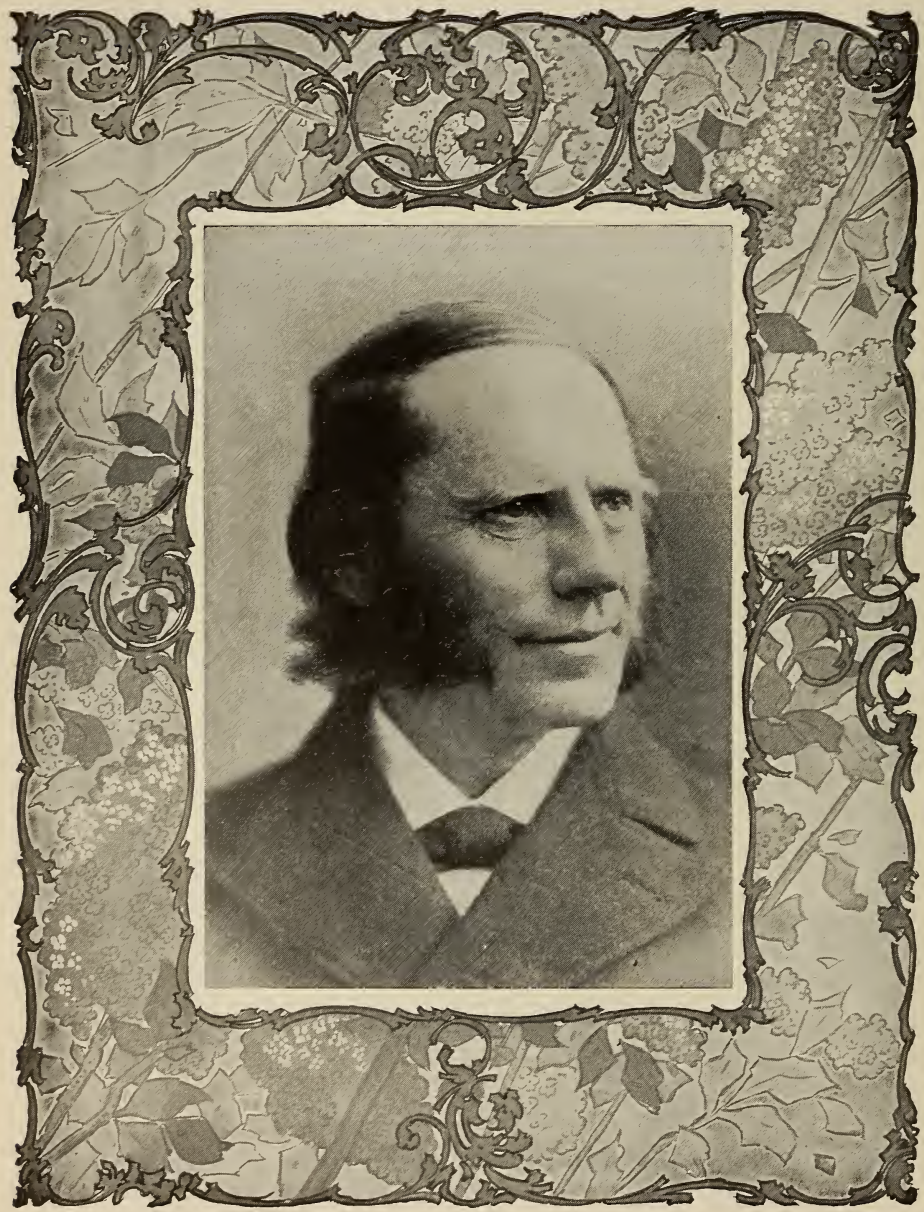

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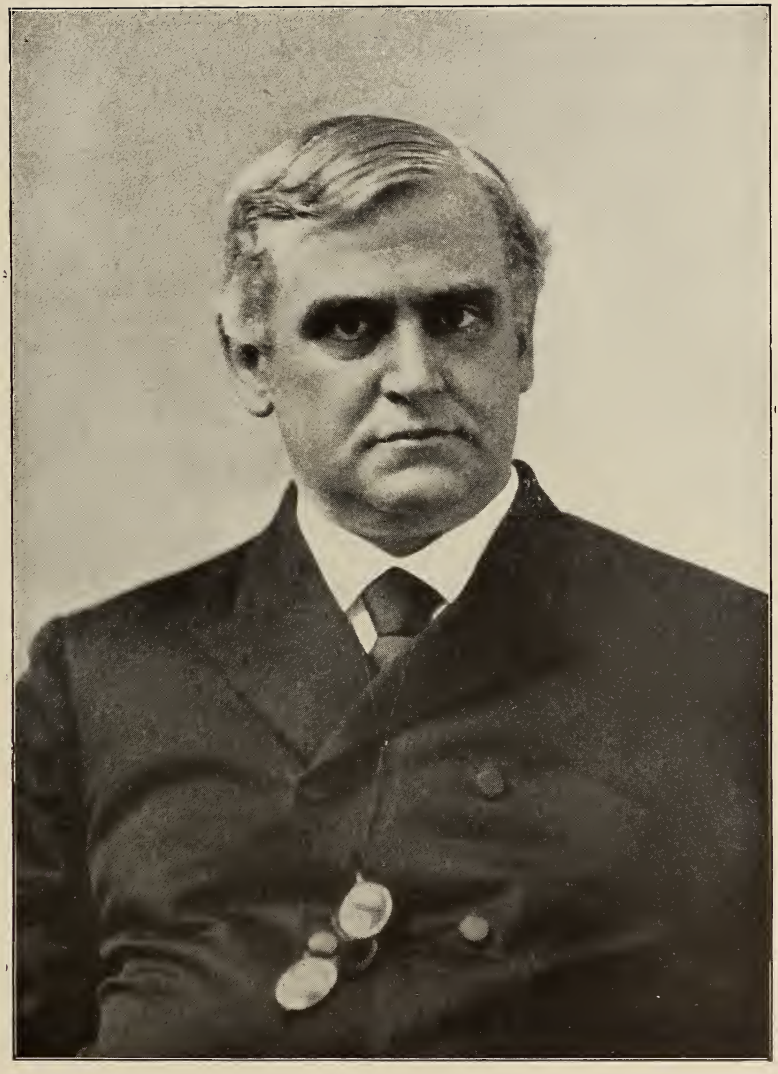

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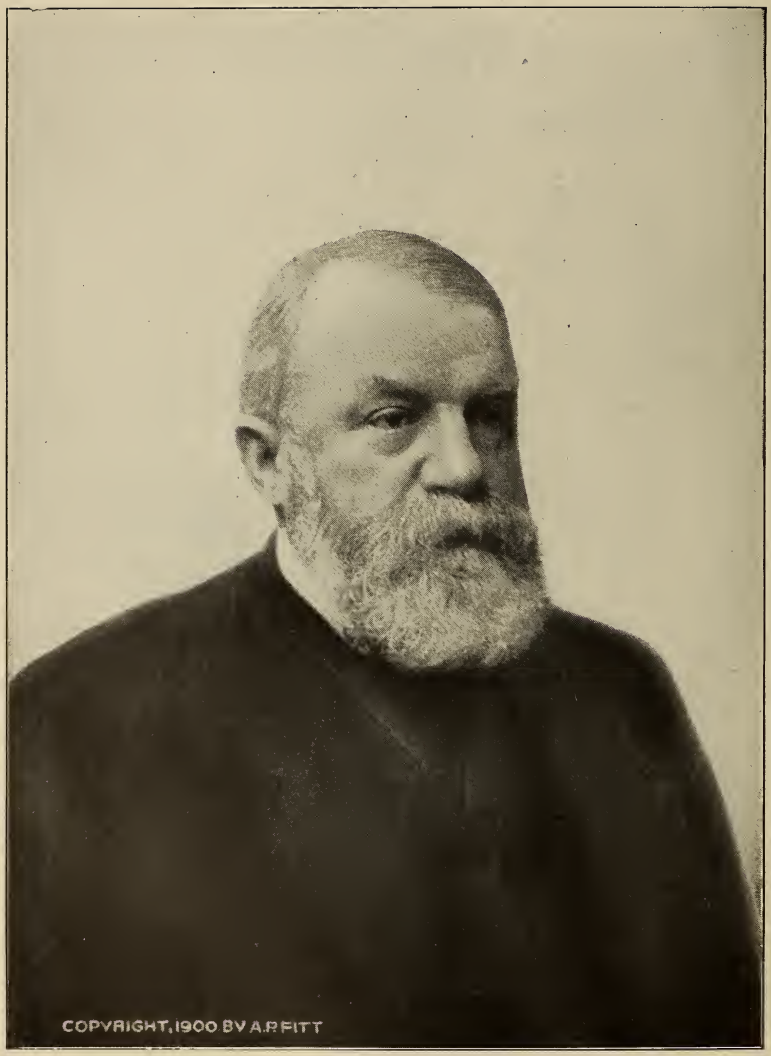

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

PREFACE.

THE life of Thomas DeWitt Talmage will be an inspiration to all men for centuries to come. Of all the great American preachers he made the greatest impression on his time. A man of sublime imagination he drove the chariot of his genius ever under the battlements of Heaven. A rebel by nature, he overthrew customs and creeds of the church, but like the reforms of the Master he so loved and honored, his reforms purified the temple but left the structure itself unharmed. He fought with humanity for humanity. He despised hollow forms so much that he sometimes touched the border of the ridiculous in his anxiety to overthrow them. But he was so grandly, deeply, humanely in earnest that his most glaring faults came at last to act as servants to his virtues. In all his preaching (and who has done anywhere near so much of it), he took Christ for his model. He says of the Savior: "He upset all their notions as to how preaching ought to be done. There was this peculiarity about his preaching—the people knew what he meant. His illustrations were taken from the hen calling her chickens together; from salt; from candles; from fishing-tackle; from a hard creditor collaring a debtor. How few pulpits of this day would have allowed him entrance? He would have been called undignified and familiar in his style. And yet the people went to hear him. The philosophers sneered at his ministrations and said, 'this will never do.' The lawyers caricatured, but the common people heard him gladly."

This criticism applies to Talmage himself as no other utterance could do. He had felt the scoffs, and flings, and jeers of the polite in church affairs. He had been tried by a synod of the Presbyterian church for buffoonery in the pulpit. Because he believed in humanity as it is, and not in the tailor-made article, because he believed there was as great a prayer in an innocent laugh as in a groan of remorse; because he believed in the utterance that came hot from the heart rather than in the polished rhetoric of the dim and dusty study,

he was on the point of being driven from the pulpit. If the preachers and elders could have had their way in 1879 this mighty voice, that has in all the intervening years from that day to this never ceased crying out to the troubled world: "Right thinking, right living mean right dying and a life immortal," would have been stilled at the outset. Because he had a message to deliver and thought more of the message than he did of the words in which it was clothed pious purists would have sent him into ignominious silence. Better disgraced, or dead, they thought, than to go on to overthrow the etiquette of the pulpit. So wedded to forms was the church of even thirty years ago that Talmage was forced to stand a trial which lasted nearly four months, and which discovered unfathomed depths of bitterness, because he allowed his sympathies full play in the pulpit, was not ashamed of a tear on his own cheeks, yet hesitated not to rainbow that tear with a sunbeam of his wit.

But *he* did not change because of this criticism. Year after year he preached on to the largest congregations that ever continued to hear one man. And the people went to hear him! Why? Because he was a great, human personality. "We spend three years in college studying ancient mythology," he says, "and three years in the theological seminary learning how to make a sermon, and then we go out to save the world; and if we cannot do it according to Claude's *Sermonizing* or Blair's *Rhetoric* or Kame's *Criticism,* we will let the world go to perdition. If we save nothing else, we will save Claude and Blair. The work of the religious teacher is to save men; and though every law of grammar should be snapped in the undertaking, and there be nothing but awkwardness and blundering in the mode, all hail to the man who saves a soul from death!"

The Reverend J. A. Singmaster, A. M., of Brooklyn, N. Y., writing in the *Lutheran Quarterly* for April, 1888, on the Elements and Power of Talmage's Preaching, says: "He is a preacher of great power. He may not be the greatest preacher living, but he is certainly the most popular. His congregation, numbering upwards of four thousand members, is probably the largest Protestant church in Christendom. He claims that about six thousand people were converted last year through his preaching. In this city of world-renowned preachers, he commands twice as many hearers as any other. Indeed,

while men of distinguished learning and reputation even as classic orators preach to a handful, the tabernacle is crowded to the doors. When other churches are poorly attended on account of inclement weather, there is often not standing room there. I believe there are fifty churches in Brooklyn whose combined Sunday evening congregations are easily outnumbered by the people who throng to hear Talmage. Nor is this the exception; it is the rule. For nearly a score of years he has labored here with ever increasing popularity and success."

This is the statement of a Lutheran minister of pronounced reputation and can be depended on to be well within the facts. He further says: "This wonderful status has not been attained by organized lay efforts, by impressive music, by pastoral activity, by oratorical trickery or anything of the kind, for his sermons are quite as popular in the printed form as when delivered by the enthusiastic preacher. Of what other preacher, living or dead, since the age of the apostles is this true? Even Beecher's sermons lost their spell in the printing office, and Spurgeon's often are commonplace, divorced from the magic of their delivery."

This was written fourteen years ago, when Talmage was at the height of his fame, but his popularity with the reading public has not diminished. Over fifty books are in circulation under his name. His sermons had been published weekly for twenty-nine years, without the exception of a week, through syndicates in 3,600 different papers, reaching, it is estimated, 30,000,000 people in the United States and other lands, weekly. These sermons have been translated into most European and many Asiatic languages. Their circulation in newspapers, magazines and books is almost fabulous, and have made his name a household word to the ends of the earth. Few men have ever lived, presidents, emperors, princes, authors, philanthropists, who are as widely known as Talmage.

Abundant evidence may be adduced from able and unprejudiced men to the great power and genius of Talmage. Spurgeon said: "His sermons take hold of my inmost soul. The Lord is with this mighty man. I am astonished when God blesses me, but not surprised when he blesses him." Reverend S. T. Spear pronounced him the most remarkable, impressive and profitable

preacher he ever listened to—"a poet, a dramatist and a genius for the glory of God and the good of mankind." Dr. Prime said that his sermons were "as simple as Bunyan, as cogent as Wesley and as mighty as Edwards." Beecher, Storrs, Lyman Abbott, Talbot W. Chambers and other eminent preachers spoke in a similar vein. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen considered his sermons "as unequaled in their power to commend Christ to men as a never-dying Savior." Such are the tributes of poets, scholars, orators and judges to this remarkable man while he was yet living. His death has accentuated his virtues and given new interest to his utterances.

The pages of this book are dedicated to his memory. They are written with a keen appreciation of the genius of the man and the value of his life-work to the human race. From his own voluminous utterances on the almost numberless phases of human society an earnest endeavor has been made to reproduce the character, aspirations, belief and faith of this giant of the pulpit, this wonderful orator, writer, traveler and sublime Christian man. How honestly he has toiled! How deeply he has felt! How broadly he has sympathized! How gloriously he uttered himself! And in that utterance how nearly he has come to speaking your thought and mine; our joys, our griefs, our comedies and our tragedies. His nature was vital. He encompassed the world. No feature of life escaped him. He not only saw the beauty of the world from the mountain top but he went alone into the Garden of Gethsemane to wrestle with grief and despair. He loved humanity more than he loved ease or praise or fame. All these he threw to the winds in the early days of his ministry for the sake of making people think. If his earnestness won them all and more in the end it was not what he aimed at. He began by sacrificing the good opinion of those whose favor must have meant much to him, because he would not be unnatural; because he could not but forget self in his anxiety to save souls.

Talmage died as he had lived, in the full faith of a better life to come. In his sermon on Christ the Wonderful, he says: "In most houses there is a picture of Christ. Sometimes it represents him with face effeminate; sometimes with a face despotic. I have seen West's grand sketch of the rejection of Jesus; I have seen the face of Christ as cut on an emerald, said to be by

command of Julius Cæsar; and yet I am convinced that I shall never know how Jesus looked until, on that sweet Sabbath morning, I shall wash the last sleep from my eyes in the cool river of heaven."

These words now seem almost prophetic. On the eve of a Sabbath day God's finger touched him and he slept. Those who read the record of his thoughts and work in the following pages must be convinced that he closed his eyes for the last time on earth with a firm belief in a sweet awakening.

TALMAGE.

Angular, awkward, long of limb;
Light of Faith on the strong, sweet face;
Who shall stand on the heights with him!
Rugged son of a rugged race.
Under his feet were the worn-out forms
Of the man-made creeds with their chilling breath,
But his head was lifted above all storms,
And he walks unharmed through the halls of Death.

—Charles Eugene Banks.

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Born Bound Brook, N. J.	Jan. 7th, 1832
Became a Christian	1850
Graduated University of New York	1853
Studied Law	1853
Entered New Brunswick Theological Seminary	1853
Graduated and Ordained	1856
Pastor of Reformed Church of Belleville, N. J.	1856-1859
Pastor of Reformed Church of Syracuse, N. Y.	1859-1862
The Tragic Death of His First Wife, Mary Avery	1862
Pastor of Reformed Church of Philadelphia	1862-1869
Chaplain of Pennsylvania Regiment	1863
Married Susan Whittemore	1864
Called to Brooklyn Second Presbyterian Church	March 22nd, 1869
The First Tabernacle Built	1870
Founding of the Tabernacle Lay College	1872
Burning of the First Tabernacle	Dec. 22nd, 1872
The Second Tabernacle Built	1873
Became Editor of The Christian at Work	1873
Became Editor of The Advance	1876
Tried for Falsehood and Acquitted by Brooklyn Presbytery	May, 1879
Triumphant Lecture Tour of England	June-Sept., 1879
Burning of the Second Tabernacle	Oct. 27, 1889
Journey to the Holy Land	1889
Return from the Holy Land	Feb. 3d, 1890
The Third Tabernacle Dedicated	April 26th, 1891
Burning of the Third Tabernacle	May 13th, 1894
Death of Mrs. Talmage	August 5th, 1895
Succored Starving Russians and Conferred with the Czar	1892
Called to Washington	1895
Married Mrs. Collier	Jan. 22nd, 1898
Retired from the Ministry	1899
Died	April 12th, 1902

LIFE OF T. DeWITT TALMAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEATH OF TALMAGE.

TALMAGE IS DEAD—THE GREAT MAGICIAN OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT, THE KING OF THE AMERICAN PLATFORM, THE MAN WHO THRILLED MILLIONS OF HUMAN SOULS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA WITH HIS ELOQUENCE IS GONE—WE SHALL NOT LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN—LAST HOURS IN WASHINGTON.

The end came quietly, peacefully, without a struggle, at the great clergyman's home on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington at nine o'clock in the evening, Saturday, April 12th, 1902. He had been unconscious for many hours, and the end came gradually. No remedies that the specialists were able to administer had any effect upon the congestion and inflammation of the brain, and after the consultation of the physicians at one-thirty in the afternoon, the anxious relatives and friends had been told to resign themselves, for the end was near and sure. The stricken preacher was merely lingering. Visitors thronged the residence all day, but were denied admittance to the sick-room. The sons and daughters were all at the residence, the trained nurse sat watching for the final sign, and when she perceived it, summoned the family to the bedside. Amid their prayers the soul of T. DeWitt Talmage left its clay.

So passed the man who was undoubtedly the best-known clergyman on earth, whose fame was world-wide, whose sermons Queen Victoria included among her favorite books, whose personal friendship was highly valued by the Czar of Russia, whose name was and is a household word in hundreds of thousands of homes in America, England and her colonies, and whose soul-inspiring words, written and spoken, reached millions every week, and whose

striking sermons will for years be read, and to those who have heard him it will be as though they heard him preaching from the grave. In the opinion of eminent divines his sermons will be read for generations.

When Dr. Talmage set out from his home in Washington for New Orleans, on February 12, he was in excellent health and spirits. He went to fulfil a long-standing preaching engagement in the Crescent City, where the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church, and thousands of citizens affiliated with other churches, were looking forward to his visit with pleasure. His southern journey was destined to be an eventful one. He narrowly escaped a train wreck at Valdosta, Ga., caused by an open switch. As it was, the train in which he rode was so roughly shaken up that all the passengers suffered, though not seriously. The Doctor fortunately escaped with no worse misfortune than the loss of part of his baggage.

At New Orleans, a remarkable welcome awaited him. He was received by a distinguished deputation with the utmost cordiality. When he went, on the following Sunday, to the First Presbyterian Church, he found a great multitude assembled, the large building densely packed within, and a much vaster gathering out-of-doors, unable to obtain admittance, as auditorium, galleries, and even the organ-loft, were filled almost to suffocation. Thousands went away disappointed, but an immense crowd remained outside while the service lasted. He spoke with even more than usual force and conviction, and it was evident that the message was enriched by Divine power and made a blessing to many. It seemed to reach the hearts of his auditors and to evoke responses which may have a marked spiritual influence upon the future of many lives. Seldom has Dr. Talmage, in all his long experience as a preacher, faced such a multitude. Only at the memorable gatherings around the Academy of Music, New York; at Ocean Grove, where he preached the Gospel to 10,000 hearers; at the various Chautauquas, and during his preaching tours in Great Britain, has he enjoyed the great privilege of addressing similar assemblages.

Leaving New Orleans, he proceeded to Mexico City, where he arrived safely, though somewhat fatigued with the labors he had undergone. He was to preach and lecture in the Mexican capital. Though the city has an altitude of several thousand feet above sea level, it is unhealthy for foreigners, unless

they are fully acclimated. Shortly after his arrival, he had premonitions of an attack from his old enemy, the grip, but his health had been so robust that he gave these warnings little heed. In a few days they became more pronounced, and one morning, after a restless night, he found himself a thoroughly sick man. His physician advised his removal to Washington at once, and as every hour seemed to aggravate his condition, his wife and friends prepared for the homeward journey, which was begun without delay.

He was still quite ill when he reached Washington and was conveyed to his home at No. 1400 Massachusetts avenue, where, under careful nursing, he soon began to improve. The lethargy slowly gave way before returning strength, and on Monday, March 24, his wife and family and his friends all over the world were pathetically gladdened with the too hopeful news that the patient was on the road to recovery.

For a week the patient's supposed convalescence progressed, and the prospects for complete recovery were regarded as excellent, no set-back being apprehended. Dr. G. L. Magruder, the chief physician in attendance, issued this statement under date April 1:

"Dr. Talmage's condition is very satisfactory this morning. There is marked improvement in every respect."

Hope grew strong, but it was unfortunately without basis, and after alternate cheer and gloom, a bulletin issued on the twelfth by the attending physicians said: "Dr. Talmage is gradually sinking. He may last through the evening. He is profoundly unconscious."

During Dr. Talmage's illness, hundreds of telegrams and letters of inquiry were received at his home in Washington from all parts of the country, and some even from distant lands. These messages of kindly interest poured in upon Mrs. Talmage in such numbers that to reply to all became impossible. They showed how deep, widespread and genuine was the love that glowed in countless hearts for the famous preacher, for whose recovery fervent petitions were being offered everywhere, but which God in his providence saw fit not to grant.

The great preacher's last rational words were uttered the day preceding the marriage of his daughter Maud, on Wednesday, when in reply to a ques-

tion he weakly said: "Of course I know you, Maud." The attending physicians gave up hope Thursday evening, abandoned all efforts to save the life of their patient and waited for the end, which was known to be merely a matter of hours. Dr. Talmage had shown an astonishing amount of vitality and but for his superb physique would have succumbed to the disease much sooner.

WORKED HIMSELF TO DEATH.

Dr. G. L. Magruder, the family physician, paid frequent visits to the Talmage home, but on a call Saturday morning he decided that it would be not only useless but cruel to make further efforts to prolong the patient's life. The disease had advanced to such a point that it was plain that death was certain and that nothing could be done to relieve him. Consequently the devoted wife, daughters, sons and others gathered about to watch for the end.

Said Dr. Magruder, in discussing Dr. Talmage's case: "Nothing but the patient's wonderfully vigorous condition has been keeping him alive. We stopped treatment, as nothing can benefit him, and it would be cruel to attempt experiments. His condition is due to congestion brought about by excessive mental work under unfavorable conditions. In recent years Dr. Talmage has suffered greatly from insomnia, but in spite of this he did not relax his intellectual labors. He was an indefatigable worker and never spared his brain. The result was it gave in to the strain and became congested.

"Dr. Talmage literally worked himself to death. Only his splendid physique and remarkable constitution enabled him to keep up his literary work while in constant suffering from insomnia. Almost any other man would have collapsed long before. There has never been any doubt in the diagnosis of his case, and the treatment has been uniform from the first."

LAST DAYS OF TALMAGE.

The last day of Dr. Talmage's life passed as the two days which preceded it. The patient was simply dying. His vital force was ebbing slowly away. As complications became more serious, Dr. Magruder called in advice.

The congestion of the brain grew out of an effusion, or accumulation of fluid, the pressure of which caused a deadening of sensibilities and gradual death. The exact cause of death was the pressure of this fluid on the brain, as in the case of apoplexy, when the rupture of a blood vessel permits a great flow of blood to bear down upon the vital organs.

Several days ago Dr. Magruder called for assistance upon Dr. A. B. Richardson, the superintendent of the Government Hospital for Insane. Dr. Richardson is a specialist in brain troubles, and it was hoped he might be able to administer treatment which would bring relief. All he could do, however, was to direct Dr. Magruder in methods calculated to make the patient comfortable. He saw almost immediately that there was no chance for ultimate recovery. About the same time the services of Dr. C. W. Richardson were requested. The latter is a specialist in afflictions of the throat and nose. His services were sought in the hope he could relieve the troublesome conditions arising from the severe attack of catarrh. He succeeded in a measure, although his duties, for the most part, were similar to those of the other consulting physician. He endeavored to make Dr. Talmage's last hours pass with as little pain as possible.

During the evening a great many friends of Dr. Talmage and of his family called at the home to express their sorrow at the death of one whom they loved and admired and to extend sympathy with the family.

The end came so peacefully, after days of unconsciousness, that the devoted watchers at his bedside scarcely knew when he breathed his last. The immediate cause of death was inflammation of the brain.

At Dr. Talmage's bedside, besides his wife, were the following members of his family: Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, Chicago; Mrs. Warren G. Smith, Brooklyn; Mrs. Daniel Mangum, Brooklyn; Mrs. Allen E. Donnan, Richmond; Mrs. Clarence Wyckoff, and Miss Talmage, of Washington. Aside from the family of the great preacher and the attending nurses, the only other person present was Dr. Talmage's old friend, Dr. T. Chalmers Easton, pastor of the Eastern Presbyterian Church, of Washington.

"It was just as the hands of the clock pointed the hour of 9 Saturday night," said Dr. Easton, "when the soul of the good man passed away. I

offered a consolatory prayer as the soul of Dr. Talmage passed across the great unknown. His end was most peaceful and he died without the least shadow of pain."

A SIMPLE FUNERAL.

The funeral services in Washington and Brooklyn were extremely simple, there being, in connection with the obsequies, neither procession nor funeral sermon. In accordance with the wishes of the deceased the rites were celebrated without ostentation. The services were held at 5 o'clock in the Church of the Covenant, after which the body remained in the edifice until a late hour in order to give the family and friends an opportunity for a last look upon the face of the great preacher. At 12:10 a. m. Wednesday the body was taken by special train to Brooklyn, thence direct to Greenwood Cemetery. No services were held in Brooklyn, except at the grave itself.

Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin had charge of the services at the Church of the Covenant. Besides himself other personal friends of the Talmage family delivered short addresses, among them Dr. Thomas Chalmers Easton, of Brooklyn, and Dr. J. S. Nichols, of St. Louis. Music was furnished by the regular male quartette of the church, "Lead, Kindly Light," being the principal hymn sung.

The following were the honorary pallbearers: Associate Justices Harlan and Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, Senators Cullom, of Illinois; Burrows, of Michigan, and Dolliver, of Iowa; ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster, Representative William Alden Smith, of Michigan; the Rev. Dr. Bittinger, and the Rev. A. S. Fiske, of this city; the Rev. Dr. Louis Klopsch, of New York; Dr. G. Lloyd Magruder, Dr. Talmage's physician; B. H. Warner, E. H. Branch and F. M. Lawrence, all old friends of the great preacher.

EFFECTIVENESS OF THE MAN.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage was equally effective as a lecturer on general topics and as a preacher of the gospel. His Christianity was broad-minded and liberal. He himself described his methods and ideals as before

all else *unconventional*. He differed from all other men because in him was the originality of genius. He followed the advice of Chaucer:

"Hold the highway, look up, thank God for all,
And let the ghost (the spirit) thee lead
And truth shall deliver, it is no dread."

The fascinating facts of his career are to be outlined in the following chapters; and in this place we shall give only a broad and general idea of his character and achievement.

In addition to his labors as preacher and popular lecturer, Dr. Talmage was a most voluminous writer. A constant writer for the newspapers, a steady contributor to the magazines, he still found time to make many books.

He published during his busy Brooklyn pastorate as many as fourteen volumes, besides several volumes of collected sermons and a number of lectures and addresses.

Talmage was looked upon by many as having been too sensational in his methods, but no one ever doubted his power with men, his ability to draw mighty audiences wherever and whenever he was announced to preach or lecture.

His was a name to conjure with, and in the day of his power he was easily the king of the American platform.

Those who derided his methods went still to hear him, and, hearing him they had to confess his marvelous gift of speech and his wonderful personal magnetism.

During his twenty-five years at Brooklyn he made for himself a world-wide reputation as pulpit orator and popular lecturer.

The great tabernacle, with a seating capacity of 5,000, was always taxed to the full limit, and for many years the sermons weekly preached from his pulpit were regularly printed in full in hundreds of newspapers throughout the English-speaking world.

HIS TRIPS ABROAD.

During the last ten years of his life Dr. Talmage made several extensive trips abroad, preaching in all the larger cities of England and the continent

to mighty congregations. His fame had gone before him, and the great cathedral churches of the old world were not large enough to hold the thousands who wanted to hear the famous divine from America.

Perhaps the highest honor that the great preacher received while abroad was the invitation to visit and dine with the Czar of Russia, which invitation came to him direct from the mighty Czar himself.

Talmage accepted the invitation, held his own in the august presence of royalty, and got out without sacrificing one jot or tittle of his good, old-fashioned democratic principle.

COUNTRY'S MOST NOTED CLERGYMAN.

By his death the country loses its most noted clergyman. Not since the day of Henry Ward Beecher has a pulpit orator had the nation for his audience. Differing as the two men did in character and methods, their hold upon the public was largely the same, and their names were familiar in every Christian household.

Dr. Talmage exercised a wide influence upon the religious thought of his day. Wherever he appeared in the pulpit he was greeted by enormous congregations. His rise to prominence has been attributed to his eccentricities, but this will not explain the continuance of his grasp. We have had so-called sensational preachers who for a time drew their crowds, but their vogue passed away, and they lapsed into obscurity. Probably at no time had Dr. Talmage been stronger with the religious people than in the latter years of his life.

Another answer to the charge of eccentricity, which was entirely personal, was the popularity which his written sermons enjoyed. They have been printed as regular features in the Monday morning issues of the leading papers in the United States. In this way the eminent divine reached what has been estimated at 20,000,000 people. Certainly there could be no better test that the words and not the peculiarities of the man were responsible for his influence.

If one were to attempt to gauge the secret of Dr. Talmage's power he would pronounce it to be an almost inspired optimism. He looked on

the bright side of things. He took no gloomy view of life, and no phase of modern life could induce him to croak or snarl. The world was growing better instead of worse; humanity's mission could not end in failure. This cheeriness was contagious and encouraging. If he took occasion to offer criticism, he accompanied his rebuke with helpful suggestion, thus giving a wholesome tone to his remarks.

Orthodox without being a stickler for rigidity in doctrine, he preferred to draw a simple and appealing lesson from his text, something that would reach the hearts and understanding of all. He held before his vast congregation the lamp of hope, and in the light cast by its rays there appeared to him no other directions than onward and upward.

Dr. Talmage left an estate valued at more than $300,000, of which one-third was bequeathed to the widow and the rest divided equally among the children and their descendants. About $250,000 was in personal property, consisting of secured notes, United States 4 per cent bonds, stock and cash in bank. The real estate was worth about $50,000, comprising a house at 1400 Massachusetts avenue in Washington, D. C., and property in East Hampton, Long Island, and in Brooklyn.

Dr. Talmage's widow, his son, Frank De Witt Talmage of Chicago, and Dr. Louis Klepsch of Brooklyn were appointed literary trustees under a codicil dated March 15, 1901. A prior codicil, dated simultaneously with the will, provided that the share of the estate to which Miss Jennie Talmage, the only single daughter, was entitled should be held in trust for her benefit.

The will gave to the son, Frank, all the books, manuscripts and copyrights in trust, to superintend, manage and control their printing, publishing and sale. One-third of the money from the literary productions became the property of the testator's widow and the remaining two-thirds equally among all of his children, share and share alike, the issue of any deceased child or children to receive the parent's share.

Dr. Talmage left his library and all books, except as otherwise provided, to the son, Frank De Witt Talmage.

CHAPTER II.

TALMAGE THE MAN.

HIS SINCERITY—DISREGARD OF CONVENTIONALITIES—ORIGINALITY OF HIS METHODS—HIS IDEAL "TO THROW HIS LINE OUT INTO THE WORLD"—HIS MOTTO "AROUSAL"—HIS STRENGTH—PERSONAL APPEARANCE—MANNERISMS—QUAINT SYMBOLISM OF HIS ORATORY.

This man was not a fake. He was in red-hot earnest. He stood upon the platform of his great free church, built according to his own plan, and held four thousand people spellbound. He spoke without notes, not standing in a conventional pulpit, but on a simple platform, and he drove his homely words straight to the hearts of his hearers. He did not give the "confections of religion," as they are daintily administered by the delicate-handed, snowy-banded, dilettante clergymen of fashionable congregations. To bring the Gospel to the masses of Brooklyn was to him a work more rugged and congenial. Ultra-polite hearers were shocked by the ways he took to bring religion home to the business and bosoms of men.

He was accused of being nothing but an actor, doing sensational things for the sake of advertisement. Those who really heard him, not about him, could see and did feel that whatever eccentricity there was in the man's mind, person or voice was natural. No insincere man ever swayed other men as this man did. It was not his fault if polite church-goers thought it sensational to preach that rich and poor should sit down together in one church of God, and that when a man fails in business and loses the power to pay even for his pew then is the very time he most needs the consolations of religion, and then is the time to hold him in, not drive him from the church.

What Talmage thought, he said. No matter whose toes he trod upon, he spoke out the truth as vigorously as he could, and that was very vigorously indeed.

While the controversy about allowing black people in the cars in Phila-

delphia was raging, Talmage said to his great congregation: "That feeling of caste belongs to its father, the devil. I am happy in a horse-car whether beside me there be a ragged man, a fop, a well-dressed man or a black man." Then he stopped and looked about the church, saying nothing for full thirty seconds, when he resumed and said: "I was waiting for some weak brother to get up in indignation and leave the church."

For such radical methods Talmage was for several years attacked and ridiculed by the press, but his success was so great, his influence so powerful and so good that criticism was at last disarmed and the methods of Talmage were everywhere imitated. Other preachers followed his lead in preaching "every-day religion."

He was afraid neither of saying what he thought nor of saying it in his own way. "One-half of you Christians are simply stuck in the mud!" he cried. "Why not cut loose from everything but God? Give not to Him that formal petition made up of 'O's'—'O Lord!' this and 'O Lord!' that. When people are cold, and have nothing to say to God, they strew their prayers with 'O's' and 'Forever and ever, Amen' and things to fill up. Tell God what you want, with the feeling that He is ready to give it, and believe that you will receive, and you shall have it. Shed that old prayer you have been making these ten years. It is high time that you outgrew it. Throw it aside with your old ledgers and your old hats and your old shoes. Take a review of your present wants, of your present sins and of your present blessings. With a sharp blade cut away your past half-and-half Christian life, and with new determination and new plans, and new expectations, *launch out into the deep*. The church of God has been fishing too near shore."

The disregard of conventionalities is evident. It was this disregard which turned finicky persons against Talmage, it was this disregard also which made his rushing eloquence an irresistible and mighty stream sweeping souls into real and fervent religious life. He did not care to be the idol of a well-dressed and ultra-fashionable congregation with high pew rents. He did not care to draw a large salary and be sought after by exclusive society women. Says he, attacking old-fashioned and conventional methods of running a church: "We set our net in a good calm place, and in sight of a fine chapel, and we

go down every Sunday to see if the fish have been wise enough to come into our net. We might learn something from that boy with his hook and line. He throws his line from the bridge; no fish. He sits down on a log; no fish. He stands in the sunlight and casts the line, but no fish. He goes up by the mill-dam, and stands behind the bank, where the fish cannot see him, and he has hardly dropped the hook before the cork goes under. The fish come to him as fast as he can throw them ashore. In other words, in our Christian work, why do we not go *where the fish are?* It is not so easy to catch souls in church, for they know we are trying to take them. If you can throw your line out into the world where they are not expecting you, they will be captured."

To "throw his line out into the world" was the constant and successful effort of Dr. Talmage. The old professional reticence which forbade physicians to advertise their skill and clergymen to adopt methods open to the charge of sensationalism could not cramp the burning genius of this man, nor keep him "cribbed, cabined and confined" to cut-and-dried ways of doing things. Speaking of the Tabernacle Lay College which he had established in Brooklyn and of which he became president, he says: "Is it fair to take men by such stratagem? Yes. I would like to cheat five thousand souls into the kingdom. Our Tabernacle Free College, within one year, will be doing the work of many churches. The students set their net last night on the back streets, and will set it every night this week in many destitute places, and soon we shall have a hundred lay preachers, proclaiming the Gospel day by day, and week by week, and three or four hundred Christians prepared for other styles of Christian work. If a man does not appreciate that work, he is stupid beyond all arousal."

The keynotes of the man's character are here—"Arousal" is blazoned on his banner, arousal is his object, arousal from sleepy ways of doing things, and toward his object he goes by original paths.

Dr. Talmage was a robust man—not only strong himself, but a source of strength in other men. He did not shrink from immense tasks. He was not afraid to proclaim that the whole policy of the Church of God as he found it was to be changed. Had he failed to change it he could have been set down

as an arrogant boaster, but he did not fail. "Instead of chiefly looking after the few who have become Christians," says he, "our chief efforts will be for those outside. If after a man is converted he cannot take care of himself, I am not going to take care of him. If he thinks that I am going to stand and pat him on the back and feed him out of an elegant spoon, and watch him so that he does not get into the draught of worldliness, he is much mistaken. We have in our churches a mass of helpless, inane professors, who are doing nothing for themselves or for others, who want us to stop and nurse them!" So, by the strength of his scorn the great preacher taught men self-reliance, and so, by "throwing his line out into the world" he carried Christianity into the factory, the engine-house, the club-room, into the houses of the sick, into the dark lane, into the damp cellar, into the cold garret, into the dismal prison. He wanted to reach, inspire and console every man, woman and child in Brooklyn, and did indeed reach thousands upon thousands.

In the great horse-shoe shaped theater rose a wide pulpitless platform—like a stage. Back of it the great organ, in front of it the great audience, upon it one chair, a table large enough to hold a Bible and hymn-book and—Talmage. He sat looking over the audience. The organist finished his offertory, the audience rose and sang the doxology, and then the big man rose from his chair, came down the platform and began to talk. Then his brain seemed to fire with his own thoughts, he strode up and down the platform boiling with energy, pouring forth picture-painting words, brandishing his arms long enough to pull down the head of a giraffe, playing on the audience as the organist played on his instrument, bringing tears and then so quickly pushing in the stop of pathos and pulling out the stop of humor that by the time the tears left the eye, they rolled down smiling faces.

He was intensely personal, he dramatized himself. He took his audience into his confidence and their hearts opened to him because he opened his to them. He could tell to three thousand people his most hidden grief, and to each one it would somehow seem as though he were hearing the intimate private confession of a personal friend. He told how he felt when his child died, and by the same magic each man felt the preacher's pang. He told how one after another came and spoke consolingly and how their words seemed

cold. And then said Talmage. "John B. Gough came in without a word and threw his arms around me and cried with me, and that was sympathy!"

OPEN NATURE OF TALMAGE.

This illustrates one of the most striking characteristics of Talmage. He never spared himself in his search for happy illustrations for his discourse. He was as open to his congregation as to his nearest and dearest friends. All his sermons teem with references to his facts of his own life. His preaching was almost always autobiographical. He delved into his inmost soul for truth concerning the passions, the sympathies, the inspirations of mankind. That he was not always at his best in the pulpit or on the lecture platform is not a matter for wonder. A man who speaks as he did, always extempore, and speaks as much as he did, cannot hope to be continually on the heights. Sometimes he seems to approach coarseness, and at others he is flippant. But the next period may mount to the summit of Olympus and be of such gigantic proportions and have such glorious strength that all who sat within the sound of his voice must have been carried up with him to the gates of the heaven which to him was such a beautiful reality.

How shall we account for the facts which make up the record of this great man? Are we to dismiss the whole matter with the one word sensational? Are we to unite with the jealous or the profane and call him names? Surely that would be neither just nor philosophical. To ascribe his great success, as some of his enemies do, to such things as the accessories of the Tabernacle, would be to forget that he created them. To credit it to the undeniable eccentricities of his delivery would be to ignore the popularity of his printed sermons. To account for it by supposing that his adherents are only shallow, unsubstantial people would be to believe what is not true.

It is urged against him that some of his sermons are barren in thought, poorly arranged and the like. Of whose sermons may not this be said? It is utterly unfair to judge a man by his failings. His church was frequently unfavorably contrasted with others on points of benevolence and missionary activity. This proves at most that he is greater as a preacher than as an organizer and pastor. It may also illustrate the adage that great men have great faults.

NEITHER APOLOGY NOR GLORIFICATION.

We do not apologize for him nor glorify him. He does not need the former; and the latter would count for little. But when a man arises in the pulpit to whom the world listens, the average preacher has much to learn from him. His eccentricities were not worse than those of other great preachers to whom enraptured multitudes listened in the past. Chrysostom and Luther were the sensationalists of their day in exposing vice and breaking the pulpit trammels of the age.

The secret of the success of Talmage is found in almost every utterance of the man. It is a demonstrable fact. Earnestness was the keynote of his character, and his influence and fame are the fruit of endowment and achievement. Said one of Dr. Talmage's friends: "He is not a phenomenon for he can be classed, accounted for and explained. To even a casual observer enough appears in the man and in the sermon to explain his power. The source of it all is, of course, divine grace in giving him a pious ancestry, good natural gifts, opportunity and personal experience of its saving power. But to ascribe all his gifts to faith would be to forget that God operates through human personality and would also reflect upon hundreds of less able and less successful workers whose faith is not less than his. A man must have something besides faith to be an efficient preacher of the Gospel."

Talmage was what men somewhat vaguely call "a born preacher," meaning that preaching came natural to him. As other men have a peculiar and inherent fitness for art or commerce so he was by endowment and bent of mind a preacher. He evidently did not mistake his calling, even if he sometimes made other preachers feel as though they had mistaken theirs. He could have been nothing else so well. If you take Phillips Brooks' definition of preaching, "Truth through personality," and apply it to Talmage, you will find that he measures up to it very well. His orthodoxy was never impugned nor his marked individuality questioned. This latter characteristic makes him so prominent. He was so entirely unlike any other man. He was the disciple of no school. He did his work in his own way. He was pre-eminently himself. Men are apt to be too strongly influenced by their teachers and to repress their individuality to conform

to the common mould, a most harmful and absurd fashion. As well might men insist that lawyers and doctors and ministers should all look alike, not only in dress, but in countenance and stature. Talmage was a living protest against a mechanical ministry and as such rendered useful service.

A MAN OF CONVICTION.

He was a man of conviction. He evidently believed what he said. There was no wavering of opinion in him. He knew no new nor progressive theology. He preached at the last the identical truths which he proclaimed in the beginning. Whatever he may have invented, he did not tamper with truth. The theme might be fanciful, but its development brought out clearly and strongly some phase of truth. It was water from the old fountain, though it was drawn with vessels curiously and beautifully wrought. There was a message for this herald to deliver, and he delivered it without withholding one iota as he understood it, but he did it in his own way. And was not his own way better for him than any other? Is it any wonder that men fail when they believe in a half-hearted way, to begin with, and then express themselves in an artificial manner? Here is a man who sets us the example of tremendous earnestness in accepting and teaching. It is a mistake to suppose that he held his place in virtue of flattery. His denunciations of wrong were scathing without respect of persons. With withering sarcasm he condemned dead formalism and held up the cross as the only hope of man.

Talmage understood men. A knowledge of human nature is an essential element in a great preacher. From Paul to Luther, and from Luther to Beecher and Spurgeon and John Hall, it has characterized every true sermon. Accepting as a definition of preaching, "Divine truth through man to man," it is plain that the preacher must lie open to two chief influences—the divine and the human. Both were illustrated in Talmage.

He was a man among men. He seems to have entered into intimate personal relations with every hearer. A deep human sympathy pervades his sermons. People felt at home in the Tabernacle. What an unfriendly critic of Talmage wrote in reference to Dr. Hall, he might with equal

truthfulness have written of the former: "It may be reckoned of the characteristic traits of his speaking that he ingratiates himself with his hearers. The speaker says pleasant things because he thinks pleasant things, and because he knows that he shall so dispose his hearers to receive his main message more favorably." Talmage caught the spirit of the age as fully as any man of his time. He knew what people will listen to and he understood how to give it. It was not his fault that this is not an era of abstractions and theological preaching. If the Pauline spirit, being all things to all men, be dominant in Talmage we need not wonder at his success.

HIS WONDERFUL RESOURCES.

Talmage was also a man of great resources. While it is true that he lacked many of the graces of oratory and could scarcely be called a profound thinker, he yet had gifts and capabilities far more essential. To begin with, he had a strong and supple body, not indeed that robust and rubicund physique of Beecher, but bone and muscle apparently well knit, healthy and capable of much work and endurance. He had a voice like a trumpet, not indeed a very sweet-toned one like Spurgeon's, but possessing vast compass and flexibility. He had a well-disciplined and well-stored mind, a prodigious memory, a glowing imagination, and a warm heart. If oratory be "action," then Talmage was an orator, for he was action personified, body and soul.

Talmage was mature. By this we do not mean that he was perfect, far from it, but that he knew his work and understood how to do it easily. He seemed equal to his task, and hence never made people nervous through faltering or missing his train of thought or losing control of himself. Although in his initial days of preaching he was the victim of emotional excitement and stage-fright he overcame it as he overcame every other obstacle that threatened his usefulness, and became as much at home before thousands as most men do in the home circle. It is equally true in reference to the matter of his preaching. He was never in doubt, expressed no vague opinions. His belief being settled in his youth he has devoted himself to the work of inspiring a like faith in others.

The elements of power in the sermon were the elements of power in the

man. In a sense the sermon and the man are inseparable, because the very idea of preaching implies human personality.

Talmage's sermons are simple and intelligible. They were always delivered in an audible voice, the lack of which mars many an otherwise able effort. Everybody in the congregation heard and understood Talmage. This is a characteristic of true preaching, as exemplified by Luther who made it a point to make truth so plain that the most uneducated servant could understand. Talmage carried his auditor right along. He may not have comprehended every allusion, may not have been always convinced, but he never failed to catch the meaning.

DICTION OF HIS SERMONS.

The sermons of Talmage are remarkable for their diction. It is worthy of remark that, according to a table made by an Englishman, Talmage used a larger percentage of Saxon and cognate words than Dr. Storrs, Canon Farrar or even Spurgeon. His fertile and vivid imagination finds expression in every figure of rhetoric. Like a plunging steed it dashes forward unhindered by obstacles. What if the figures are mixed at times and the language inexact? "Passion is more than form," it has been well said. To reject Talmage's sermons, which were generally extemporaneous, because he had not elaborated and polished his sentences and figures, would be equivalent to despising a natural landscape because, perchance, of rugged ridges and luxuriant underbrush. Talmage was not a painter of miniatures. His canvas is large and the coloring bright and the figures heroic. It is to be remembered that his style is that of speech rather than that of the pen, that he illuminated rather than analyzed his theme. His ideas seem to come so thick and fast that even his gift of speech is taxed to give them utterance. Surely, if he were to pause to give each picture its proper details, we would lose more than we would gain.

TALMAGE WAS DRAMATIC.

Talmage was dramatic. This word comes dangerously near "theatrical," but one may be dramatic without being theatrical. Talmage was accused of being the latter. Perhaps he was at times. He was certainly nothing

if not the former. But every great preacher is dramatic; that is, he presents truth in life-like pictures and with striking effect. Stork ascribed Moody's influence chiefly to his dramatic power. Let any preacher, who is not above learning, compare his sermons with those of Talmage on the same texts, and he will discover that, while he may say practically the same things and even say them more logically, yet in point of interest, vividness and truth to life, those of Talmage were generally immensely superior. Indeed, the average sermon is apt to be dull, not because it is not learned or orthodox in doctrine, but because it is not true—true to nature. The men and the scenes are too apt to be mere caricatures or utter impossibilities. Not so with Talmage's pictures; they are possible if not actual.

These sermons are full of illustrations. Whatever else they may contain, they always have facts illustrating the subject. What a vast and systematized repertory of incidents, opinions and statistics Talmage must have had. His sermons and addresses indicate a rich and wide experience, knowledge of men, extended historical reading, access to books of reference, comprehensive indexes and perhaps scrap-books of newspaper cuttings. He has been arraigned for being "incredibly careless in his statements." We may admit the truthfulness of the charge and yet maintain the point we made in regard to illustration. He may have trusted too much to memory, but it remains true that, though the illustration may not be exact, it yet serves to illustrate. Remove the illustrations from his sermon and you destroy its effect.

CHAMPION OF THE POOR.

He was the champion of the poor and the crushed, of public morality against gambling, drunkenness and kindred vices. He scored fashionable follies with the keen edge of satire. He warned young men with all the powers of his picturesque and persuasive rhetoric and of his yearning heart against the temptations of city life. He preached Christ and Him crucified as the only hope of man. He applied the truth in such a personal manner that the old cry of the lost, "What must I do to be saved?" was often heard at the Tabernacle.

The points mentioned are a sufficient and rational explanation of the

influence of Talmage. To sum up in a sentence the reason of his success, he owed his success to a large combination of common qualities developed to a high degree. There are scores of ministers who upon single points are without doubt immensely his superiors, but Talmage as a great moving personal force has perhaps never had his equal in the pulpit.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Dr. Talmage was in person a little above medium height, had a deep blue eye and sandy complexion. His face, in parlor as well as in pulpit, was mobile to the last degree—expressive of not only the difference between the grandest emotions of the heart, but of the most delicate shades of feeling. He had a warmth of manner and a rush of conversational power which made young and old immediately at home with him. In private life he had more the appearance of an easy, off-hand merchant than of a clergyman. His dress there, as indeed in the pulpit, was exceedingly plain, but always neat and gentlemanly. We have set forth some of this man's peculiarities, and also the results which early bloomed from his ministry. They are earnest of the things that yet shall be, by the continued blessing of God. In his books he still lives, and his career even here on earth may be said to have only commenced. The Master has given to few men such felicity and success in doing His work. Certainly the spirit in which that work was done is the spirit of utter consecration. Certainly, the modes and institutions through which and into which that work expressed itself are worthy the attention of the church at large, in its study of how to affect the world at large. Great genius and originality, freedom, training, energy and common sense were the secular forces imported into the Talmagean methods of religious reform. To them are allied the higher spiritual attributes of consecration, self-disregard, a faith as absolute as ideal fatalism, a quenchless hope, a thorough consciousness of the special interposition of God in behalf of His cause and His children, and a resolution to make religion commensurate in its appeals with all the circumstances of man, and as simple and beautiful in its ministries as it was in the days when the lilies, the birds, the flocks and the rills were texts, and the raising of the dead, the giving of sight to the blind, and the restoration of the halt and the deaf, were the events of pastoral visit.

CHAPTER III.

THE BIRTH, FAMILY, AND EARLY LIFE OF TALMAGE.

BIRTH—LARGE FAMILY—BROTHERS AND SISTERS—DAVID T. TALMAGE, HIS FATHER—CHARACTER AND LOVE OF NATURE—HIS MOTHER CATHERINE AND HER PIETY—BOYHOOD INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF TALMAGE—THE USE HE MAKES OF THESE IN HIS SERMONS—HIS LOVE OF LEAP-FROG.

Thomas De Witt Talmage was born January 7th, 1832, in Somerset county, New Jersey. The little village of Gateville, in which he first saw light, was afterward renamed Boundbrook or Bound Brook, the name calling up the pretty allegory of the sportive brook which was bound by a mill-dam and set to work.

Thomas was the youngest of twelve children, having five sisters and six brothers, one of those large, old-fashioned families that seemed to spring up in answer to the dumb yearning of the vast unpeopled continent to be peopled. In such families there are no spoiled children. Each one must learn to keep his elbows in, and respect the rights of others. In this large family it was that the great preacher learned what he afterward said, "The home is a Republic within a Republic, a Church within a Church." The governing principle of the family was not only monarchic, the father being its natural king, but also democratic—a government of public opinion among the children. The little community was of that sturdy, independent Dutch blood which is at once obedient to the powers it really reverences, and is stubbornly and terribly rebellious to any and all attempts to rule it by any authority not recognized as rightful.

From such a family and from such blood came Talmage—unswervingly obedient to what he recognized as the will of Jesus, unswervingly rebellious against all attempts of individual or synod to coerce him. He was by nature a Protestant—protesting no less against the conventionality of his own sect than against the ritualism of what he called the "Mother of har-

lots—Rome." In such a family and of such blood was the man who said in a sermon in his sixth year in Brooklyn. *"We are trying to maintain in this place a church aggressive and revolutionary."*

Like nearly all great preachers of whom the record is preserved Thomas De Witt Talmage was the child of parents as marked for the sterling qualities of their characters as for the simplicity and depth of their piety. His father, David T. Talmage, exceeded by thirteen years the Biblical three score years and ten, which were so exactly allotted to the distinguished son. David Talmage was a man who possessed shrewd judgment, a trait inherited by the son, who in order to persuade the trustees of the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn to build the Tabernacle, gave up a salary of seven thousand a year, and thereby, casting his bread upon the waters, placed himself in a position to earn sometimes as much as a thousand dollars a day. David Talmage was as firm as he was shrewd, and in himself united those traits which attain their highest expression under American institutions. His constant communion with nature never found such brilliant literary form as his son gave it in the October Harper's Magazine, 1867, but the trait was in him none the less. Thomas made vocal what was dumb in David. He particularly loved the sweep of a gust of wind across a field of wheat or oats—that satiny change which moves among the bending spears of grain, in progress as steady as that of a cloud across the sky.

David Talmage had something Wordsworthian in him. He was not like Peter Bell, of whom Wordsworth wrote:

> "The soft blue sky did never melt
> Into his heart, he never felt
> The witchery of the soft blue sky."

The father of the great preacher was not one of those dull souls who see nothing to love in nature. Looking out on nature he became aware of the mystery of his own mind and to love of nature added self-reflection, and above all else, a devout and thorough trust in God. He might have said, with Browning:

"I trust in Nature, spring shall plant
And autumn garner till the end of time.
I trust in God, the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong while He endures.
I trust in mine own soul that well perceives
The inward and the outward, Nature's good and God's."

Throughout the long career of this man he came to be the natural counselor, leader and exemplar not only to his own large family, but to all the people among whom he lived, not only in matters temporal, but in things religious. No lay Christian in New Jersey exerted upon the church a deeper, more uniform, and habitually quiet effect for good, for advance, and for the things which made for peace. He was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church—in which his youngest and most distinguished son was trained—the denomination in which he was to begin his pastoral duties. The honorable successes which industry, integrity, and the application of common sense to common things work out, were not denied him; nor was a fair degree of official distinction. The relation in which David Talmage stands to the career of Thomas is summed up when it is stated that he was a man of blameless life, profound discretion, much intelligence, unaffected gentleness, and a richness of spiritual experience.

Catherine Talmage, the wife of David, mother of the great preacher, was in every respect a helpmeet for her husband. Peculiar strength of character marked him. Peculiar sweetness of character distinguished her. She diffused throughout her family the aroma of a meek and quiet spirit. Her trust was of that sort which did not know that doubt existed as its antithesis. Her gentle humanities were ever dispensed within the circle of her influence. Where sickness came, she preceded the physician; where sorrow came, the preacher of consolation arriving, found her there before him. Suffering drew her as the flowers draw the sun. "Her life was" not "a psalm;" it was an offertory. Looking well to the ways of her household, taking up the cross of motherhood only to dedicate her all to her children, and all of them to her God, in any community less intelligent than that of which she was the Dorcas and Lydia, by any religion less enlightened than Protestantism,

she would have been canonized as a saint. As it is, the histories and traditions of a township are largely occupied with the recital of her charities; and the memories of her life and deeds, which added to the noblest qualities of the woman the most pronounced evidences of the Christian matron.

From her Thomas De Witt Talmage drew the deep, old-fashioned, unquestioning faith which remained unchanged through all the changes of his growth. Her influence upon his intellect may have been slight, but her influence upon his heart was all-important, and not the intellect of Talmage but his heart made him what he was, shaped his career, gave him his power over men.

The mother of the statesman, the warrior, the poet, or the preacher of a generation is the subject of the world's peculiar reverence, it being this tendency which, during the middle ages, exalted Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and thereby exalted among the common people of Europe the idea and ideal of motherhood. The world feels, perhaps truly, that the secret of a man's greatness must lie somehow in the character of his mother. Goethe not only knew that in his own case this was true, but was able to show us exactly how it was true. In the case of the mother of Talmage we can only divine that the expansion of his powers and talents was the normal growth of the seed planted by the mother's prayers, sustained by her example, and nourished by the blessing of heaven upon her faith. Prayers, example and blessing there surely were, but why this one son Thomas should of all the seven sons of Catherine be endowed with that indefinable quality called genius is a question past the plummet-reach of seer or scientist. The secrets of heredity lie too deep for human ken. We can see only that the genius was born, and grew, and became himself. The why of greatness is beyond philosophy. Certain influences, however, we can trace.

The child of Christian parents and the child of old age, Thomas De Witt Talmage always reflected in his ministerial life a reliance as unquestioning as simple upon the power of old-fashioned religion, and a peculiar susceptibility in his sermons and pastoral labors to the feelings and infirmities of those whose heads are white unto the harvest of time.

In those chatty autobiographical sketches of Dr. Talmage which he

gathered under the title "Around the Tea-Table," he gives no set chapter about his boyhood, but his memory is constantly bringing up the incidents of his boyhood, and these he uses as illustrations to point a moral and adorn a tale. Much of his material for preaching was thus unconsciously accumulated in his happy, care-free, barefoot days in Gateville. He tells how he sat of an evening "making two parallel lines perpendicular, and two parallel lines horizontal, and filling up the blanks with crosses and o's, and then crying out 'tick-tack-to, three in a row.'" His tenacious memory photographs such scenes and games of his childhood; he looks back into his own child's mind, and from it draws not only sympathy with the children he met, but rich ore to be reworked into moral discourse. Says he: "The funniest play I ever joined in at school, and one that sets me laughing now as I think of it, so I can hardly write, is 'leap-frog.' It is unartistic and homely. It is so humiliating to the boy who bends himself over and puts his hands down on his knees; and it is so perilous to the boy who, placing his hands on the stooped shoulders, attempts to fly over. But I always preferred," adds the Doctor, characteristically, "the risk of the one who attempted the leap rather than the humiliation of the one who consented to be vaulted over. It was often the case that we both failed in our part and we went down together. For this Jack Snyder carried a grudge against me and would not speak, because he said I pushed him down a-purpose. But I hope he has forgiven me by this time, for he has been out as a missionary." That Talmage, as he himself advises men to do, always remained young we may judge by the generous offer which follows:

"If Jack will come this way," says the Doctor, "I will right the wrong of olden time by stooping down in my study and letting him spring over me as my children do."

Such self-drawn traits give a better and more intimate picture, both of boy and man, than any that a biographer can write.

A MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

The best that we know about Catherine Talmage creeps unexpectedly into her son's humorous disquisition on patent rocking cradles. "There was," writes he, "a wooden canopy at the head of the old cradle that some-

how got loose and was taken off. But your infantile mind was most impressed with the face which much of the time hovered over you. Other women sometimes looked in at the child and said: 'That child's hair will be red!' or, 'What a peculiar chin!' or, 'Do you think that child will live to grow up?' and although you were not old enough to understand their talk, by instinct you knew it was something disagreeable, and began to cry till the dear, sweet, familiar face again hovered and rainbow-arched the sky. Oh, we never get away from the benediction of such a face! It looks at us through storm and night. It smiles all to pieces the world's frown. After thirty-five years of rough tumbling on the world's couch, it puts us in the cradle again, and hushes us as with the very lullaby of heaven.

Let the old cradle rest in the garret. It has earned its quiet. The hands that shook up its pillow have quit work. The foot that kept the rocker in motion is through with its journey. The face that hovered has been veiled from mortal sight. Cradle of blessed memories! Cradle that kindles so many hopes! Cradle that kindled fatigues! Sleep now thyself, after so many years of putting others to sleep!"

Another passage about his mother appears unexpectedly in a diatribe against fine print.

"It is a grand thing," writes he, "to have a page so plain that old age can read it either with or without spectacles. Mother had two pairs—her 'near-sighted' spectacles and her 'far-sighted' ones. She wore them both at once—one upon the forehead, the other on the nose, the distance of the object deciding which pair she would use. But one day she took off the 'far-sighted' spectacles with which she had often looked toward heaven, and put on the 'near-sighted' ones: it was just as she went into the Gate."

Concerning his father, he writes in lighter vein, but in a way that capitally hits off the man's determined character.

"In our early home," says he, "there was a vicious cat that would invade the milk-pans, and we, the boys, chased her with hoes and rakes, always hitting the place where she had been just before, till one day father came out with a plain stick of ovenwood, and with one little clip back of the ear put an end to all of her nine lives. You see, everything depends upon the

style of the stroke, and not upon the elaborateness of the weapon. The most valuable things you try to take will behave like the bay mare; but what you cannot overcome by coarse persuasion, or reach at full run, you can catch with apostolic guile. Learn the first-rate art of doing secular of Christian work, and then it matters not whether your weapon be a basin or a pail."

The moral we append even as the preacher did, for the reason that it shows how he habitually spins the moral out. By doing it he does not appeal to those who prefer to draw their own moral from a story, but those who prefer to have it drawn form the great majority of folk.

REUNIONS IN THE OLD HOME.

In writing of family reunions in general, Talmage certainly described the long-remembered reunions of his own old home.

"Christmas bells ring in family reunions!" cries he enthusiastically. "The rail-trains are crowded with children coming home. The poultry, fed as never since they were born, stand wondering at the farmer's generosity. The markets are full of massacred barnyards. The great table will be spread and crowded with two, or three, or four generations. Plant the folk astride the breast-bone, and with skillful twitch, that we could never learn, give to all the hungry lookers-on a specimen of holiday anatomy. Mary is disposed to soar, give her the wing. The boy is fond of music, give him the drum-stick. The minister is dining with you, give him the parson's nose. May the joy reach from grandfather, who is so dreadful old he can hardly find the way to his plate, down to the baby in the high chair with one smart pull of the table-cloth upsetting the gravy into the cranberry. Send from your table a liberal portion to the table of the poor, some of the white meat as well as the dark, not confining your generosity to gizzards and scraps. Do not, as in some families, keep a plate and chair for those who are dead and gone. Your holiday feast would be but poor fare for them: they are at a better banquet in the skies."

How he catches the spirit of the occasion! How real he makes it by that one homely touch of the baby upsetting the gravy! It explains for us

the fact that the sermons of Talmage are more popular and better known in rural districts than the works of any novelist. He out novels the novelist as a painter of country life.

"Around the door of country meeting-houses," he says, "it has always been the custom for the people to gather before church and after church for social intercourse and shaking of hands. Perhaps because we, ourselves, were born in the country and have never got over it, the custom pleases us."

THE FIRST CIGAR.

One other boyish episode which he describes is, we think, as well and amusingly told as similar episodes have been narrated by Burdette or Twain.

"The time had come in our boyhood which we thought demanded of us a capacity to smoke. The old people of the household could abide neither the sight nor the smell of the Virginia weed. When ministers came there, not by positive injunction, but by a sort of instinct as to what would be safest, they whiffed their pipe on the back steps. If the house could not stand sanctified smoke, you may know how little chance there was for adolescent cigar-puffing.

"By some rare good fortune which put in our hands three cents, we found access to a tobacco store. As the lid of the long, narrow, fragrant box opened, and for the first time we owned a cigar, our feelings of elation, manliness, superiority and anticipation can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have had the same sensation. Our first ride on horseback, though we fell off before we got to the barn, and our first pair of new boots (real squeaker) we had thought could never be surpassed in interest; but when we put the cigar to our lips, and stuck the lucifer match to the end of the weed and commenced to pull with an energy that brought every facial muscle to its utmost tension, our satisfaction with this world was so great, our temptation was never to want to leave it.

"The cigar did not burn well. It required an amount of suction that tasked our determination to the utmost. You see that our worldly means

had limited us to a quality that cost only three cents. But we had been taught that nothing great was accomplished without effort, and so we puffed away. Indeed, we had heard our older brothers in their Latin lessons say, Omnia vincet labor, which, translated, means, If you want to make anything go, you must scratch for it.

"With these sentiments we passed down the village street and out toward our country home. Our head did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it was uncertain to us which side of the street we were on. So we crossed over, but found ourself on the same side that we were on before we crossed over. Indeed we imagined that we were on both sides at the same time, and several fast teams driving between. We met another boy, who asked us why we looked so pale, and we told him we did not look pale, but that he was pale himself.

REFLECTS UNDER A BRIDGE.

"We sat down under the bridge and began to reflect on the prospect of early decease, and on the uncertainty of all earthly expectations. We had determined to smoke the cigar all up and thus get the worth of our money, but were obliged to throw three-fourths of it away, yet knew just where we threw it, in case we felt better the next day.

"Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded that we state what kept us so late and what was the matter with us. Not feeling that we were called on to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase our parents' apprehension that we were going to turn out badly, we summed up the case with the statement that we felt miserable at the pit of the stomach. We have mustard plasters administered, and careful watching for some hours, when we fell asleep and forgot our disappointment and humiliation in being obliged to throw away three-fourths of our first cigar. Being naturally reticent, we have never mentioned it until this time.

"But how about our last cigar? It was three o'clock Sabbath morning in our Western home. We had smoked three or four cigars since tea. At that time we wrote our sermons and took another cigar with each new head of discourse. We thought we were getting the inspiration from above, but

were getting much of it from beneath. Our hand trembled along the line; and strung up to the last tension of nerves, we finished our work and started from the room. A book standing on the table fell over; and although it was not a large book, its fall sounded to our excited system like the crack of a pistol. As we went down the stairs their creaking made our hair stand on end. As we flung ourselves on a sleepless pillow we resolved, God helping, that we had smoked our last cigar, and committed our last sin of night-study.

"We kept our promise. With the same resolution we sent overboard coffee and tea. That night we were born into a new physical, mental and moral life. Perhaps it may be better for some to smoke, and study nights, and take exciting temperance beverages; but we are persuaded that if thousands of people who now go moping, and nervous, and half exhausted through life, down with "sick headaches" and rasped of abstinence, they would thank God for this paragraph of personal experience, and make the world the same bright place we find it—a place so attractive that nothing short of heaven would be good enough to exchange for it.

"The first cigar made us desperately sick; the throwing away of our last made us gloriously well. For us the croaking of the midnight owl hath ceased, and the time of the singing of birds has come."

We have given the last cigar, as well as the first, because of the characteristic passage on the attractiveness of life. Being written out of his personal experience, Talmage's testimony against excessive smoking is much stronger than the diatribes of certain fair ones, who do not know what they are talking about.

BOYS AND EASTER EGGS.

There is one more personal passage which will serve to give the reader an intimate idea of "De Witt" as a boy. "Those who were so unfortunate," writes the country-boy, "as to have been born and brought up in the city know nothing about that chapter in a boy's history of which I speak.

"About a month before Easter there comes to the farmhouse a scarcity of eggs. The farmer's wife begins to abuse the weasels and the cats as the

probable cause of the paucity. The feline tribe are assaulted with many a harsh 'Scat!' on the suspicion of their fondness for omelets in the raw. Custards fail from the table. The Dominick hens are denounced as not worth their mush. Meanwhile the boys stand round the corner in a broad grin at what is the discomfiture of the rest of the family.

"The truth must be told that the boys, in anticipation of Easter have, in some hole in the mow or some barrel in the wagon-house, been hiding eggs. If the youngsters understand their business they will compromise the matter, and see that at least a small supply goes to the house every day. Too great greed on the part of the boy will discover the whole plot, and the charge will be made: 'De Witt, I believe you are hiding the eggs!' Forthwith the boy is collared and compelled to disgorge his possessions.

"Now, there is nothing more trying to a boy than, after great care in accumulating these shelly resources, to have to place them in a basket and bring them forth to the light two weeks before Easter. Boys, therefore, manage with skill and dexterity. At this season of the year you see them lurking much about the barrack and the hay-loft. You see them crawling out from stacks of straw and walking away rapidly with their hands behind them. They look very innocent, for I have noticed that the look of innocence in boys is proportioned to the amount of mischief with which they are stuffed. They seem to be determined to risk their lives on mow-poles where the hay lies thin. They come out from under the stable floor in a despicable state of toilet, and cannot give any excuse for their depreciation of apparel. Hens flutter off the nest with an unusual squawk, for the boys cannot wait any longer for the slow process of laying, and hens have no business to stand in the way of Easter. The most tedious hours of my boyhood were spent in waiting for a hen to get off her nest. No use to scare her off, for then she will get mad, and just as like as not take the egg with her. Indeed, I think the boy is excusable for his haste if his brother has a dozen eggs and he has only eleven.

THE HENS ARE MELANCHOLY.

"At this season of the year the hens are melancholy. They want to hatch, but how can they? They have the requisite disposition, and the capacity,

and the feathers, and the nest, and everything but the eggs. With that deficit, they sometimes sit obstinately and defy the boy's approaches. Many a boy has felt the sharp bill of old Dominick strike the back of his hand, inflicting a wound that would have roused up the whole farmhouse to see what was the matter had it not been that the boy wanted to excite no suspicion as to the nature of his expedition. Immediately over the hen's head comes the boy's cap, and there is a scatteration of feathers all over the haymow, and the boy is victor.

"But at last the evening before Easter comes. While the old people are on the piazza the children come in with the accumulated treasures of many weeks, and put down the baskets. Eggs large and small, white-shelled and brown, Cochin-Chinas and Brahmaputras. The character of the hens is vindicated. The cat may now lie in the sun without being kicked by false suspicions. The surprised exclamation of parents more than compensates the boys for the strategy of long concealment. The meanest thing in the world is for father and mother not to look surprised in such circumstances.

"It sometimes happens that, in the agitation of bringing the eggs into the household harbor, the boy drops the hat or the basket and the whole enterprise is shipwrecked. From our own experience, it is very difficult to pick up eggs after you have once dropped them. You have found the same experience in after life. Your hens laid a whole nestful of golden eggs on Wall street. You had gathered them up. You were bringing them in. You expected a world of congratulations, but just the day before the consummation, something adverse ran against you, and you dropped the basket, and the eggs broke. Wise man were you if, instead of sitting down to cry or attempting to gather up the spilled yolks, you built new nests and invited a new laying.

"It is sometimes found on Easter morning, that the eggs have been kept too long. The boy's intentions were good enough, but the enterprise had been too protracted, and the casting out of the dozen was sudden and precipitate. Indeed, that is the trouble with some older boys I wot of. They keep their money, or their brain, or their influence hidden till it rots—are unwilling to come forth day by day on a humble mission, doing what little

good they may, but are keeping themselves hidden till some great Easter-day of triumph, and then they will astonish the church and the world; but they find that faculties too long hidden are faculties ruined. Better for an egg to have succeeded in making one plain cake for a poor man's table than to have failed in making a banquet for the House of Lords.

EGGS IN ALL THEIR GLORY.

"That was a glad time when on Easter morning the eggs went into the saucepan, and came out striped, and spotted, and blue, and yellow, and the entire digestive capacity of the children was tested. You have never had anything so good to eat since. You found the eggs. You hid them. They were your contribution to the table. Since then you have seen eggs scrambled, eggs poached, eggs in omelet, eggs boiled, eggs done on one side and eggs in a nog, but you shall never find anything like the flavor of that Easter morning in boyhood.

"Alas for the boys in town! Easter comes to them on stilts, and they buy their eggs out of the store. There is no room for a boy to swing round. There is no good place in town to fly a kite, or trundle a hoop, or even shout without people's throwing up the window to see who is killed. The holidays are robbed of half their life because some wiseacre will persist in telling him who Santa Claus is, while yet he is hanging up his first pair of stockings. Here the boy pays half a dollar for a bottle of perfume as big as his finger, when out of town, for nothing but the trouble of breathing it, he may smell a country full of new-mown hay and wild honeysuckle. In a painted bath-tub he takes his Saturday bath, careful lest he hit his head against the spigot, while in the meadow-brook the boys plunge in wild glee, and pluck up health and long life from the pebbly bottom. Oh, the joy in the spring day, when, after long teasing of mother to let you take off your shoes, you dash out on the cool grass barefoot, or down the road, the dust curling about the instep in warm enjoyment, and, henceforth, for months, there shall be no shoes to tie or blacken.

THE COUNTRY FOR THE BOYS.

"Let us send the boys out into the country every year for an airing. If their grandfather and grandmother be yet alive, they will give them a good

time. They will learn in a little while the mysteries of the hay-mow, how to drive oxen and how to keep Easter. They will take the old people back to the time when you yourself were a boy. There will be for the grandson an extra cake in each oven. And grandfather and grandmother will sit and watch the prodigy, and wonder if any other family ever had such grandchildren. It will be a good thing when the evenings are short, and the old folks' eyesight is somewhat dim, if you can set up in their house for a little while one or two of these lights of childhood. For the time the aches and pains of old age will be gone, and they will feel as lithe and merry as when sixty years ago they themselves rummaged barrack, and mow, and wagon-house, hiding eggs for Easter."

THE AGE OF BOOTS.

There is one more passage of his boyhood—the transition from babyhood to boyhood, he calls it—which Talmage has written of in a way that catches the very spirit of nine-year-olds. Unlike William Allen White's King of Boyville, this speech is autobiographical—it is strictly his personal experience, and yet we venture to say that Talmage is not inferior to White in faithful representation of the manners, ethics and mental processes of those strange inhabitants of earth who live in a different world from us grown-ups. "We have seen many days of joy," says he, "but we remember no such exhilarations as that felt by us on the day when we mounted our first pair of boots. To appreciate such an era in life, we must needs have been brought up in the country. Boys in town come to this crisis before they can appreciate the height and depth of such an acquisition. The boot period is the dividing line between babyhood and boyhood. Before the boots, one is trampled upon by comrades, and stuck with pins, and we walk with an air of apology for the fact that we were born at all. Robust school-fellows strike us across the cheek, and when we turn toward them, they cry, 'Who are you looking at?' or, what is worse than any possible insult, we have somebody chuck us under the chin, and call us 'Bub.' Before the crisis of boots the country boy carries no handkerchief. This keeps him in a state of constant humiliation. Whatever crisis may come in the boy's history—no handkerchief. This is the very unpopular period of snuffles.

"But at last the age of boots dawns upon a boy. Henceforth, instead of always having to get out of the way, he will make others get out of his way. He will sometimes get the Scripture lesson confused, and when smitten on the right cheek will turn and give it to his opponent on the left cheek also. Indeed, we do not think there is any regulation, human or divine, demanding that a boy submit to the school-bully. I think we should teach our boy to avoid all quarrel and strife; but, nevertheless, to take care of himself. We remember with deep satisfaction how that, after Jim Johnson had knocked our hat in the mud, and spit in our face, and torn our new coat, we felt called upon to vindicate the majesty of our new boots. That, however, was before we had any idea of ever becoming a minister. But when the time spoken of in a boy's life comes, look out how you call him 'Bub.' He parts his hair on the side, has the end of his white handkerchief sticking out at the top of his side-pocket as if it were accidentally arranged so, has a dignified and manly mode of expectoration, and walks down the road with long strides, as much as to say: 'Clear the track for my boots!'

SHOEMAKER THE KING OF MEN.

"We have seen imposing men, but none have so thoroughly impressed us as the shoemaker, who, with waxy hand, delivered into our possession our first pedal adornments. As he put the awl through the leather, and then inserted the two bristles into the hole, and drew them through it, and then, bending over the lapstone, grasped the threads with hard grip, and brought them up with a jerk that made the shop shake, we said to ourself: 'Here is gracefulness for you, and power!'

"It was Sabbath-day when we broke them in. Oh! the rapture of that moment when we lay hold the straps at one end, and, with our big brother pushing at the other, the boot went on! We fear that we got but little advantage that day from the services. All the pulpit admonition about worldliness and pride struck the toe of our boots, and fell back. We trampled under our feet all good counsels. We have to repent that, while some trust in horses and some in chariots, we put too much stress upon leather. Though our purchase was so tight in the instep that, as soon as we got to the woods,

we went limping on our way—what boots it? We felt that in such a cause it was noble to suffer.

"For some reason, boots are not what they used to be. You pay a big price, and you might walk all day without hearing once from them; but the original pair of which I tell spake out for themselves. No one doubted whether you had been to church after you had once walked up the aisle in company with such leather. It was the pure eloquence of calfskin.

"We have seen hunting-boots, and fishing-boots, and jack-boots, American boots, and French boots; but we despair of finding anything to equal our first pair, which had the brightest gloss, the finest heels, and the merriest squeak. Alas! they are gone! And so is the artist who fashioned them. He has laid down his awl. Moons shall wax for him no more. He has done forever with pegs. But we shall always remember how he looked one Saturday afternoon, when, the sunflowers in the yard, and the cat on the window-sill, he set upon his counter our first pair of boots. For his sake, may there be peace to all departed shoemakers! May they go straight to St. Crispin, that Roman artist in leather, remarkable for the fact that when he declared that a pair of shoes should be done by Saturday night, he always kept his promise."

TALMAGE MAKES ONE LOVE HIM.

There may be passages of Talmage's writings which sin against good taste, but we defy any man with any love in his heart to read about these boyhood boots and not love the man who wore and wrote about them. He catches not only the blitheness of boyhood, but he captures for his page or his talk that veil of tender melancholy through which we see the things of "yore ago." The impressions of boyhood remain with Talmage vividly and forever. He says somewhere that success or failure is not determined as people suppose, between twenty and thirty, but between ten and twenty. This period of his own life was extraordinarily fertile in experience. He has written more about it, and from it he draws more material than from any other period of his life. His tastes were there forever fixed—he learned to love the plain, the simple, the natural, to dislike the artificial and the

conventional. He learned to love the country better than the city—he who swayed the city multitudes as no other preacher ever did.

See how he insists on the contrast: "In these days," he says, "if a boy would go a-horsebacking, he must have gay caparison—saddle of the best leather, stirrups silvered, martingales bestarred, housing flamboyant, tasseled whip, jingling spurs, gauntleted hands, and crocodile boots able to swallow him to above the knee.

THE BEST WAY TO RIDE.

"But we are persuaded that is not the best way for a boy to ride. About seven o'clock in the morning, the farm-horses having had oats and currying, must be taken to the brook for the watering. The halter is caught into a half-hitch around the horse's nose, and, bringing him to the fence, the boy leaps astride. It is no rare occurrence that, in his avidity to get aboard, the boy slides off on the other side of the animal, and it is fortunate if the latter, taking advantage of the miscalculation, does not fly away with a wild snort, finding his way to the brook.

"But once thoroughly mounted, the rope-halter is helm and sail sufficient. It is very easy to guide a thirsty horse when you want to take him to water. A poke of your bare feet into his ribs, and a strong pull of the rope, are enough to bring him back from any slight divergencies. Passing through the bars, all you have to do is to gather up your feet on his warm, smooth back, and, having passed the post, again drop anchor. Nothing looks more spirited or merry than a boy's feet bouncing against the sides of a glistening bay. The horse feels them, and the more briskly gallops down the lane.

A BOY AND A THIRSTY HORSE.

"At his first plunge into the brook, his sudden stop would have sent the boy somersaulting into the stream, but for a quick digging of the heels into the side, and a clutch of the scant lock of hair at the end of the mane. With lip and nostril in the stream, the horse cares nothing for what his young rider wills. There may be a clearer place below that the boy chooses for the watering, but the horse lifts not his head to the shout, or the jerk of halter, or

stroke in the flanks. He wants to drink just there; intent upon that are mouth, and gullet, and fetlock, and spot in the face. Sitting astride the boy feels the jerk of each swallow, and sees the accompanying wag of the pony's ears. The horse lifts his head, takes a long breath, clashes his teeth, and, rinsing his jaws, drops the tuft of hay that lingered in his mouth, with right foot paws up the gravel from beneath, giving notice that he is ready, if you are, throws himself back on his hind feet till his front lift from the mud, gives a quick turn, and starts for the barn. In a minute he has made the length of the lane, and stands neighing for the barn-door to open.

"This ride was the chief event of the day. Alas, if there are only two horses, when there are four boys! for two of them are disappointed, and keep their grudge for the most of the day. You linger about the barn for hours, and pat Pompey on the nose, and get astride his back in the stable, and imagine how it would be if it were only time to ride him down again.

"We would like to have in our photograph-album a picture of the horses that in boyhood we rode to the watering. Sitting here, thinking of all the times they threw us off. The temptation was too great for them, and the mud where we fell was soft. The dear old pets! One of them was sold, and as he was driven away we cried such large tears, and so many of them, that both coat-sleeves were insufficient to sop up the wretchedness. Another broke its leg, and it was taken to the woods and shot. We went into the house and held our ears, lest we should hear the cruel bang that announced the departure of our favorite sorrel. Another staid on the place, and was there when we left home. He was always driven slowly, had grown uncertain of foot, and ceased to prance at any sight or sound. You could no longer make him believe that a wheelbarrow was anything supernatural, nor startle him by shaking out a buffalo-skin. He had outlived all his contemporaries. Some had frisked out a frivolous life, and had passed away. Some had, after a life of kicking and balking, come to an ignominious end; but old Billy had lived on in an earnest way, and every Sunday morning stood at the door waiting for the family to get in the wagon and ride to church. Then he would jog along seriously, as if conscious that his church privileges would soon be gone. In the long line of tied horses beside the church, he would stand

and listen to the songs inside. While others stamped, and beat the flies, and got their feet over the shafts, and slipped the halter, and bit the nag on the other side of the tongue, Billy had more regard for the day and place, and stood silent, meditative, and decorous. If there be any better place than this world for good horses, Billy has gone there. He never bolted; he never kicked. In plowing, he never put his foot over the trace; he never balked; he never put back his ears and squealed. A good, kind, faithful, honest, industrious horse was he. He gave us more joy than any ten-thousand-dollar courser could give us now. No arched stallion careering on Central Park, or foam-dashed Long Island racer, could thrill us like the memory of that family roadster.

PITY FOR BOYS IN TOWNS.

"Alas, for boys in the city, who never ride a horse to brook! An afternoon airing in ruffles, stiff and starched, and behind a costumed driver, cannot make up for this early disadvantage. The best way to start life is astride a farm-horse, with a rope-halter. In that way you learn to rough it. You are prepared for hard bounces on the road of life; you learn to hold on; you get the habit of depending on your own heels, and not upon other people's stirrups; you find how to climb on without anybody to give you a boost. It does not hurt you so much when you fall off. And some day, far on in life, when you are in the midst of the hot and dusty city, and you are weary with the rush and din of the world, in your imagination you call back one of these nags of pleasant memory. You bring him up by the side of your study, or counting-room table, and from that you jump on, and away you canter through the old-time orchard, and by the old-time meeting-house, or down the lane in front of the barn, dashing into the cool, sparkling water of the meadow, where he stops to take his morning dram; or you hitch him up to the rocking-chair in which you have for twenty years sat rheumatic and helpless, and he drags you back some Sunday morning to the old country church, where many years ago he stood tied to the post, while you, with father and mother at either end of the pew, was learning of the land where there is no pain, and into which John looked, and said: 'I saw a white horse.' "

We quote what Talmage has to say concerning the efficacy of family prayers, for, in the following chapter, the prayers of his parents are shown to have had an all-important influence on his life.

"No child ever gets over having heard parents pray for him. I had many sound thrashings when I was a boy (not as many as I ought to have had, for I was the last child and my parents let me off), but the most memorable scene in my childhood was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. I cannot forget it, for I used often to be squirming around on the floor and looking at them while they were praying. Your son may go to the ends of the earth, and run through the whole catalogue of transgression, but he will remember the family altar, and it will be a check and a call, and perhaps his redemption."

We close the chapter of boyhood with this honest and likable confession of De Witt, that though thrashed, he wasn't thrashed as much as he should have been, and with that important picture of the family altar which made the early home of Talmage "a church within a church."

CHAPTER IV.

YOUTH AND EDUCATION.

GRADUATED AT UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK IN 1853—SPEECH AT NIBLO'S GARDEN—HAD BECOME A CHRISTIAN THREE YEARS BEFORE—IDEA OF STUDYING LAW—PARENTAL PRAYERS THAT HE MIGHT ENTER THE MINISTRY—ENTERS NEW BRUNSWICK THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY—GRADUATED AND ORDAINED IN 1856.

It seemed a matter of course to his parents that De Witt, as they called him at home, would follow his three brothers into the ministry. They never doubted that he would, but they left the vindication of their belief to the hand of Providence working through the years. They were not disappointed in their hope, though the earlier preferences and longings of their son seemed to tend in quite another direction. From boyhood and throughout his youth always inclining toward a professional career, he purposed to make that profession the law. Not ignoring that manifestation, nor abating a jot of their own desire for and confidence in a contrary result, De Witt's parents, as a first requisite to his success in any calling, determined to endow him with the ever-available, indispensable capital of a thorough education. His observation kept pace with his acquisition, and his bodily vigor, always phenomenal, kept pace with both. He was a marvel of eccentricities from childhood. We might fill out our pages with the first indications and demonstrations which were in little the promise of distinction and great power for good afterwards. It is enough to say that early in his studies he was remarkable for enthusiasm in mental labor; for an audacious devotion to those branches of it for which he felt the most fondness and fitness; for a vocabulary of extreme simplicity, directness and brevity; for powers of memory and description of the highest order; for a habit of divining his way to right conclusions, without the tardy processes of proof; for a tendency to reach the heart through illustrations, rather than to harrow the head with arguments; for an entire

absence of self-consciousness; for a disposition of sweetness and light; and for ideal honorableness.

He was a merry lad withal, and a mischievous and full of fun, as the autobiographical passages relating to his boyhood amply show. Constitutionally restive under shams, dullness and stupid precedents, active in the field and in sports, developing his robust, big frame, in which he has such joy and pride, roguish in school and church, there was absolutely nothing of the prig about him.

Prepared by the usual course of study for college, Mr. Talmage chose for his *alma mater* the University of New York, and passed through the institution without that maximum of merit which mark men who are the chief figures on examination days and ciphers ever afterwards. His tropical imagination, the confidential relationship established between himself and human nature, his prodigious but simple powers of expression, his possession of the dramatic in high degree in thought and manner, and his inherent love of the pure in morals, and for the ideally excellent in life, rendered him the distinguishing expectation and feature of class and composition days. As a *belle-lettres* scholar, a professor of the university tells us that Talmage had no equal in all the students who were ever graduated from that institution. On graduation day in 1853, when he delivered his speech at Niblo's Garden, the effect was electric and overwhelming; the most part of the audience rising to their feet, under the spell of his brilliant, original, mirthful and pathetic utterances. A great future was then confidently predicted for Tom Talmage, and his friends believed that his career would be legal. Journalist, lawyer, politician or reformer he might become, and to any of these roles his powers were signally adapted.

He might also have filled a prominent place in the theatrical annals of the country, because there was a dramatic element about his pulpit work which made his sermons strikingly effective, but after graduating from the University of the City of New York and studying at law for a year he entered upon the study of theology at the earnest solicitation of his parents, and, as they believed, in answer to their prayers. What efficacy they and he attached to prayer we see in the following story told by himself:

"My grandmother was a praying woman. My father's name was David. One day he and other members of the family started for a gay party. Grandmother said: 'Go, David, and enjoy yourself; but all the time you and your brothers and sisters are there I will be praying for you.' They went, but did not have a very good time, knowing that their mother was praying for them.

"The next morning grandmother heard loud weeping in the room below. She went down and found her daughter crying violently. What was the matter? She was in anxiety about her soul—an anxiety that found no relief short of the cross. Word came that David was at the barn in great agony. Grandmother went and found him on the barn floor, praying for the life of his soul.

"The news spread to the neighboring houses, and other parents became anxious about their children, and the influence spread to the village of Somerville, and there was a great turning unto God; and over two hundred souls, in one day, stood up in the village church to profess faith in Christ. And it all started from my grandmother's prayer for her sons and daughters!"

At the age of eighteen De Witt Talmage became a Christian, but not until he was twenty-one was the purpose of the Deity made manifest to him in a manifestation which carried him, like three of his brothers before him, into the ministry. He met his duty and destiny not without phenomenal struggle, and not without tragical battles against doubts, ambition, temptation and a great self-distrustfulness. Clergymen say that the devil has always waged most intense war with the Lord for his crown-jewels, and wages it never so violently (or vainly) as at the moment those jewels receive the setting of grace. With the turning of the tide of Talmage's life came the mortification and regret of time lost, and the vitalest consciousness of the imperative obligations to redeem the time that remained. He prepared himself for the ministry at the New Brunswick Theological Seminary. Here he discarded and neglected no modern appliance technically taught of preaching as an art, and from the first exhibited many of the attributes of mind and heart which have since given him world-wide celebrity. Of life in the seminary, in connection with the subject of the physical weakness of ministers, Talmage writes as follows:

"The damage begins in the college boarding-house. The theological stu-

dent has generally small means, and he must go to a cheap boarding-house. A frail piece of sausage trying to swim across a river of gravy on the breakfast plate, but drowned at last, 'the linked sweetness long drawn out' of flies in the molasses cup, the gristle of a tough ox, and measly biscuit, and buckwheat cakes tough as the cook's apron, and old peas in which the bugs lost their life before they had time to escape from the saucepan, and stale cucumbers cut up into small slices of cholera morbus—are the provender out of which we are trying at Princeton and Yale and New Brunswick to make sons of thunder. Sons of mush! From such depletion we step gasping into the pulpit and look so heavenly pale that the mothers in Israel are afraid we will evaporate before we get through our first sermon.

MARTYRDOM OF DIVINITY STUDENTS.

"Many of our best young men in preparation for the ministry are going through this martyrdom. The strongest mind in our theological class perished, the doctors said afterward, from lack of food. The only time he could afford a doctor was for his post-mortem examination."

That Talmage himself, however, managed somehow to thrive physically on such a regimen is proved by the great health and strength that was all his life of such service to him. One of the traditions of Herzog Hall Theological Seminary, in New Brunswick, where he graduated, runs like this:

"Talmage was an ungainly youngster, full of originality as an egg is of meat, but he did not commend himself to the professors of the seminary as a budding clergyman. After he had preached his first sermon there, good old Dr. De Witt, the president, thought the time had come to have a serious talk with the young man. He took him away where no one else could listen to their colloquy and said:

" 'Mr. Talmage, I never like to discourage anybody, and I rarely say what I am going to say to you. You are intellectually bright enough. I can easily imagine that you might make a success in almost any field of life except in preaching the gospel. But, frankly, and in all kindness, I must tell you that I solemnly think you have mistaken your calling. Get a position selling goods behind a dry goods counter or take a clerkship in a law office, or, if necessary,

follow the plow, but do not think of becoming the pastor of a church. You are not fitted for it at all. It is a great mistake for you to waste your time.'

"Talmage simply insisted that he would go on and graduate. He did. And before his pulpit career was ended he had preached to hundreds where the venerable Dr. De Witt had preached to one. But those who tell the story down in New Brunswick say that Dr. De Witt never changed his mind. He was not in the habit of changing his mind." Immediately after graduation Talmage received a call to the village of Belleville, New Jersey, was there ordained as pastor in 1856, and entered upon the first of the three ministries which prepared him for the great and crowning work he was to do at last in Brooklyn.

CHAPTER V.

PREPARATORY MINISTRIES.

FIRST PASTORATE, BELLEVILLE, NEW JERSEY, 1856—PREACHING IN SYRACUSE, 1859-1862—GROWING FAMOUS IN PHILADELPHIA, 1862-1869—CHAPLAIN OF A PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT—TALMAGE'S EARLY HORROR OF EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING—HIS OWN STORY OF HIS FIRST EXTEMPORANEOUS SERMON—SAVED BY THE GOING OUT OF THE GAS.

We trace Mr. Talmage through what we are bound to consider three not unimportant but preparatory ministries. For three years at Belleville, New Jersey; for three at Syracuse, in New York; for seven in Philadelphia, Mr. Talmage labored to the great profit and prosperity of congregations, and to the gradual and increasing knowledge of what work, when God should open to him the opportunity, it was in his power best to accomplish. Those charges, in historical order and sequence, are to be considered as merely incidental and educational. They obviously laid the foundation for, and paved the path to, his later and greater work. Yet they were prolific of memorable successes and lessons.

At Belleville it is right to record that Mr. Talmage broke the ice of preaching, and first tasted of the sweetness of commending Christ to men. He there found out a commonplace, but not always observed fact, that the way to preach is just to preach. Not to write treatises, not to declaim, not to strike a balance between the sins it is safe to denounce and those it is politic to ignore. That cultivated country congregation was an admirable school. Not unlikely the pew taught the pulpit in ways the former wot not of. It was there that young Talmage not only "became introduced to himself," but it was also there that he bid at the start "a last farewell" to every resolution, except to count himself as dirt and accursed if he knew any thing among them save Christ and Him crucified. Preaching in itself was the task there taught him. City preaching was the talent he made into five at Syracuse. Metropolitan

preaching—to other preaching what sunlight is to moonlight—was the talent he made into ten in Philadelphia, where he received more than his own in the usury of souls. In each of the churches antecedent likenesses of fact obtained. They had all enjoyed an experience of delightful, and decorous, and audience-diminishing dullness. They slept as Peter on the housetop, and dared to dream that the four-cornered sheets of opportunity let down to them from heaven contained that which was common and unclean. It was not a rest but a revolution they reaped in young Mr. Talmage. He developed their spiritual energies so thoroughly that they were at first shocked, and then fired to mighty zeal by glorious revivals. Conversions ceased to be anomalous. Communions no longer placidly passed without disturbance from an awakening world demanding a seat, by right of repentance and universal promise and invitation, at the table. These congregations normally followed on one another. Syracuse was a larger Belleville, and Philadelphia was a greatly amplified Syracuse. By that fate which waits on power, and compels it to be first at the front, and makes its seat, whenever taken, the head of the table, the Rev. Talmage placed the churches he ministered to in the van of energy and achievement. Prosperity, through that religious democracy which was in his blood and training, periodical increase in numbers, and the development of each member into a thorough worker, were the results he effected and the legacies he left among those parishes that prepared him for and presented him to his greatest one. We are able to give the readers of this biography a detailed account of the first extemporaneous sermon Talmage preached at Belleville. It is written by no less a personage than the great preacher himself. "We entered the ministry," writes he, "with a mortal horror of extemporaneous speaking. Each week we wrote two sermons and a lecture all out, from the text to the amen. We did not dare to give out the notice of a prayer-meeting unless it was on paper. We were a slave to manuscript, and the chains were galling; and three months more of such work would have put us in the graveyard. We resolved on emancipation. The Sunday night was approaching when we expected to make violent rebellion against this bondage of pen and paper. We had an essay about ten minutes long on some Christian subject, which we proposed to preach as an introduction to the

sermon, resolved, at the close of that brief composition, to launch out on the great sea of extemporaneousness.

"It happened that the coming Sabbath night was to be eventful in the village. The trustees of the church had been building a gasometer back of the church, and the night I speak of the building was for the first time to be lighted in the modern way. The church was, of course, crowded—not so much to hear the preacher as to see how the gas would burn. Many were unbelieving, and said that there would be an explosion, or a big fire, or that in the midst of the service the lights would go out. Several brethren disposed to hang on to old customs declared that candles and oil were the only fit material for lighting a church, and they denounced the innovation as indicative of vanity on the part of the new-comers. They used oil in the ancient temple, and it was that which ran down on Aron's beard, and anything that was good enough for the whiskers of an old-time priest was good enough for a country meeting-house. These sticklers for the oil were present that night, hoping—and I think some of them secretly praying—that the gas might go out.

"With our ten-minute manuscript we went into the pulpit, all in a tremor. Although the gas did not burn as brightly as its friends had hoped, still it was bright enough to show the people the perspiration that stood in beads on our forehead. We began our discourse, and every sentence gave us the feeling that we were one step nearer the gallows. We spoke slowly, so as to make the ten-minute notes last fifteen minutes. During the preachment of the brief manuscript we concluded that we had never been called to the ministry. We were in a hot-bath of excitement. People noticed our trepidation, and supposed it was because we were afraid the gas would go out. Alas! our fear was that it would not go out. As we came toward the close of our brief we joined the anti-gas party, and prayed that before we came to the last written line something would burst, and leave us in the darkness. Indeed, we discovered an encouraging flicker amid the burners, which gave us the hope that the brief which lay before us would be long enough for all practical purposes, and that the hour of execution might be postponed to some other night. As we came to the sentence next to the last the lights fell down to half their size, and we could just manage to see the audience as they were floating away from

our vision. We said to ourselves, 'Why can't these lights be obliging, and go out entirely?' The wish was gratified. As we finished the last line of our brief, and stood on the verge of rhetorical destruction, the last glimmer of light was extinguished. 'It is impossible to proceed,' we cried out; 'receive the benediction!'

"We crawled down the pulpit in a state of exhilaration; we never before saw such handsome darkness. The odor of the escaping gas was to us like 'gales from Araby.' Did a frightened young man ever have such a fortunate deliverance? The providence was probably intended to humble the trustees, yet the scared preacher took advantage of it.

"But after we got home we saw the wickedness of being in such dread. As the Lord got us out of that predicament we resolved never again to be cornered in one similar. Forthwith the thralldom was broken, we hope never again to be felt. How demeaning that a man with a message from the Lord Almighty should be dependent upon paper-mills and gasometers! Paper is a non-conductor of gospel electricity. If a man have a five-thousand-dollar bill of goods to sell a customer he does not go up to the purchaser and say, 'I have some remarks to make you about these goods, but just wait till I get out my manuscript.' Before he got through reading the argument the customer would be in the next door, making purchases from another house.

"What cowardice! Because a few critical hearers sit with lead-pencils out to mark down the inaccuracies of extemporaneousness shall the pulpit cower? If these critics do not repent they will go to hell, and take their lead-pencils with them. While the great congregation are ready to take the bread hot out of the oven shall the minister be crippled in his work because the village doctor or lawyer sits carping before him? To please a few learned ninnies a thousand ministers sit writing sermons on Saturday night till near the break of day, their head hot, their feet cold, and their nerves atwitch. Sermons born on Saturday night are apt to have the rickets. Instead of cramping our chests over writing-desks, and being the slaves of the pen, let us attend to our physical health, that we may have more pulpit independence. It would be a grand thing if every minister felt strong enough in body to thrash any man in his audience improperly behaving, but always kept back from such assault

by the fact that it would be wrong to do so. There is a good deal of heart and head in our theology, but not enough liver and backbone. We need a more stalwart Christian character, more roast beef rare, and less calf's-foot jelly. This will make the pulpit more bold and the pew more manly.

REVISITS HOME OF YOUTH.

"Which thoughts came to us this week as we visited again the village church aforesaid, and preached out of the same old Bible in which, years ago, we laid the ten-minute manuscript, and we looked upon the same lights that once behaved so badly. But we found it had been snowing since the time we lived there, and heads that then were black are white now, and some of the eyes which looked up to us that memorable night when the gasometer failed us, thirteen years ago, are closed now, and for them all earthly lights have gone out forever."

In another passage Talmage insists still more strongly upon the need of physical development among the clergy, quoting Leviticus, xx:22, "Blind, or broken, or maimed, or having a wen, or scurvy, or scabbed, ye shall not offer these unto the Lord," he says "the Bible clergy had muscle as well as grace. David was little, but too much for Goliath, and grand on a bear-hunt. People talk of Paul as though he were a skeleton because he had a 'thorn in the flesh,' but he was no skeleton. He rode horseback, and graduated from the saddle into the ministry. He did not fall from his horse because he was not a good rider. From a joyful view he took of almost everything, I know nothing ailed his liver. From the courageous way he stood before Felix, I know nothing was the matter with his backbone. At sixty-eight years of age he made a journey of more than fifteen hundred miles, before 'palace cars' were invented, and still had enough strength left to write in a dungeon the Second Epistle to Timothy. How much skeleton was there about that? The ministry of 1892 will be strong, robust, agile, and stalwart. Before the lamb and the lion lie down together there will have to be some fighting done, and I want our side to win."

VIRTUES OF A GOOD FIGHTER.

Furthermore, he rather liked the fight. His view of ministerial dignity was always so divergent from that of the old line, black robed divines of the

Reformed Dutch Church that it was a matter of surprise to many of his friends that he chose that communion at the start of his career. His first three ministries, however, were in this denomination, the change to Presbyterianism coming only when he went to Brooklyn. There his church, though perfectly evangelical in doctrine and spirit, was Talmagean rather than Presbyterian. His character was so sharply individual that had he cared to do it he could have created, as Knox or Wesley did, a new denomination. Talmage was not, of course, a great thinker or delver after new philosophic truth. His disagreements with the Presbyterian Synod in the days of his power were not caused by his theological views and opinions becoming too liberal. Talmage never showed that he thought much about theology. He worked with and upon emotions, not thoughts. The synod disapproved of his startling methods of working upon emotions.

In the period of the preparatory ministries he had already begun to develop that style which was afterwards so widely branded as sensational. When asked what he thought "about all this talk of sensationalism in the pulpit," he says, or rather makes his character Scattergood say, "As far as I can understand, it seems to be a war between stagnation and sensationalism, and I dislike both.

SUCCESS OF SENSATIONALISM.

"I do not know which word is the worst. It is the national habit in literature and religion to call that sensationalism which we ourselves cannot do. If an author write a book that will not sell, he is apt to charge the books of the day which do succeed as being sensational. There are a great many men who, in the world and the church, are dead failures, who spend their time in letting the public know that they are not sensationalists. The fact is that they never made any stir while living, nor will they in dying, save as they rob the undertaker of his fees, they not leaving enough to pay their dismission expenses.

"I hate sensationalism in the pulpit so far as that word means the preaching of anything but the Gospel, but the simple fact is that whenever and wherever faith and repentance and heaven and hell are proclaimed with

emphasis there will be a sensation.The people in our great cities are hungry for the old Gospel of Christ. If our young men in the ministry want large audiences, let them quit philosophizing, and hair-splitting, and botanizing, and without gloves take hold of men's sins and troubles, and there will be no lack of hearers. Stagnation is worse than sensationalism.

THE MUD TURTLE AND THE HORSE.

"I have always noticed that just in proportion as a man cannot get along himself he is fearful of some one else making an excitement. Last week a mud-turtle down by the brook opened its shell and discoursed to a horse that was coming down to drink. The mud-turtle said to the horse: 'Just as I get sound asleep you are sure to come past and wake me up. We always used to have a good, quiet time down here in the swamp till you got in the habit of thumping along this way. I have been pastor of thirteen other mud-turtles, and we always had peace till you came, and next week, at our semi-annual meeting of mud-turtles, we shall either have you voted a nuisance or will talk it over in private, eight or ten of us, which will probably be the more prudent way.' Then the mud-turtle's shell went shut with a snap, at which the horse kicked up his heels as he turned to go up to the barn to be harnessed to a load of corn that was ready for the market."

The wizard wand of skillful statement has, in this utterance, transformed the opponents of "sensationalism" into stagnating mud-turtles, and the sensationalist himself into a powerful and useful worker. Into such a worker Talmage was transforming himself not only in Philadelphia and Syracuse, where the accusation of sensationalism first arose, but in the quiet Belleville days whose atmosphere he makes us breathe with him in the following vignette: "A country meeting-house. A mid-summer Sabbath. The air lazy and warm. The grave-yard around about oppressively still, the white slabs here and there shining in the light like the drifted snows of death, and not a grass-blade rustling as though a sleeper had stirred in his dream.

"Clap-boards of the church weather-beaten, and very much bored, either by bumble-bees, or long sermons, probably the former."

Everywhere the same ridicule of dullness, stagnation, boredom! What

a mighty weapon most preachers have thrown away by discarding and banning human laughter from their somnolent discourses. This pastor in quiet Belleville, on the contrary, was armed with power over men's smiles and tears.

Not least important in his preparation for his life-work was the country health he there acquired. Of his farming he writes with full comprehension of the robust vigor it gave him. His parishioners were inclined to make a little fun of him, asking, "How did the cabbages turn out?" with twinkling of eye and twitching of laughter in mouth-corners. In answering the question, "Does clerical farming pay?" Talmage answered that he found no fatal repulsion between pen and hoe. "Can one who is shepherd of a city flock keep Southdowns from getting the hoof-rot?" was the query. "How much out of pocket at the end of the year?"

EXCITEMENT OF CLERICAL FARMING.

"Clerical farming does pay," answers Talmage. "Notwithstanding a weasel invaded the poultry-yard, and here and there a chicken died of the 'gaps,' and one of the frosts saved us a great deal of trouble picking peaches, and one day, in the process of making butter, 'soda ash' was taken for salt, and the caterpillars of our neighborhood were very fond of celery, and the drinking of milk without any chalk at first made us all sick—the shock too sudden for the constitution—still we feel that we made our fortune last summer. With a long-handled hoe we turned up more than our neighbors dreamed of. Though a few hundred dollars out of pocket (a fact we never acknowledged to agricultural infidels), we were physically born again. We have walked stronger ever since, for our walk last summer in the furrow. Our hay-pitching was an anodyne that has given us sound sleep all winter. On our new grindstone we sharpened our appetite, and have since been able to cut through anything set before us. We went out in the spring feeling that the world was going to ruin; we came back in the autumn persuaded that we were on the eve of the millennium.

"Like all other beginners, our first attempt at buying a horse resulted in our getting bitten, not by the horse. From Job's vivid description we went

forth to look for a horse whose 'neck was clothed with thunder.' We found him. We liked the thunder very well, but not so well the lightning that flew out of his feet the first time he kicked the dash-board to pieces. We give as our experience that thunder is most too lively to plough with. We found him dishonest at both ends. Not only were his heels untrustworthy, but his teeth, and the only reason we escaped being bitten by the horse, as well as the jockey who sold him, was that we are gifted with powers of locomotion sufficient for any emergency, especially if there be sufficient propulsion advancing from the rear. Job shall never choose another horse for us. We telegraphed to the jockey, 'Come and take your old nag, or I will sue you!' He did not budge, for he was used to being sued. Having changed our mind, we telegraphed, offering to pay him for the honor of swindling us, and the telegram was successful. We gave him a withering look as he rode away, but he did not observe it.

THE MEEK-EYED COW.

"Our first cow was more successful. She has furnished the cream of a good many jokes to our witty visitors, and stands, I warrant, this cold day, chewing her cud like a philosopher—the calmness of the blue sky in her eyes, and the breath of last summer's pasture-field sweeping from her nostrils. Gentle thing! When the city boys came out, and played 'catch,' running under her, or afterward standing on both sides, four boys milking at once, she dissented not. May she never want for stalks or slops!

"We were largely successful with one of our two pigs. Our taste may not be thoroughly cultured, but we think a pig of six weeks is positively handsome. It has such an innocent look out of its eyes, and a voice so capable of nice shades of inflection, whether expressive of alarm or want. Such a cunning wink of the nose, such artistic twist of tail! But one of the twain fell to acting queer one day. It went about, as if, like its ancestors of Gadara, unhappily actuated, till after a while it up and died. We had a farrier to doctor it, and poor thing! it was bled, and mauled, till we knew not whether to ascribe its demise to the disease or the malpractice of the medical adviser. But its companion flourished. We had clergymen, law-

yers, and artists admire and praise it. We found recreation in looking at its advancement, and though the proverb says that you 'cannot make a whistle out of a pig's tail,' figuratively speaking, I have made a dozen out of that mobile and unpromising material.

THE GOOSE A MALIGNED BIRD.

"Our geese flourished. Much-maligned birds! They are wise instead of foolish, save in the one item of not knowing how to lower their necks when you want them to go under the fence. (Who of us has not one weak point of character?) They are affectionate, and die if shut up alone, and with wild outcry sympathize with any unfortunate comrade whose feathers have been plucked. From their wings they furnished the instrument for writing Walter Scott's 'Rob Roy,' and Thomas Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus.' Worth more than an eagle any day, have better morals, do pluck more nutriment out of the mud than eagles do out of the sun. Save for Fourth of July orations eagles are of but little worth, filthy, cruel, ugly at the beak, fierce at the eye, loathsome at the claw; but give me a flock of geese, white-breasted, yellow-billed, coming up at night-fall with military tramp, in single file led on, till nearing the barn-yard they take wing, and with deafening clang the flying artillery wheel to their bivouacs for the night.

"Yes, clerical farming does pay. Out on the place we won the medal every day for pictures hung with fire-loops in the sky-gallery; and for machinery by which the sun drew water, and the trees pumped up the juices, and the shower and sunshine wove carpets better than the Axminster for Brindle and Durham to walk on.

LOVE NATURE FIRST.

"If a city clergyman have no higher idea than a crop of turnips or corn, he had better not take a farm. It will be cheaper to let somebody else's hen lay the eggs, and to buy your tomatoes by the peck. But he who would like to look out of his window and see 'rain on the new-mown grass,' and at five o'clock would love to walk out and see 'the day-spring from on high,' or in the garden hear Christ preaching from the text, 'Consider the lilies,' or watch

God feeding the ravens, or see Him clothing 'the grass of the field,' or in the gush of full moonlight learn the sweetness of the promise, 'At evening tide it shall be light,—let such a minister get a place in country and spend the weeks that he has usually passed among the bright shawls of starched watering-places, with his coat off, in check shirt, and coarse boots, listening while 'mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl,' at matins and vespers praise the Lord; geranium and branch of apple-blossom swinging their censers."

How real and personal this man succeeds in making himself! From the coarse boots and check shirt-sleeves of the outer man to that arcana of his soul where he conceived the poet's thought that "flowers are the dividing line between the physical and the spiritual" we know this man! He has showed us himself; he himself is his own great biographer.

CHAPTER VI.

CALLED TO BROOKLYN.

TALMAGE CALLED TO CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO AND BROOKLYN—THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BROOKLYN APPARENTLY THE LEAST ATTRACTIVE—POSSIBILITY OF A FREE CHURCH DECIDES TALMAGE IN FAVOR OF BROOKLYN—HIS SERMON ON THE FREE CHURCH.

Baxter will always recall Kidderminster; Knox and Chalmers, Edinburgh; M'Cheyne, Dundee. Similarly with Dr. Talmage's life-work will Brooklyn be always associated. There he found his real field—field which as thoroughly fitted him as he it, field which exactly answered his faculties, and which exactly neutralized the local lets he had elsewhere perforce suffered. The Free Tabernacle, and the Lay College, are now historic institutions in Christendom, and the name of T. De Witt Talmage will always be considered whenever and wherever these are referred to. He the cause; they the effects. The story of the beginning and progress of all three in the City of Churches is a story, in the telling of which facts, however simply narrated, well nigh as thoroughly transcend credibility as they surpass precedent. The order of time will be found the order of circumstance in the case.

While preaching to enormous congregations in Philadelphia, and while apparently settled and provided for as to all his future, Mr. Talmage was disturbed by, and quite put in a strait betwixt, three calls. Had he been born with a call, as the darkies say, his situation could not have been more unpleasant. He was wanted in Chicago, San Francisco, and Brooklyn. He was in Philadelphia, and most profoundly admired, and indulged the single aspiration of the defunct Confederacy; all he asked was to be let alone. As agreeable a church sustained by as faithful and congenial a people, in as pleasant a city as any under the sun, held him with hooks of steel and ties of love. Interest, duty, and future seemed to concur to hold

him there. Chicago and San Francisco bid and bragged against one another by mail, and telegraph, and delegation. Brooklyn pleaded with stricken rather than beaming countenance, and urged what he could do for her far more than what she could do for him. Her promise was couched in the simple statement: "She would do what she could." The Central Presbyterian Church, then halting between the alternative of total dissolution or gradual disintegration, between quick suicide and slow consumption, almost despairingly, and with almost inexcusable sauciness, resolved to try to live, to try to grow. One thing in Philadelphia the soul of Mr. Talmage had desired and could not obtain. He wanted his church to be as free as the salvation he preached. For reasons related to the habits of the society, and the fees in some pews, that aspiration could not be realized. Neither did Chicago nor San Francisco in their offers hold out any chance for a free church at once. On that point Mr. Talmage informed himself by quiet inquiry. The same course revealed to him that in Brooklyn no obstacles lay in the way of his desire, always assuming that he could persuade the people, after coming, to essay and fairly test the experiment. This one possibility of a free church in a short time, more than anything else, induced the doctor to accept the call to what was then the Central Presbyterian Church. The call was unanimous, but it was not overwhelmingly formidable. Nineteen members—all the voting force of the church—occupied as much paper as possible in affixing their autographs. The spirit and calligraphy of John Hancock inspired them to prominent penmanship as they signed what proved to be a declaration of independence against stagnation of their case.

For fifteen months, Mr. Talmage preached in the old church to congregations which filled the edifice beyond the doors, and which, in any thing like mild weather, thronged the fronting street as well. The pew rentals—as things then went—swelled to great proportions, and would have stood indefinite increase. It only required an annual auction and a judicious pressure of the premium principle to render the church a veritable chapel of ease to all but the souls of earnest men. The time came to strike, and the blow fell. Mr. Talmage, in a single meeting, persuaded by his appeal,

a therefore unanimously adverse board of trustees into a unanimous decision to sell the church, and to erect a Free Tabernacle, holding hundreds for the tens the church accommodated. He formally and by document resigned his salary of seven thousand dollars, and told his trustees they need pay him no salary at all, unless the free plan allowed it. He would trust in God for his livelihood. His self-abnegation and faith in the undertaking were the final arguments that carried. A single sermon fused all the people into unity on the same subject. The church was sold, as was thought. God had another purpose for it, of which more in the proper place. The plan of the building—ground being opportunely secured adjoining the old church—was the next thing. Trustees and pastors, and elders and leading men of the society, put themselves into communication with the most eminent architects. None of them caught the idea wanted, or if any of them did, they ran away from it with a rapidity only equal to the hesitancy with which they crept up to it. "I want a building to hold four thousand people on one floor. The pews must command an equally clear view of the platform; pulpit, I want none. They must all form semi-circles converging from that platform, and must gradually rise, so as to give those far off as good a chance to see and hear as those near by. Amphitheatrical must be the form. An immense family gathering round a fire-place must be the ideal. Make it that way; make it as little like a church as possible, so the people not used to sacred edifices will feel welcome, and you will make your fortune." That is what the preacher said to the architects. The success with which they did not assimilate the idea was only inferior to the tenacity with which he adhered to it. At last a young architect had a happy thought. He asked the pastor to sketch out the idea. He did, on a scrap of paper. The architect slightly amplified it on an envelope on his knee. He was given till that night to re-amplify the drawing into plans. He did so, and the pastor's idea, finally realized by the graphic pencil of the architect, was adopted on sight.

In four months from that date the result was seen. It was the Tabernacle. Its ground-plan can be illustrated in brief. Let the reader imagine a horse-shoe so large as to inclose within its sides nearly half an acre of

ground. Let an inclination of from four to six feet be given to that horse-shoe, the lowest part being the two ends of the sides. Within that half an acre draw lines curving with boundaries of the shoe. Bridge the opening at the ends with a platform. Let the lines be pews full of people—half an acre of them. Put a man on the platform, and an immense organ behind him. That is the ground-floor of the Tabernacle.

The system of free seats was an essential part of this institution. The seats were free, just as inter-State trade is free—that is, they were subject to no duty, tariff, rental, charge, bonus, or premium, whatever. They were also free as a man's house is; free to himself and to his family. Instead of massing the thousands as a mob, and dispersing them in the wilderness of space—as the ten tribes were—the rule in the Tabernacle was to assign the seats freely and permanently to families, in the plain manner of priority of application assuring priority of choice. By this means the home feeling was preserved, the family solidarity was guaranteed. Classification of the multitudes on the church books, each pew-number standing against the name and residence of a member, rendered systematic pastoral work entirely possible and organizable. No other plan would serve under the circumstances. This free plan has had its vindication in the entire success the voluntary mode of giving it necessitated. The mode pursued whereby to maintain the home feeling, and to keep families intact in the church, overcame the difficulties elsewhere met with, of supporting the Gospel by the chance contributions of a scattered, desultory mob. These pews were held in perpetuity by occupants and their descendants. The congregation had fallen in love with the plan, and would have no other. Insensibly, but most powerfully, this truly democratic domestic policy was in keeping with, and largely affected, and was affected by, the very simple, yet impressive mode of worship in the church. As a programme, the mode of worship there could not have been more direct and unceremonial. As a spectacle, there could have been nothing more imposing than that mode in action. All of the thousands sat within an equal view, and had an equal view. The acoustic qualities of the auditorium were perfect. Every word in whispered cadence from the platform would be heard as distinctly as the loudest tones. The order of service was like

unto that in all wholly non-liturgical Protestant churches. The first thing done was to sing the doxology. The mighty organ, the one that was made for the Boston Jubilee, and made over again for the Tabernacle, played immortal "Old Hundred," graphically enough to syllable every word to the ear. A precentor stood on the platform. The people rose en masse, and then God was praised, from whom all blessings flow—praised, it really sounds and seems, by all creatures here below. In volume, the singing has been not inaptly, but rather singularly called, a new Long Island Sound. In culture, expressiveness, and adaptation of tone to sentiment, the organ and the people harmonized most finely. The best possibilities of congregational singing were their realities. Then followed the Lord's Prayer, and after it the reading of the Scripture lesson, and that the pastor expounded, illustrated, enforced, as he proceeded. His remarks were distinguished by freshness, fervor, most incisive appositeness, and an affluence of imagery, as well as by a continuous quantity of keen practical common sense, that made the Scripture-reading the string on which many sermons in epitome were hung. The reading of the Scriptures was as marked a feature as the sermon, and the effect unlike anything ever before seen in church. Some grand old hymn, may be "Rock of Ages," "A Charge to Keep I Have," or "Show Pity, Lord," or some other grand classic of the church, was then sung by everybody. Mr. Talmage made all sing. On one occasion he said, as he gave out the second hymn, "My brethren, if I thought you would sing this hymn no better than you did the first, I would go into the side room and wait till you get through. Let it be the grandest song this side of heaven." The prayer succeeded, in which the pastor carried his own wants and those of his people, his country, and the church, straight to the throne. The graphicness of it was the intense recital of human needs. The fervor of it was the supreme appreciation of Divine fullness. The simplicity of it was the child-like certainty of answer then and there. The vehemence of it was the awful consciousness of souls unsaved and unconcerned. The triumph of it was a literal loss of self in the overpowering realization of Christ's love and boundless bounty and beauty. Another hymn, all singing as if the gates above were opened for those within to catch the song of those below; and

then the sermon. The sermons of Talmage were extemporaneous, and depended for their preservation upon the reporter's pencil, and yet, being printed just as they were delivered, they reveal wonderful qualities of precision, excision, memory, directness and study. They are as condensed as theorems, as round, pointed, and polished as essays.

The method of their delivery was decidedly picturesque. On one occasion, when about to give a sermon, he walked down to the front of his platform, and then suddenly turning his back on the congregation, rushed madly back, his arms in the air, his coat-tails flying. People gasped, thinking he had gone mad. He stopped, whirled, stood still an instant, then shouted, "Young man, you are rushing to destruction!" Then he preached a powerful sermon against the vice and intemperance of young city men.

We see therefore that his methods sometimes bordered on the histrionic. His church had footlights rather than candles. He suited the action to the word so effectively that when Moses smote the rock the pulpit Bible seemed to be in danger of dissolution, and when Job rent his mantle one was afraid that the preacher might have to buy a new suit of clothes. With all this excess of action, however, Dr. Talmage was listened to as much for his words as for his gestures. What he said was as interesting as what he did. This was proved by the immense vogue his sermons enjoyed when printed. Theatrical delivery could not have sold them then. Taken with the delivery they were popular. Taken without the delivery they were popular still. No preacher of the present day has reached so wide an audience. Wherever the country weekly went, with its patent syndicate insides, the sermons actually or hypothetically "preached last Sunday by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage" were better known than the novels of any novelist of the day. Nor can it be doubted that the influence of those sermons was for good.

THE THREE TABERNACLES.

Dr. Talmage's career was intimately associated with, almost founded upon, his connection with his three tabernacles in Brooklyn, more widely known by name than any church in America, with the possible exception of Plymouth. The ground for the first Tabernacle, on Schermerhorn street

and Third avenue, was broken in June, 1870, a year and three months after Dr. Talmage came to the Central Presbyterian Church, and when he had made it apparent that the old building would not begin to hold his audiences. The building was dedicated September 25, 1870. It was not an especially expensive church, as is indicated by the haste with which it was constructed. It was of brick, covered with corrugated iron, and was officially called an iron building, but was popularly known as "the tin tabernacle." It cost $40,000 to $45,000, would seat fifteen hundred persons and was supposed to be ample in size.

We give here the account of the original dedication, which appeared next day in the New York Times of Monday, September 26, 1870:

"Four months ago the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn commenced the erection of a grand free tabernacle on Schermerhorn street, near State street, in that city, and yesterday, September 25, the work being completed, the edifice was dedicated to the service of God. The pastor, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, has for years been known as one of the most consistent and able champions of free pews and a free Gospel, and the splendid edifice owes its existence in no small degree to his untiring efforts. The house outside looks more like a railway station than like a church. Mind, it is an amphitheater, the seats being arranged in the arc of a circle, in the center of which are the organ and a platform. There is no pulpit. The walls, which are of iron, are painted lead-color, the effect of which is to give an air of height and lightness to the entire building; the roof is of the same tint. In the center of the ceiling is a large skylight with 187 prisms of glass, from which the entire place is lighted up. The house is 150 feet long by 100 feet wide, and the seats will accommodate 3,500 auditors. Should even that sitting room be found too small, it is the intention of the managers to build a gallery that will accommodate 1,500 more. The organ is the same that was used at the recent great musical festival in Boston. About the only defect observable yesterday was a slight echo that came from the back part of the house, when the pastor commenced speaking. The congregation present taxed to the utmost the capacity of the house. Every seat was filled, and many were compelled

to stand. On the platform beside the pastor were seated Rev. Messrs. Lackwood, Eggleston, Taylor, Butler and Collum. The services were commenced by singing the old 100th psalm. The invocation was offered by Mr. Lackwood, the Bible lesson was read by Mr. Eggleston, and prayers were offered by Mr. Taylor. The sermon was delivered by the pastor. His text was Luke xiv:23, 'Compel them to come in.' "

GROWTH OF THE CONGREGATION.

How well the preaching of Talmage "compelled them to come in" we know. The sitting room was, as here anticipated, found too small, and in less than a year the proposed gallery had to be built. After this addition a second dedicatory service was held in 1871, in which the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Ting of New York participated. Of the great organ mentioned in the Times article we shall hear more hereafter, in the words of Talmage himself, it being the subject of perhaps the most poetical descriptive phrase he ever uttered.

Talmage's championship of "free pews and a free Gospel" was so important a feature of the first years of his Brooklyn pastorate that we quote here extracts from a sermon on the subject, preached by him three years after this time. In one of these extracts he alludes to the successful working of the free pew system in the Old Tabernacle, meaning thereby the one whose building and dedication we have described in this chapter. As we have seen, the possibility of establishing the system for which he here argues was the chief inducement which brought him from Philadelphia to Brooklyn. "I propose to-night," says he, "to argue on behalf of a free church. There are a great many who do not quite understand the plans and policies of such a church. In the first place, I believe in such a church because it seems to me to be *the Scriptural idea.* The apostle James says: 'If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool, are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil

thoughts?' In other words, the apostle James draws a picture. It is a meeting of Christian people; the usher stands at the door; two people come to the door and ask for seats. The usher looks at the one man, examines him from head to foot, sees that his garments are dictated by the recent fashion, and says, 'Come here, sir, I'll give you an excellent seat;' takes him far up in front, gives him a seat and says, 'I hope you will be very comfortable.' Then the usher goes back, sees the other man, scrutinizes him very thoroughly, and says, 'Poor coat, worn shoes, old hat. I think you will find a very good place to stand in that corner.' Now, the lightnings of that passage strike such an usher; in other words, you have no right to arrange a man's position in the house of God according to his financial qualifications. Do you suppose that the seats in the Tabernacle of olden time, the temple, and the synagogue, were ever rented by worshipers? Oh, no; you tell me those were miraculous times. You say in our times churches are such expensive institutions. We want all this costly machinery. Let me tell you no church of the day costs half so much as did the old temple, and yet that temple in olden times was supported by voluntary contributions. * * * How different it would be in all our churches if, instead of having them supported by a few men, we could have the great masses of the people bring their mites into the Lord's treasury!

REASONS FOR A FREE CHURCH.

"I argue, further, in behalf of a free church, because I think it is the only practical common-sense mode for city evangelization. The Church has tried scores of ways. We have gone out with tracts, and with our Bibles and religious books, among the people in the destitute parts of the city. Some have refused to take them. Some have burned them up. Some have read them and tried to reform; but as long as we leave them down amidst the evil influences by which they are surrounded, and do not bring them into some Christian church—if you reform them fifty times, fifty times they will be unreformed. In other words, here is a man down by the marshes with chills and fever. The physician comes and gives him quinine, and stops the chills; but just as long as that man continues to live down by the swamps, he will be subjected to the same ailment. Bring

him out on the hill-top, where the atmosphere is clear, if you want him to be permanently restored. Now, I say of those people who live in the slums of city destitution, as long as you leave them there they will fall into their old sins; but if you bring them into the healthy atmosphere of a Christian church, then you may hope for their permanent reformation. If you can say to them, 'There is a free church, there is a free Bible, there is a free cross, and yonder is a free heaven,' they will accept the invitation and come with you.

"I knew this city of Brooklyn eighteen years ago. Since then there have been great efforts made for the evangelization of the city, and yet you know as well as I that there is more sin in the city to-day, more Sabbath-breaking, and a vaster population who come not under any kind of religious influence. Where is Brooklyn to-day? In the churches? No! It is the exception when people go to church. A vast majority of the masses are traveling on down toward death, unassisted because uninvited. Now, if a surgeon goes into a hospital, and there are three hundred patients, and he cures twenty of them and the other two hundred and eighty die, I call that unsuccessful treatment. If the Church of God has saved some, when I compare the few that have been redeemed with the vast multitude that have perished, I say it has been a comparative failure; and if the old plan of conducting the Church of Christ has failed, let us start the ship on another tack and try another plan. In other words, come back to the Gospel theory, and throw wide open the doors of our church and tell the people to come in, without regard to their past history or their present financial or moral condition.

FOUR CLASSES TO SAVE.

"Again, I argue in behalf of a free church, because there are *three or four classes of people that will especially be touched by it.* Among them will be men who were once very influential in the churches, but who lost their property, and consequently cannot meet the pew-rents. I am not speaking of imaginary cases. I have seen scores of that kind of cases in the city of Brooklyn. In 1837, or in 1857, or 1867, they lost their property.

They used to sit near the pulpit. The next year they went farther back in the church. The next year farther back, and farther back as their finances entirely failed them, until at last they sat back by the door; and when the treasurer went down the aisle, he tapped the man's shoulder and said, 'If you don't pay up, you will have to vacate this seat.' What became of that man? He went out from the house of God. What becomes of the great multitude who once were influential in the Church of God, who, having lost their property, cannot meet the pew-rents in the churches? They have gone—some to infidelity—some into lives of dissipation—God only knows where they have gone! Will men of any self-respect go to church under such a state of circumstances? I tell you, nay. If it were my case, I would stay at home and gather my children about me, and read to them of Christ and a free heaven, out of which a man is never pitched because he cannot pay his pew-rent! At the very time a man most needs the consolation of religion—when his earthly fortunes have failed—at the very time that he needs most to be told about treasures that never fail, in banks that never break—the Church of God turns its back upon that man, and the work of breaking down that the Wall Street gamblers began, the Church of God finishes. * * * * * My friends, open the doors of a free church, where men may meet together without invidious comparisons, and they will pour in like the tides of the sea. We have been barring out this class of men from the house of God, and barring them out from the very gate of heaven."

The preacher goes on to appeal successively to the middle class, to the poor and to the rich, in behalf of his favorite idea, and exclaims, "When you shall throw open the churches of the living God as free churches, then I want to tell you that the gold, and the silver, and the myrrh, and the frankincense will come down to the feet of Jesus."

Of course, that is simply the argument that the church without a fixed system of pew-rents will pay better. There follow some personal references which lend this sermon something of autobiographical interest. "I am not merely theorizing," says he. "We demonstrated the possibility of a free church in the Old Tabernacle. There were the poor there. Then we

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had the middle classes—men who toiled; some with hand, and some with brain—for brain-work is poorly paid in this country. We had many of that class, and they had a hard struggle. Then we had more rich men than we ever had in the old city church—more than we ever expected—men who said, 'I will pay for the Gospel not only for myself and my family, but *there* is a man in that pew who cannot afford to pay anything; I will pay for him. *There* is another man; I will pay for him. And instead of sending my money to foreign lands, where I have no doubt it does good, I will preach the Gospel to all those in the same church who cannot afford to purchase religious advantages.' So it was practically demonstrated; and we shall, God willing, on a larger scale, demonstrate it in the new Tabernacle. And if you shall be afraid to come to such a place lest you be socially contaminated, I hope you will stay away, lest you contaminate us!" What a delightfully characteristic turn!

AN ALL ABSORBING PRINCIPLE.

"I am in favor of a free church," he continues, "because *all the Providential indications,* so far as we are concerned, are in that direction. *It has been the all-absorbing principle in my soul ever since I entered the ministry. It was the thing that brought me to this city. I had a comfortable home in Philadelphia,* but this was a Gospel principle I thought I would like to see tried. I came here, and it so happened that all the people who gathered around me were of the same opinion, and so we have been unanimous. We were unanimous in the style of the new church, and about the architecture of the second. We were unanimous about having it free. When we were burned down we were unanimous about reconstruction, and the principle we developed in the old church we will try to develop in the new. Where the old Tabernacle stopped when it burned down, the new Tabernacle will begin when it rises up.

"Again, I am in favor of the free church, because it appeals to *men of the world, as no other kind of church does.* A prominent minister of New York said to me a week or two ago, 'There are no people who come into our churches here in New York but Christian people. Somehow, we do

not get hold of the world.' I said, 'The majority of those who come into my religious services are of the world, and I think it must be that the free Christian principle is attracting them. In other words, men of the world cannot understand the limitations and the exclusiveness of the house of God. They say, *'If you are brothers and sisters, why do not the rich and poor meet together?* The Lord is the Maker of them all.' 'Oh,' you say, 'those men of the world do not do their duty.' I know they do not do their duty; but if this world is to be brought to Christ—if Bibles are to be printed, if churches are to be built, if Christian institutions are to be supported—I ask you are not the dollars of the man of the world worth as much as the dollars of the man of the church? Besides that, we expect these men of the world *en masse* to march after a while into the kingdom of Christ. Having seen the frank, sympathetic men of the world around me as my companions, I expect they will be my companions when they and I have crossed the flood into the great eternity. I have lived with them in this city, and I expect they will be my neighbors in the better city. I know all their trials and temptations; I know all their business perplexities; I know all their hardships; and I want to stand before them a few years, and tell them of that Christ who will be their security in every financial strait and their bondsman in every crisis, and who, when the nations are in a panic and the world ablaze, will declare everlasting dividends of light, and joy, and triumph to all those who have invested their affections in him.

A MATTER OF PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.

Men and brethren, brothers and sisters in Christ, are you ready for such a work? That which three years ago I talked to you as a mere theory has become a matter of practical demonstration. The night before the old Tabernacle was burned down, the trustees of my church met together, reviewed the finances, looked at the income, looked at the outgo, and decided that the income exceeded the outgo, proving a free church practicable. That being demonstrated, it was enough for that church. We will take that principle, and develop it on a larger scale. God will this year let you strike a blow that will ring through eternal ages. The grandeur of the work to which you have put your hand no language can describe, no imag-

ination can conceive, no plummet sound, no ladder scale. If you shall, in the strength of God, as I think you will, rise up to this work of giving a free Gospel to the masses of Brooklyn and the masses of this country, it will take eternal ages for you to count up the rewards of your faithfulness. If some may scoff at you, let them scoff; remembering that they scoffed at Nehemiah, and at Daniel, and at Christ, and pronounced them fools. Remember, besides, that there are tens of thousands of good people in this land, and in Britain, who are praying for our success as a church. Above all, remember that we are under the benediction of Him in whose word we trust and in whose strength we go forward. The mountains may depart, the seas may burn, the stars may scatter, the heavens may double up like parchment, the sun may burn down in the socket, and all the worlds fly in the Judgment-day like thistle-down in a tempest; but God will back out of His promises, and betray His discipleship, and break his oath—never! never!"

It is not necessary to point out the splendid eloquence of this peroration, its earnestness, its fervor, its poetic or rather prophetic frenzy. The remark would come more appropriately perhaps under the consideration of the qualities of Talmagean oratory, but we prefer to point out here that in most of the sermons of Talmage we have a very prosy, matter-of-fact introduction with all sorts of homely illustrations, and from such low and common things he rises towards his close until he could truly say:

"My hands on the stars of the sky take hold,
And all of the world to my heart I fold!"

Not its rhetorical beauty, however, but its importance as enunciating what he calls "the all-absorbing principle in my soul ever since I entered the ministry" is what gives it its important place in the biography of Talmage. There is, however, a sermon still more autobiographical in character, and so important for the understanding of the ideals and achievements of Talmage during his first four years in Brooklyn that we give its important passages a place here in spite of the fact that the burning of the Tabernacle precedes this sermon in point of time. The description of the conflagration we defer to another chapter.

A HAPPY ANNIVERSARY.

Preaching in April, 1873, from the text, "He thanked God and took courage," which he says is descriptive of his own feelings, Talmage says to his congregation:

"You may not be aware that this is the anniversary of my settlement as the pastor of this church. Fifty-two times the shuttle has flown, in each flight weaving a week, with a golden border of Sabbath. Three hundred and sixty-four times the clock has struck twelve for the noon and twelve for the night. In that time, how many marriage garlands have been twisted, how many graves dug, how many sorrows suffered, how many fortunes won, how many souls lost, how many immortals saved!

"Four years ago, this month, I came to you with chastened spirit, for only the Sabbath before I had delivered my valedictory sermon in Philadelphia, and the sharp laceration of soul which I felt that Sabbath night as, standing at the foot of the pulpit, I bade farewell to long-tried friends, many of them my own children in the Gospel, can be appreciated only by those who have gone through the same process. Coming here, I found strangers in both boards of the church, and a building almost empty. Still my heart failed not, for I was sure that God had called me to the work, and, however weak a man may feel in himself, he is strong while leaning against the throne of the Lord Almighty. Instead of standing among strangers to-day, I look off upon familiar faces, and upon those with whom I have been taking sweet counsel, and those whom I know are remembering me, day by day, in their prayers. So I shall address them this morning as one large, Christian family. I have thought that in this, my anniversary sermon, it might be well if I should tell you what, by the help of God, I have been trying to do in this congregation.

"In the first place, I remark, I have been trying *to win your confidence and love,* not by sycophancy or by the consultation of your prejudices, but by *preaching a straightforward Gospel, regardless as to where it hit.*" We italicize this sentence as containing the very soul of Talmage's preaching. "A minister living amidst people who do not believe in him cannot be useful. When a congregation wish that their pastor would be called

to some other position, he really has a call to go. When they have the idea that he is influenced by selfish and worldly motives, his usefulness is done, and he as really has a call to go as he had a call to come. There are churches being depleted and blasted by a ministry not adapted to them. A minister has no more right to kill a church than a church has a right to kill a minister. I know a man who professes to be a minister of Christ, who is in his third settlement. The two previous churches that he served have come to extinction as the result of that ministry, and there is not much prospect that the third will long survive; while, on the other hand, there are ministers of Christ who have for thirty and forty years stood in the same places, and the tie of affection and confidence between pastor and people has all the time strengthened." Talmage seems here almost to divine the twenty-one years during which he was yet to be this people's pastor. How close and personal the tie that bound them appears in his tone when he says: "Let me be frank, and say to you, my dear people, that I have tried to win your confidence and your deep sympathy in my Christian work. If you have seen in me many shortcomings, be aware of the fact that I have had a deeper realization of them than you possibly could have had, and I am here to say that you will have given me more than I deserve, and that your kindness through the last four years has made my ministry in this place an undisturbed satisfaction.

WOULD CREATE CHRISTIAN SOCIALITY.

"I remark again, I have tried, in my ministry during the past year and the past four years, to create amidst this people *Christian sociality*. There are churches that are arctic seas, iceberg grinding against iceberg. The attendants upon them come as men come into the ferryboat, sitting down beside each other—no nod of recognition, no hand-grasping of fellowship, no throb of brotherly and sisterly affection. They come in, they sit down, they go out. From Saturday to Monday morning they are ferried over by Christian ordinances, and that is all there is of it. Now, my dear brother, if you are cold and hard and selfish, then the higher the wall you build around your soul, the better. You would do well to be exclusive; but if there is in

you anything kind, anything lovely, anything noble, anything useful, let it shine out."

Our readers will recall the previously cited passage in which Talmage exalted the home by calling it a church. He has here the obverse of that statement and humanizes the church by insisting that it should be a home. "I say, let us have a kindly sympathy and helpfulness toward those who are all around us. Every church was intended by God to be a large family circle—of fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters. What kind of a family circle would that be where the brothers did not recognize each other, and the parents were characterized by frigidity and heartlessness? Sons and daughters of God, have you no higher appreciation of the larger Christian brotherhood in which you are gathered in churches? Who is that that used to sit before you in the Tabernacle? Do not know? Who is that that used to sit at your right hand and at your left hand? Do not know? You ought to have known! It is a sin not to be acquainted with those who sit by us in the house of God year after year. Do not stand upon the formalities of society. In the name of Christ, I declare to you that the privilege of giving the right hand of fellowship to every one who comes to the same church. We have tried to culture this Christian sociality in the sociable; much has already been accomplished, and when our new church shall be built, we will put our hand more earnestly to the work."

WERE BEECHER'S GUESTS.

We may explain here that at this time Talmage's Tabernacle congregation were guests of that other great preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church. The new Tabernacle was not finished until ten months after this time. Perhaps the most important thing which Talmage has to say here concerning his own work is contained in the following paragraph:

"I have tried in this church to preach an *every-day religion*. The vast majority of my congregation are in business life. It would have been absurd for me to talk about abstract trials when I saw by the paper that gold was going down, and men were losing their fortunes. We must bring a Gospel comfort just suited to the condition of the people to whom we

preach. Here is a physician who comes into a sick-room where there is a case of diphtheria. Does he apply to it medicines for cholera, or yellow fever, or marasmus? Oh, no; it is a specific for diphtheria. And if we want to make the Gospel successful in the hearts of men in the way of comfort, we must bring that particular phase of it which is thoroughly adapted to the case. So I have from time to time tried to bring you *a Gospel that would be appropriate in Wall Street,* and in Broadway, and in Schermerhorn street, and in Montague street. * * * Your religion, instead of being a robe to wrap around you and keep you warm in the chill blasts of trial, has been merely a string of beads around your neck, very beautiful to look at, and that is all. In the last panic in New York, amidst all the excitement, there was a man found in Wall Street, in his back office, with a loaded pistol lying on the table where he was writing a farewell letter to his family. What did that man most need? Was it the counsel of the brokers? The help of the note-shavers? No! He wanted the comfort and the peace of Christ's religion. I have seen a man in a business strait go through, sustained by the grace of God. By disaster, in one night, his fortune all went. When I saw him before, he was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars; now he was not worth a farthing. Yet he was counting up his heavenly treasures. If God had knocked out the bottom of his earthly fortunes, that bottom was found to be the top of the chest in which are the jewels of heaven! That is what I call an every-day religion.

TO DISPEL CONVENTIONALITIES.

"Again, I have tried, in these four years in which I have been your pastor, *to dispel the conventionalities of the Church.* There is a tendency among Christian people to walk in religious things on ecclesiastical stilts, instead of coming down upon a plain, common-sense level. How few people talk religion; they whine about it! What charm is there for a wide-awake, warm-hearted, enthusiastic man amidst the cold formalities of the Church of God? He sees through them; he sees they are a sham. Friday morning, you go into a merchant's store and buy a bill of hosiery. How his face lights up! How cheerful he is! How fascinating he is while he is selling

the bill of goods! You go away, saying, 'That is one of the most agreeable men I ever met in my life.' That very Friday evening you go into the prayer-meeting where that same Christian merchant worships, and you find him getting up and recommending the religion of Jesus Christ with a funereal countenance and a doleful phraseology, enough to make an undertaker burst into tears. How few people there are who talk cheerfully about the religion of Jesus! In other words, that man of whom I spoke had more exhilaration when he was selling a bill of goods than in recommending the religion which makes all heaven ring with the anthems of the free. Now, ought that so to be? How many are driven from the doors of the churches by the simple reason that they do not want such a repulsive religion. They are afraid to shake hands with a Christian man, lest they shall be religiously assaulted. I remember very well how it was when I was a boy. I laid one hour and a half under the raspberry bushes in the garden to escape from the minister and the elder, who came to my father's house on a family visit; and my father came out on the back steps, and cried, 'De Witt, where are you?' De Witt made no answer! Ought our religion to repel or attract? My little child, four years old, said to her mother, 'Ma, ma, I saw in a book a picture of a man and a picture of God, and the man looked awfully frightened because he saw God. Now,' she says, 'if I had been there and God had come in, I would not have been frightened; I would have just gone right up and put my arms around his neck and kissed him.' Well, I thought that was pretty good theology. In other words, religion ought to invite our caresses, instead of driving the world howling away, as though it were something disagreeable, repulsive, and to be hated.

COMFORT TO THE BEREAVED.

"Again, I have, in these four years in which I have ministered to you, tried *to preach a gospel of comfort to the bereaved.* This is the most delicate work to which the preacher is ever called. If you do not know how to treat a wound, you had better not touch it. How many people come to the wounds of the soul with a spiritual quackery, and they irritate and poison the wounds instead of cure. It may require no great skill to take a sloop

across the North river, but it does to engineer a steamship across the Atlantic; and there may be no great skill required to heal a little sorrow of the soul, but to take one through the storms and tossing seas of tribulation and trial does require some tact, and ingenuity, and especial grace. I do not suppose that in the four years in which I have ministered to you a single family has escaped bereavement—if not in your immediate circle, then in a near circle. Oh! how many households have been broken up by bereavement since I came among you. From most other sorrows you can run away. You can go home; but how if a part of the home itself is gone? Then it is not so easy. Then everything reminds you of your loss. Suppose you should sit down at a piano, put a piece of music on the rack, then put your foot on the pedal and your fingers on the keys—the music would start off magnificently. But suppose you struck one key and the chord did not respond, because it was broken. Why, that ruins the entire accompaniment. Well, sometimes in life you have been going on in great joy and hilarity, when suddenly you have thought of a voice, just one voice, that has been hushed, of one heart that is still, and the silent key spoiled all the music.

"Oh, if we could all die together! If we could keep the lambs and the sheep of our family flock all together until some bright spring day, the birds a-chant, and the water a-glitter, and then we together could hear the voice of the good Shepherd, and we could all go through the flood, hand in hand! If we only knew when we were to die, and we could gather our family and say, 'Now Jesus calls us, and we must away;' and then we could put our little ones in the bed and straighten out their limbs and say, 'Sleep, now, the last sleep,' and then we could go to our own couches and lie down, and say, 'Master, we are all ready. The children have gone, and we are ready.' But it is not that way. It is one by one—one by one. It may be in mid-winter, and the snow comes down twenty inches deep above our fresh grave; or it may be in the dark, damp, chill March midnight; or it may be in a hotel, our arm too weak to pull the bell for help; or it may be so suddenly we cannot say good-bye. Oh, death is bitter—a racking, tremendous curse! The apple that our first parents plucked from the for-

bidden tree had in it two black seeds, one called Sin, the other called Death. But I bless God that I have been able during these four years to preach to you resurrection hope. A gale from heaven has blown off the 'white-caps' of the billow of sorrow, and the feet of Christ have trampled the waves to a level, until over the glittering floor of the hushed waters have marched all the consolations of God, troop by troop.

" 'Oh, weep no more,
Your comfort slain;
The Lord is risen,
He lives again.'

"So now I take the harp of Gospel comfort, and play three tunes: 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning'—that is one; 'All things work together for good to those who love God'—that is two; 'And the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes'—and that is the third.

CHRIST THE ONLY SAVIOR.

"Above all, during the past year I have tried to present to you *Christ the only Savior from sin, and death, and hell.* I have tried to show you that unless a man be born again he can not get into heaven. If there be any truth about God or Christ, or death or judgment, or heaven or hell, that I have not presented, I wish you would let me know what it is, that now I may declare it. *I have tried to show you that religion was an indispensable thing, not a mere adornment, but something that you must have or die.* I know that truth is not always considered popular at this day; but somehow people have continued to come and hear it. I feel it is a vital truth of Christianity: 'Believe in Christ and be saved—refuse him and die.' Christ has been so lovely to me that I want all the world to love Him, and I have, with all the types and figures of God's word that I could find, presented this Jesus to you, and I am glad to know that many of you have accepted the offer. The angels of God have not stopped singing 'Harvest Home.' There are scores and scores of souls who during this past year have entered the church on earth prepared, as I trust, for the church in heaven.

"Now the year is done. If you have neglected any duty, or if I have neglected any duty, it is neglected forever. Each year has its work; if we do not do the work during that year, we never do it. The year has been to me one of great happiness—the happiest year of my ministry, and the happiest year in my life. *The great calamity that put our Tabernacle in ashes has, under the good hand of God, been the best blessing that could possibly have come to us.* I think we all feel that. It has consolidated us as nothing could have done, and it has gathered the sympathy and the good feeling of Christians of all denominations in this country, and from the other side of the seas. And it has shown me that in this church there is a great band of Christian men and women who will stop at no self-denial, and who will be afraid of no hard work that is to be endured for Christ. The success of the recent effort made in another room in this building is significant of that, and the masons have already begun the foundations of a grand, glorious, free Christian church. While the best men and the best newspapers in this land are in sympathy with us, you know very well that there are some who are not in sympathy with the work done by this church. They do not understand it, and never will. In proportion as you are faithful will you be abused; in other words, the faster a ship goes, the more angrily will the waters boil. So there are some secular and religious newspapers of this day that are full of spite and full of venom. You say you do not understand it. There is no mystery to me about it. It is natural. It is the history of the Church of God all the world over in all ages. I feel that our church is on the right track, and I defy all earth and hell; for if God be for us, who can be against us? If God spared not His Son, but gave Him up for us, shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor length, nor breadth shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Our church will go up, and Christ will appear in it, and He will save thousands and thousands of souls. I see it coming, and I am in exultation at the prospect.

ENTERING ON A NEW YEAR.

"We enter now upon another year. It will be an eventful year. You and I may not live to see its close, for God can spare you and me, and ten thou-

sand better persons than we are, and still carry on His work; but His church will be prospered. Having risen up as you have to *the work of giving the Gospel to the masses of Brooklyn,* nothing can put you to confusion. We need no pillar of cloud by day to lead us, for God's angels are sworn to defend us; and success in the future is as certain as though on that wall I saw coming out in letters of fire, while I speak, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' I will live to see the completion of the work undertaken. I know if God calls me before that time, He will let me come out on the battlements of heaven, and look off on the establishment of that work for which my soul longed. Roll on, sweet days of the world's emancipation! when the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the wood shall clap their hands and instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

It was no factitious exultation that Talmage felt the April Sunday he spoke these words. These four years had given him the largest Protestant church and congregation in the world.

So we see him fighting for freedom, shocking the conventional, smashing conventions, "giving the Gospel to the masses of Brooklyn," a man of forty-one, rejoicing in his power and success, thoroughly alive himself and bringing others to life.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TABERNACLE LAY COLLEGE.

LONG-CHERISHED IDEA OF TALMAGE—PURPOSE OF TRAINING LAYMEN TO PREACH—STREET-PREACHING SIMILAR IN PURPOSE TO SALVATION ARMY IDEA—LIKENS MINISTERS TO BRIGADIER-GENERALS WITHOUT ANY TROOPS.

The two main projects of Talmage which characterized his first years in Brooklyn were first a free church, which, in spite of many difficulties, he did succeed in establishing for a time, and second, the institution named in the title of this chapter—the Tabernacle Lay College.

It will be remembered that the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, to which Talmage was called from Philadelphia, was sold by the trustees yielding to the urging of the pastor.

The "old church," as it was called, would not, however, stay sold. It came back on the hands of the society, through the default of the quasi-purchasers. An admirable property in itself, it provoked and suggested use. That use was found in the evolution of an idea of a free lay culture and training for practical Christian work. Such an idea had for years lain, not dormant, but growing in Mr. Talmage's mind. He resolved to form and found a college which would freely do for lay Christian men and women just what the seminaries do for the clergy, barring dead languages. It was desired to have nothing dead about the institution. Alone Mr. Talmage unfolded his idea to such men as William E. Dodge, Rev. Dr. McCosh, Chancellor Crosby, Rev. Drs. Stevens, Ormiston, William M. Taylor, Dowling, and a score of others, and to such laymen as Gasherie and Josiah De Witt, George H. Stuart, Joseph C. Hutchison, and their kind. The idea had inchoately been in the minds or aspirations of not a few of them for years. They had never whipped it into even mental shape. They dedicated

it to the next century. Once proposed to them, the plan roused an almost Crusader enthusiasm. The persons referred to, and very many others, at once agreed to become lecturers. A permanent resident Professorate was established. The students from New York, from adjoining and from remote cities and states, came together to the number of half a thousand. Organization was effected immediately. Teaching and drilling at once ensued. The lectures began and continued without a failure. Many students, and more lecturers and teachers were added to the college during its second year. The buildings and facilities existed at hand in the former church of the Tabernacle folk. Every subject on which laymen are called to bear witness for Christ—every duty of a didactic, polemic, or humane sort, they are called to do for and toward their brethren and the world—was in the college taught alike by experts in exposition and instruction, and by experts in the art of doing good.

UNDERGRADUATES' PREACHING STATIONS.

The undergraduates began and maintained in their first year twenty-seven preaching stations in Brooklyn, and the students from other places did the same where they lived. The college not merely initiated but forwarded toward perfect organization a power in the evangelization of cities that told extraordinarily. It grew as it went, and Providence raised it up funds and friends exactly where and when needed. Of the potency of this agency in this and cognate forms as a Christianizing force, no estimate would be an exaggeration, no expectation would be too large. The clergy of all denominations welcomed the college as an enduring, self-feeding reservoir of collateral and constant reinforcements to them. They talked confidently of converting the world, the missing link, that which harnessed the pew to the pulpit, having been found. Had a benign force vaulted out of the saddle of natural law, and jumped astride of the church to ride it to revolution and conquest, the joy and hope of the live men, and the scare of the unburied dead men, would not have been greater. Of the college Talmage was president. He was then everywhere known as a lecturer, and the highest prices were paid for his services, but he declined fifty invitations where he accepted one. He would for two hours keep his audience in the lecture-hall in excite-

ment, going from tenderest pathos to the most boisterous and rollicksome mirth. His resources of mimicry were boundless.

The Tabernacle Lay College itself passed with the passing of the Tabernacle when once the personal contact and force of Talmage were withdrawn from its support, but the scheme then elaborated of training Christian lay workers has been adopted at Springfield, Massachusetts, and many other places, and so, indirectly, the work which received its impetus from Talmage still goes on. "There is great excitement in the ancient Tabernacle," says he in his sermon on the Lay College. "Two good men, by the name of Eldad and Medad, begin to pray, and to preach, and to instruct. Not having been regularly ordained to the work, the jealousy of 'the regulars' in the service is aroused, and they come to Moses, asking that these unordained men be silenced. But Moses, instead of stopping them, says he wishes that all the people would go to preaching, and praying, and exhorting. 'Would God that *all* the people were prophets!' *'Amen!'* I say, with as much emphasis as you ever heard in an old-fashioned Methodist prayer-meeting."

SCORNED DENOMINATIONAL DIFFERENCES.

Talmage was broad enough to have scorn for mere denominational differences as a later passage in this sermon shows. Still he did not undervalue technical training. He says, on the contrary, "we want men who have had opportunity of most thorough and elaborate culture in theological seminaries, and who have been set apart by the laying on of hands for special work which they, and only they, are competent to do. But until the right and the duty of all private Christian men and women to work for Christ, in any way they think they can serve Him best, is acknowledged, the Church of God will fail to perform its mission, and the forces of sin will discomfit the forces of righteousness. God has promised victory to the Church of God, but not as long as out of five hundred troops four hundred and ninety-nine refuse to shoulder the musket and fill the canteen."

To enlist trained laymen in active Christian work is an idea which in another sermon he says will completely revolutionize the methods of the church. There was evidently in his mind no hard and fast division of Chris-

tians into clerical and lay. As he labors in the Lay College to make laymen adopt clerical methods, so he himself in his work frequently adopted lay methods—to the great profit of his congregations.

TWO GREAT PURPOSES.

He tells us here of his two great purposes. "I suppose," says he, "that every man has some controlling ideas in his life. Long ago, and before I saw any possibility of carrying them out, I had born of God in my soul these two desires: First, the establishment of a free church with the home-feeling maintained; and, second, the establishment of a college in which private Christian men and women might be trained for usefulness. If God will grant me to see these two things done, and well done, I think that then I would like to go up and rest with Him who is more than all the universe to me. The first plan we have lived to see fully developed, and the second now starts under auspices and a patronage of talent and piety that must command the respect and confidence of the whole country. But the two ideas are one. First establish a free church in which to have the people saved, and then establish a college where they may be qualified for usefulness.

"The need of such a college is felt to-day throughout the whole Christian world. We have many of the leading men of all denominations in our professorate. If there is anything at all in learned titles, we have the advantage of it in our college circular. The printer failed to get our circular done as soon as expected, because, as he said, he ran out of 'D's,' and had to go to a neighboring printing-office to borrow a new supply of that letter. But what is human confirmation compared with that which comes from God through His Church, His Providence, and His Word?

NEED OF MORE TROOPS.

"*Ministers can not do the work of the world's evangelization.* What are the few thousand ministers in this country compared to the thirty millions of the population! We are numerically too small. You might as well have sent ten brigadier-generals without any troops to conquer the Southern Confederacy. Leaving their swords at home, they would have conquered you with their penknives. Sin, with its army of drunkenness, and lust, and

crime, has not yet put out half of its strength, for it can beat us, and not half try. Who is getting the victory in our cities to-day—sobriety or intemperance? Honesty or fraud? Purity or uncleanness? Infidelity or the Gospel? Light or darkness? Heaven or hell? If you are an honest man, you confess that the latter have gained the victory. What is the matter? Are the Gospel weapons insufficient? Is the sword of the Spirit dull? Are the great howitzers of truth at too short range to throw the bombshells into the enemy's fortress? No, no! The great want, and the only want, is *more troops!* Instead of five or ten thousand ministers, we want two million men and women, sworn that they will neither eat nor sleep until they have slain iniquity. But how if you can not get them? Suppose, after a long war, the President should make proclamation for one hundred thousand men, and they were not to be had? But the church has not sent a thousandth part of its strength, and the troops are encamping by the still waters of Zion, when they ought to be at the front, and would be if you gave them a chance, and made them ready for the heat and terror of the contest.

WORK OF THE PREACHER.

"Ministers are numerically too small. They do the best they can. They are the most overworked class on earth. Many of them die of dyspepsia because they can not get the right kind of food to eat, or, getting the right kind, are so hurried that they take in down in chunks. They die from consumption, coming from early and late exposure. If a novelist or a historian publishes one book a year, he is considered industrious; but every faithful pastor must originate enough thought for three or four volumes every year. Ministers receive enough calls in a year from men who have maps, and medicines, and lightning-rods, and pictures to sell, to exhaust their vitality. They are bored with agents of all sorts. They are stood in draughts at funerals, and poisoned by the unventilated rooms of invalids, and waited upon by committees who want addresses made, until life becomes a burden to bear. It is not hard study that make ministers look pale. It is the infinity of interruptions and botherations to which they are subjected. If I die before my time, it will be at the hand of committees that want an address or a lecture.

A man just called on me to give him a lecture by which he might pay the expenses of his wedding-trip. Sometimes, after I have been working for weeks from six o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night, I have heard of some hypochondriac with a run-around or a hang-nail who threatened to leave the church if I did not pay him more attention. If there were fifty hours in each day of the year, and I worked forty of them, I could not do the work of this one parish; and I am not behind most clergymen in disposition to toil.

"Numerically too small. It is no more the work of the pulpit to convert and save the world than it is the work of the pew. If men go to ruin, there will be as much blood on your skirts as on mine.

FARCE OF A FEW CLERGYMEN.

"Let us quit this grand farce of trying to save the world by a few clergymen, and let all hands lay hold of the work. Give us in all our churches two or three hundred aroused and qualified men and women to help. In most churches to-day, five or ten men are compelled to do all the work. A vast majority of churches are at their wit's end how to carry on a prayer-meeting if the minister is not there, when there ought to be enough pent-up energy and religious fire to make a meeting go on with such power that the minister would never be missed. The church stands working the pumps of a few ministerial cisterns until the buckets are dry and choked, while there are thousands of fountains from which might be dipped up the waters of eternal life.

"Now there may be ministers who will disapprove of this movement for qualifying lay-workers—jealous lest their official prerogatives be interfered with. But I believe the great cry of the overtasked clergy of the American Church to-day is, 'Would God that all the people were prophets!'

"We need this college to make practical men and women. We, the clergy, generally go from our mothers' apron-strings to school; from school to college; from college to theological seminary; and, graduating, we stand on the corner of the pulpit with our sermon in our hand, 'shivering on the brink, and fear to launch away.' What do *we* know of the world? The world is on its guard in our presence, and does not appear in its true character.

Before our professional look and dress, men shrink within themselves. Long ago I dropped the ministerial dress, because men seemed to feel bound to talk piously in my presence, especially if they were half drunk."

SHINING LIGHT OF EXAMPLE.

We should say, answering Talmage's question, "What do *we* know of the world?" if the question refers to Talmage himself, "You know a good deal." But the clergymen who have *not* "dropped the ministerial dress," and who know nothing of the world—how can they fail to see in the shining light of Talmage's example how little genuine contact they have with the souls of men. The idea of Talmage was that between the souls of men and lay-workers there would not arise this barrier of the cloth. "From this college," he says, "we hope to turn upon society, a company of Christian men and women who have for ten, twenty, and thirty years been down in the world, and who know all its ins and outs. Great work will be done when we send Christian merchants to carry the Gospel on 'Change, and into all the life of barter."

This is akin to the idea in his sermon to merchants in which he appeals to business men by employing business terms. He says that "religion will make headway in hat factories when you can send there, baptized by the Spirit, a Christian hatter. We want men in all the occupations, in the name of God, to throttle the sins of their own trade. Religion will never conquer the plumber's shop, or the mason's wall, or the carpenter's scaffolding, or the tinner's roof, or the printer's type-room, until converted plumbers, and masons, and carpenters, and printers carry it there. Some men are so profound in their education they do not seem qualified for this mission. You can not send the Great Eastern up the Penobscot River. Profoundly educated men seem to 'draw too much water' to get up such a stream. I have heard finely educated men in prayer-meeting talk in sentences of Miltonic affluence, yet their words fell dead upon the meeting; but when some poor, uneducated man arose, and said, 'I suppose you fellers think that because I don't know anything I haven't no right to speak; but Christ has converted my soul, and you know I was the miserablest chap in town; and if God will pardon me,

He will pardon you. Come to Jesus! Come now!'—the prayer-meeting broke down with religious emotion. It is a grand thing to be accurate in speech; but get out with your grammar if you are going to let the lack of acquaintance therewith keep a man down when God Almighty tells him to get up!

GETTING KNOWLEDGE ON THE WING.

"These men do not now feel prepared for Christian work. Waking up at thirty, forty, or fifty years of age, with a desire for usefulness, they are too old to begin a regular theological course. Besides that, they have families to support. It takes them eight hours every day to earn a livelihood. What knowledge they shoot down they must take on the wing, loading the rifle while the barrel is yet hot from other discharges. In their undrilled state, they rise to talk in prayer-meetings with head down and blushing cheek, as though they were talking by sufferance, instead of remembering that they have a message from the throne of the eternal God, and that, though men howl with contempt, they must utter it. Give these Christian people two winters of practical instruction on how to work for Christ, and then the city of Brooklyn, from Fulton Ferry to Gowanus, and from the East River to the chills-and-fever marshes of South Bushwick, will feel the throb of their Christian energy. If between New York and Brooklyn, at six o'clock in the evening, there were no ferriage except by one row-boat, the accommodation, as compared with the demand for transportation, would not be so small as our means of getting the race to heaven is small when compared with the millions that ought to go there.

THE GOSPEL LADDER TOO SHORT.

"Last winter the Spottswood Hotel in Richmond burned. A man in the fourth story swung out of the window and held on, waiting for the firemen to hoist the ladders. A ladder was hoisted, but it did not quite reach the man's feet. He held on for a while, and then dropped and perished. There is splendid provision in all our churches for the salvation of men, but with the Gospel we do *not quite* reach the masses. They swing wildly for a while, and then drop off and die.

"In this college we want to teach men common sense in religious matters. While a young man was standing amid rollicking companions, full of mirth and repartee, a good Christian man came and asked him, 'What is the first step of wisdom?' The young man turned and said, 'The first step of wisdom is for every one to mind his own business!' A coarse answer; but it was a very abrupt question, considering the place in which it was put."

We see in the attitude of Talmage here what an advantage to him in his work was that broad sympathy which enables him to enter into the point of view of the rollicking young man.

"There are religious peddlers," he says, "who go around making a business of displaying their whole stock of wares in the most obtrusive manner. It is no time, while an accountant is puzzling his brain with a long line of figures, to ask him 'how his account stands with God;' or stop the sportsman on the playground, while running between the hunks, and ask 'whether, in a religious sense, he is running the race set before him.' We want tact and adaptation for this work. Some Christians try to catch a whale with a fly-rod of hornbeam, and fling a harpoon at a salmon.

"How few laymen dare to grapple a sharp infidel! A wily unbeliever would take many a Christian and twist him around his little finger, or hook him to death with the horns of a dilemma, or batter his life out with the ninth chapter of Romans. Can it be that our religion is such a weak, beggarly, unreasonable, pusillanimous thing, that at the first assault it should run like the Northern troops at Big Bethel?

"We want private Christians to know how they may stand their ground, or go forth with the vehemence of the Bible-dwarf when he accosted the giant, saying, 'Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.' Let me get my sling out! Three times I swing it around my head, and down thou goest, oh giant!

"FORWARD, THE WHOLE LINE!"

"The Church of God has been making 'masterly retreats' long enough; and the captain of our salvation cries to the armed battalions of the church, FORWARD, THE WHOLE LINE!

"We want this institution to qualify people to work amid the wretchedness and crime of the great cities. Is any Christian man so deluded as to think that we can overcome these evils by our present way of doing things? Where there is one church built there are ten grog-shops established. Where one sermon on purity is preached there are five houses of shame built. The church has not touched the great evils save with her little finger. The whole country is aroused for the trial of five or ten New York municipal scoundrels, while against the influences that make such men possible how little effort!

"In this college, under the control of the most eminent philanthropists, on whose heads have come down enough blessings to make a heaven out of, the people will have an opportunity of knowing what are the desolations of our great towns; and how the hard, cold, filthy pavement, beaten by the feet of sin and woe, may be gladdened by the feet of Him who bringeth good tidings. At the ratio at which crime and sin have increased in New York in the last ten years, in one hundred years there will not be a church left, and the city will be one great Blackwell's Island.

MORAL GLYCERINE FOR STUPIDITY.

"Before you and I have the sod pressing our eyelids, we will, under God, decide whether our children shall grow up amid the accursed surroundings of vice and shame, or come to an inheritance of righteousness. Long, loud, bitter will be the curse that scorches our grave if, holding within the church to-day enough men and women to save the city, we act the coward or the drone. I wish that I could put enough moral glycerine under the conventionalities and majestic stupidities of the day to blow them to atoms, and that then, with fifty thousand men and women from all the churches, knowing nothing but Christ and a desire to bring all the world to Him, we might move upon the enemy's works. For a little while, heaven would not have trumpets enough to celebrate the victory!

"We want also to qualify men for *street-preaching*. There are hundreds of thousands of men who will never come to church. The only kind of pulpit that will reach them is a dry-goods box or a drayman's cart at the street corner. We want hundreds of men every Sabbath to be preaching the Gospel in our great city parks. There are, in this house to-day, two hundred men that ought to be preaching. Under the control of this college, they might get the courage and the facility. 'What!' you ask, 'would you let them preach without ordination?' I answer, If Conferences and Presbyteries will not put their hands upon your head, then I would have you ordained in another way. I would take you down into the haunts of suffering and crime within ten minutes' walk of our best churches, and there have you tell the story of Christ, until men, redeemed from their cups, and women, elevated from a life of pollution, and children, whose bare, bleeding feet are on the road to death, should be by your instrumentality saved. Then I would have these converted suffering ones put their hands of ordination on your head, setting you apart for the holy ministry in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Ah! that would be an ordination as good as the laying on of hands by Conferences and Synods—an ordination that would be most bright in the day when,

" 'Shriveled like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll.'

GO PREACH MY GOSPEL.

"Do you mean to tell me Harlan Page had no right to preach when he stood in the Fourteenth Ward of New York, amid scoffs and insults, telling the passers-by what good things Christ had done for them, and bringing hundreds to God, until, on his death-pillow, he cried out, 'Lord Jesus, come quickly! Why wait Thy chariot wheels so long?' Had General Havelock no right to preach when, in a heathen temple in India, he placed candles in the hands of the gods around about the room, and by that light read the New Testament, and exhorted his troops to flee to the stronghold of the Gospel? 'Go PREACH MY GOSPEL,' God thunders in your ears to-day; and woe is unto you if you do not preach it. 'Not ready!' Then come here to this college and

get ready. No excuse will be left you that will not seem a mockery in your death-hour, and a ghastly condemnation in the judgment.

"To-day the Tabernacle Free College for training Christian men and women for practical work is launched upon the deep. My Christian friends, an opportunity is offered you grander than has ever been offered to the masses of the people at any time since Christ came or the world began.

"In this college you may be prepared to work as Bible-readers, as tract distributers, as prayer-meeting exhorters, as street-preachers, as Sabbath-school teachers, and for all the fields of Christian work. An opportunity is offered you, for the lack of which hundreds of thousands of Christians have lived uselessly, and died with their work undone. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand Christians here to-day, many a time, have said that they wished they were qualified for usefulness. Now you have the opportunity, let every one take it.

"Let the aged come in and seek new qualifications. I know it is almost sundown with many of you, but there are a few sheaves yet that may be gathered. God would have taken you home if your work had all been done. Let these middle-aged Christians, who have been gunning with old blunderbusses, come and get the rifle of a sharpshooter. Ye who have been hewing away with dull axes, come here and put them on the grindstone in this college. Here have your questions answered, your doubts removed, your faculties developed, your heart fired. I wish that the membership of this church and of scores of other churches would, aware of this, the rarest opportunity ever offered, march into the college in solid column.

STENOGRAPHERS TAKE HIS SERMONS.

"Through the newspaper press, that stenographically take these words, I call upon this great cluster of cities, New York, Newark, Jersey City, and Brooklyn, and the surrounding villages, to send to this institution their best men and women, that they may here, under some of the first teachers of the day, get qualified for glorious usefulness.

"All sects of Christians, under the chief men of the different denominations, will here be taught to go shoulder to shoulder; and the Baptist will, for

the time, forget his immersion, and the Episcopalian his Liturgy, and the Methodist his anxious-seat, and the Presbyterian his Westminster Assembly, while all together will lift the one battle-shout of 'JESUS FOREVER!' On His brow be all the garlands; at His feet cast down all the crowns; in His ear pour all the doxologies. Hallelujah! amen! Hallelujah! amen!"

Even yet we feel in those words, stenographically taken by the press of that cluster of cities which is now Greater New York, the tremendous emotional force which made Talmage great. The man's body lies quiet in the grave, but he so stamped his soul into the mind of his time, that even now we hear his ringing shout of Hallelujah! Nothing could resist that burning enthusiasm, that true and tense-drawn will. That particular Lay College has ceased to be, but the idea of it, like an immortal soul passing to some new reincarnation, survives the dead body and lives in the world to-day.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLES.

REGARDED AS A BLESSING BY TALMAGE—QUICK REBUILDING OF THE LARGEST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN THE WORLD—THE ANNIVERSARY DISCOURSE AN EXAMPLE OF TALMAGEAN METAPHOR—TALMAGE'S OWN DESCRIPTION OF THE CONFLAGRATION—THE FIRE OF THE SPIRIT

The First Tabernacle, the story of the building of which we gave in another chapter, was burned on Sunday morning, December 22, 1872.

The fire started from a defective furnace and broke out just before the hour of morning service. While it was in progress the trustees, with Dr. Talmage, held a meeting in the house of Major B. R. Corwin, on State street, near by, and decided to hire the Academy of Music for future services. During the meeting invitations came from some ten pastors offering the use of their churches to the Tabernacle congregation. Mr. Beecher's was the first to arrive and that evening the Tabernacle congregation met in Plymouth Church. Mr. Beecher hospitably invited his own congregation to stay at home and he himself participated with Dr. Talmage in the service. In this fire was destroyed the organ originally built for the Boston Coliseum, which the Tabernacle had purchased. Work was immediately begun on a new Tabernacle on the old spot, larger, more beautiful and more stable than the last. This building was 157 feet 6 inches by 115 feet and had seats for four thousand people, with standing room for pretty nearly half as many more. The building was of brick and stone and cost $123,800. It was dedicated on Sunday, February 22, 1874, the Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland of Washington preaching and Mr. Beecher taking part in the services. That occasion probably drew the biggest crowd which had then ever been seen in a Brooklyn church. It was estimated at the time at six thousand and required police supervision as much as a bridge crush does. The interior of this Tabernacle

was like the first one described, but larger. In it Dr. Talmage's reputation grew and flourished, his sermons preached there being published in book and newspaper form until he was the most widely known and best paid clergyman Christendom ever saw. During the occupancy of this building two plans in which Dr. Talmage was deeply interested failed. One was the free pew system of which he was one of the pioneers and with which the Tabernacle was no more successful than many churches which tried it soon afterward. The Tabernacle was supported by the envelope system until the returns proved unsatisfactory and the church was obliged to go back to pew auctions.

BURNING OF THE SECOND TABERNACLE.

The second Tabernacle was burned on Sunday, October 27, 1889. The fire started about 3 o'clock in the morning and was supposed to have been caused by lightning. Dr. Talmage was just ready to start on a trip through the Holy Land as a preparation for writing a life of Christ, but he delayed his departure several weeks until he had seen his congregation housed in the Academy of Music and had set on foot plans for the collection of funds to build a new Tabernacle. The first of these was an appeal to all readers of Dr. Talmage's sermons, issued while the embers of the burned building were still hot, to contribute. This netted about $4,000. Subscriptions were also collected through a religious journal, of which Dr. Talmage was editor, and the lot for the new Tabernacle was purchased at Clinton and Greene avenues, one of the quietest and most fashionable sections of the city. Then began probably one of the most turbulent and vexing periods of Dr. Talmage's career. The new Tabernacle was of brick and brown stone, a massive and expensive building. A large part of the money needed for its construction was secured by loan from Russell Sage, whose security in addition to the mortgage on the Tabernacle was said to include heavy insurance policies on Dr. Talmage's life. These funds were not enough, however, and the progress of the new building was attended by the filing of a builder's lien, suits and unpleasant and annoying complications. The cornerstone was laid February 10, 1890, just a week after Dr. Talmage's return from the Holy Land. During the building the courts were applied to and a mortgage of $250,000 was placed

upon the property, Russell Sage taking $125,000 of the bonds. The building was dedicated on April 26, 1891, and the contributions of the day amounted to $22,000. The chief difference between the new building and predecessor, aside from the greater external beauty of the latter, was that the new Tabernacle was higher, having two galleries and a seating capacity of 4,000. The horseshoe curve was reproduced and there were no bad seats. The most striking ornament was a tablet set in the wall at the right of the platform containing four stones which Dr. Talmage brought from the Holy Land. Two were from Mount Sinai, representing the two tables of the Mosaic law, and one each from Mars' Hill and Calvary. The building and lot cost about $300,000. In 1892 the Tabernacle reported over 7,000 members, many more than any other Protestant church in the city, and an increase of 3,000 in a year.

THE TABERNACLE AGAIN BURNED.

Destruction by fire, a fate which had followed the Tabernacles so persistently since Dr. Talmage assumed his pastorate in Brooklyn, again came on the morning of Sunday, May 13, 1894. It was just after the conclusion of the morning service, while the great congregation yet lingered in the neighborhood and before Dr. Talmage had left the building, that the fire started near the great organ. The fire department was summoned in all force and dispatch, but without avail, for before the sun went down the third Tabernacle and the last, as events proved, was completely destroyed. Not only was the church building burned, but the Regent Hotel next door and private property as well, bringing the loss up to over one million of dollars.

The fire proved the crowning blow to the trials of the Tabernacle congregation, and ultimately led to the departure of Dr. Talmage for other fields of work at the national capital.

The fires which destroyed the Tabernacles were interpreted by Dr. Talmage, not as his enemies interpreted them, as a visitation from God, but as a blessing in disguise. His faith that they were so made them become so. The first building of wood and iron was replaced by a more spacious and beautiful one of brick and stone, one seating five thousand people, the largest Protestant church in the entire world.

The resolute character of Talmage is shown in the quick energy with which he declared the supposed catastrophe to be a piece of good luck, and then proceeded to convert it into such.

The philosophy with which he accepted the destruction of his first Tabernacle was for a long time a subject of comment in Brooklyn, and was recalled and rehashed with a purpose to which the honest doctor could not be blind, at each successive fire. The first fire broke out on a Sunday morning, so the entire congregation saw the burning of the church, and there was a great deal of weeping and loud lamenting, and before the arrival of Talmage many exclamations of "Oh, poor Mr. Talmage! What will Mr. Talmage say?"

When Talmage arrived there was not much left of the Tabernacle but ashes. He stood for a minute or so, gazing at the clouds of smoke and steam arising from the ruins and filling the sky. No one dared to offer consolation, or to speak before the man who was regarded as the chief mourner.

"Well," said Mr. Talmage, at last, "that building never was big enough. Now that it's out of the way, we must set about the work of building a larger Tabernacle—and I have no doubt that the people of the United States will help us."

Talmage had not miscalculated or undervalued the advertising effect of the fire. The publication of the news of the fire brought not only thousands of letters of sympathy, but all kinds of offers of pecuniary assistance, and almost before the ashes of the first Tabernacle were cold plans were made for erecting the largest Protestant church in America.

MEMORIALS FOR MONEY.

When the rebuilding of the Tabernacle was under consideration, and ways and means of raising money were being discussed, Dr. Talmage wrote to several rich men who had lost relatives by death, and made the proposal that in exchange for a gift of $100,000 the new church should be named the So-and-So Memorial church. The publication of this proposal attracted a great deal of adverse criticism. There was at the same time a great deal of talk about the laggard state of subscriptions to the Grant monument.

"My way is the best way," said Talmage, seizing the occasion aptly, and

MOTHER, HOME AND JESUS.

Painted By F. Goodall.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.—Luke ii. 19.

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

Painted By Girard.

And when the parents brought in the child Jesus, . . . Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God. Luke ii. 27, 28.

JESUS BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

Painted By Carl Vogel.

And he took them up in his arms, and put his hands upon them, and blessed them.—Mark x. 16.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ANGEL.

Painted By Marshall.

"Mother! thy little one is with Jesus."

JESUS IN PRAYER.

Painted by O. Mengelberg.

And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.—Matt. xxi. 22.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Painted by Raphael.

Jesus taketh with him Peter and James and John, and leadeth them up into a high mountain apart by themselves, and he was transfigured before them.—Mark ix. 2.

JESUS WITH THE CHILDREN.

Painted by F. Kirchbach.

"Savior like a shepherd lead us. Much we need thy tenderest care."

JESUS AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

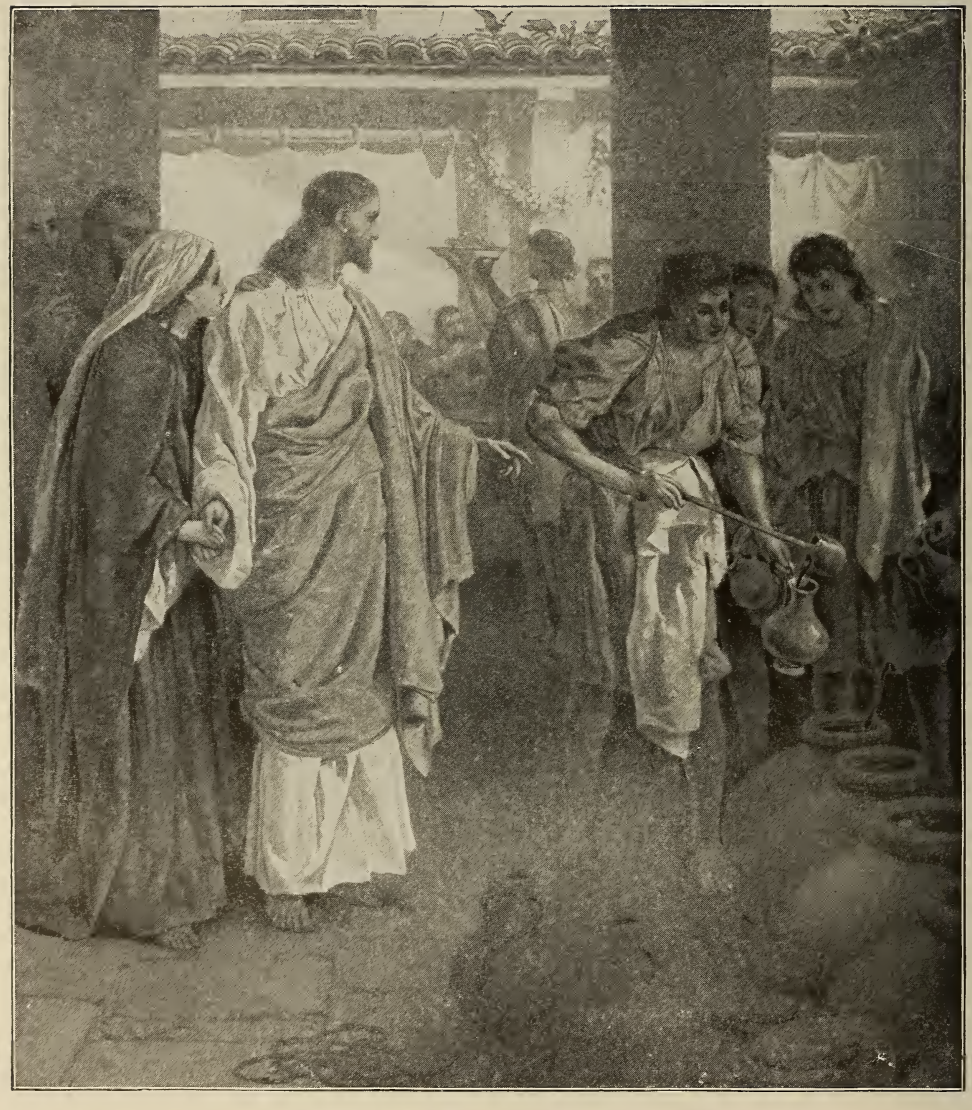
Painted By F. Ittenbach.

Jesus saith unto her. I that speak unto thee am He.—John iv 26.

JESUS IN PRAYER. Painted By Meyer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known!

And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God.—Luke vi. 12.



TURNING THE WATER INTO WINE.

Painted By Marshall.

Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. and they filled them up to the brim.—**John ii. 7.**

THE ASCENSION.

Painted by Coletti.

And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.—Luke xxiv. 51.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

Painted by B. Plockhorst.

And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus. And it came to pass, that Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.—Luke xxiv. 13-15.

JESUS TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER.

Painted by B. Plockhorst.

When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son!—John xix. 26.

JESUS INVITES ALL TO COME.

Painted By C. Block.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt xi. 28.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Painted By W. A. Bouguereau.

When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt.—Matt. ii. 14

JESUS BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

Painted By B. Plockhorst.

Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me

turning aside criticism with his usual skill. "If they had started a Grant Memorial church or cathedral, the money would have been all subscribed long ago," and he was right. But the feelings of his parishioners were spared, and money was obtained without having to saddle the Tabernacle with the names of the departed relatives of millionaires.

FASHION OPPOSES THE TABERNACLE "RABBLE."

When it was proposed to build a new Tabernacle on The Hill, one of the fashionable residence quarters of Brooklyn, there was a wild protest from property owners, who went to extremes in their opposition, and turned popular sympathy against them by alluding publicly to those who attended the Talmage services as the "Tabernacle rabble." Nothing that ever happened in the City of Churches, excepting perhaps the Beecher case, aroused more feeling than this attack. The leaders of the Tabernacle were highly indignant, and called on their pastor to make public answer to the implied accusation, otherwise it might interfere with the supply of capital for the new place of worship.

"Why, no," said Dr. Talmage, "I don't care what they call us. My regular congregation certainly cannot be the rabble. But my church is crowded Sunday after Sunday by people who, take it from year's end to year's end, will probably represent all the other churches and creeds in New York and Brooklyn, whose members honor us by attending our services frequently, especially when they have visitors from the country. The Tabernacle congregation is not the Tabernacle rabble, and has never been so called. Let the brethren of the other churches look to it!"

FINDS BLESSING IN DISASTER.

The anniversary discourse which he pronounced is to a certain extent autobiographical, as it is based upon an event which so closely and personally affected the preacher. No one can better his description of the event itself, and for this reason we quote his own words. They show also the spirit in which the fire was received by preacher and congregation, and offer an example of how all things were grist to his mill of metaphor. The fire is used as one great metaphor throughout the discourse, and in this is very

characteristic of his method. He seeks ever a basis of fact which is already known and interesting to his audience. We quote from the *Series of Sermons:*

"Men had better listen when God speaks in wave, or wind, or storm, or earthquake, or conflagration. God spoke to Job out of the hurricane; to Lisbon, out of the earthquake; to both continents by the burning of the Austria in mid-ocean, the driving against Mars Head of the Atlantic, the awful going down of the Ville du Havre; while He spoke to our own congregation last December, through the burning of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. God's most vehement utterances are in flames of fire. The most tremendous lesson He ever gave to New York was in the conflagration of 1835; to Chicago, in the conflagration of 1871; to Boston, in the conflagration of 1872; to our own congregation, in the fiery downfall of our beloved place of worship.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRE.

"The day was full of merciless frost. Things cracked with the cold. Man and beast felt it was a day to have warm shelter. The bell had rung for religious service, and the families of our congregation had started for the accustomed place of worship, some with thanksgivings that they must needs offer, some with sorrows that they must needs have healed, all of them with souls that needed more preparation for the judgment-day. A black flag of smoke against the sky, and the rush of the hose-carriages made us ask, 'Where is it? what ward? Horrible to be burned out of house and home on such a day as this!' Some one says, 'It is in the direction of the Tabernacle. Ay, it is the church!' and there is a rush past the streets crying, 'Fire! fire!' And instead of sitting down in placid worship that day, our congregation, joined by other congregations on the streets, stood in the presence of God before the altar of a burning church. Many wrung their hands and thought of the sacred scenes in which there they had mingled—the baptisms, the weddings, the burials, the communion-days, the scenes of revival, the deliverances, and the victories. All efforts at extinguishment seemed to fail. The great organ, as the flames roared through its pipes,

played its own requiem, and the walls came down with a crash that made the earth tremble. Some saw in that nothing but unmitigated disaster, while others of us heard the voice of God as from heaven, sounding through the crackling thunder of that awful day, saying, 'He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire!' The Lord has fulfilled the prophecy. That which threatened to be entire extinguishment has really been an unmistakable benediction.

WORK OF REBUILDING.

"Through many self-denials, and through kindness and practical help on all sides, our building hastens toward completion. Through a panic that has staggered the land, and made some of the noblest enterprises come to a dead halt, the work has gone gradually but surely on, and we shall soon have a house to dedicate to the Lord, a house marvelous for capacity, and for beauty, and for strength, in which men and women for many generations will assemble to worship God. Added to that, while we were in the wilderness, the Lord has descended mightily in a Pentecostal blessing, and a great multitude have cried out after God, and there has been a rush for the cross, and a wailing over sin, and a jubilant shout over pardon such as you and I have never before heard. 'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever!' Out of darkness He brings light. Out of trouble He brings assurance. Out of defeat He brings victory. Out of smoking, crackling, roaring, devastating calamity, 'He baptizes us with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.'

"I propose this morning, so far as God may help me, to draw out the analogy between these two baptisms—the baptism of last December and the baptism of this December.

BLESSINGS COME SUDDENLY.

"First, I remark they were *both sudden.* We all felt that whatever else might go down, that Tabernacle never could. We thought it fire-proof. When on that cold December day that building was in flames, there was on every countenance in the street amazement. Sudden as sudden could be! So has it been with the other baptism—the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

The spiritual fire broke out here on Sabbath night, and, while hundreds were rising and asking for prayers, there was a look of amazement on the faces of the people, and some aged Christians wondered what it all meant. The first baptism—suddenly. The next baptism—suddenly. So nearly always does the Spirit come. So it came when Jonathan Edwards preached in Northampton, and John Livingstone in Scotland, and William Tennant preached in Monmouth, and Dr. Finlay preached in Baskinridge, and Nettleton, and Daniel Baker, and Truman Osborne, and Mr. Earle, and Edward Payson Hammond preached everywhere. Almost always the blessing came suddenly. It has been especially so in our midst. In a night family altars have been reared in houses where before there was no prayer; infidels persuaded of the truth of Christianity in five minutes; children going at three o'clock to the Sabbath-schools unsaved coming home Christians at five o'clock; men coming into these services to make merry with the anxiety of those who were seeking after God, themselves at the close rising for prayer; and many of the old passages of Scripture that seemed to lie dormant in the hearts of God's people have flashed up with unwonted and overwhelming power.

WHITEFIELD ON BLACKHEATH.

"Whitefield was once preaching on Blackheath, and a man and his wife coming from market saw the crowd and went up to hear. Whitefield was saying something about what happened eighteen hundred years ago, and the man said to his wife, 'Come, Mary, we will not stop any longer. He is talking about something that took place more than eighteen hundred years ago. What's that to us?' But they were fascinated. They could not get away. The truth of God came to their hearts. When they were home, they took down the Bible and said, 'Is it possible that these old truths have been here so long and we have not known it?' Ah! it was in the flash of God's Spirit on Blackheath that they were saved—the Spirit coming mightily, and suddenly, and overwhelmingly upon them. So it was that God's Spirit came to Andrew Fuller, and James Hervey, and the Earl of Rochester, and Bishop Latimer—suddenly. So it came to multitudes in this assem-

blage, both the baptism of fire and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. A father was enraged whose child was interested in religious things many years ago, because she would go to the place of worship. He forbade her going; but she slipped out when he was not watching. He said, 'There now, she has gone to the meeting;' and he went to the meeting. She was kneeling at the altar. He put his arms around her with indignation to carry her out, when she cried, 'Father, you are too late; I HAVE FOUND JESUS!' And so there have been those among us who would like to have kept Christ out of their families, but they came not soon enough to succeed. It is too late, father; your child has already found Jesus.

FIRE AND GOD'S LOVE IRRESISTIBLE.

"But I remark again, the analogy between these two baptisms—the baptism of fire and the baptism of the Holy Ghost—is in the fact that they were *both irresistible*. Notwithstanding all our boasted machinery and organization for putting out fires, the efforts that were made did not repulse the flames last December one single instant. Having begun, they kept on more and more triumphantly, clapping their hands over the destroyed building. There was a great sound of fire-trumpets and brave men walking on hot walls; but the flames were balked not an instant. So it has been with the Holy Spirit moving through the hearts of this people. Why, there have been aged men who for forty or fifty years resisted the truth who have surrendered! There have been men here who have sworn that the religion of Jesus Christ should never come into their households; they and their children kneel now at the same altar. We have all felt it. Formalists trying to put out the spiritual fire have only had their trouble for their pains. It has gone on. It is going on now, conquering pride, and worldliness, and sin; and I pray it may keep on until it has swept everything before it, and there shall be in every household an altar, and in every heart a throne for the blessed Jesus. Go on, great baptism of the Holy Ghost as with fire!

CONSUMING FIRE FOR SIN.

"In the days of revival in England, when John Wesley was preaching, everywhere scoffers would mimic his preaching, and one man thought it was

very smart to gather an audience, and stand up with a Bible, and take John Wesley's favorite text, 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;' and he preached—he, the scoffer—to an audience of scoffers, until the truth rebounded on his own heart and he cried for mercy, and the truth overwhelmed the hearts of his hearers, and they cried for mercy, and instead of being an audience of mockers it became an audience of seekers. Oh! this is the power of God, this is the wisdom of God unto salvation. Both baptisms —the one of fire and the one of the Holy Ghost—irresistible.

"I remark again, that I find the analogy in the fact that both baptisms *were consuming*. Did you ever see any more thorough work than was done by that fire last December? The strongest beams turned to ashes. The iron cracked, curled up, and was destroyed. The work of the flames consummate. So it has been with the Holy Ghost: it has been a consuming fire amidst the sins and the habits of those who despise God. How many have had their transgressions utterly consumed! Some who were victims of bad habits have had their chains broken off. Down at the club-room and down at the saloon, they wonder why these people do not come any more. Ah! instead of the laughter of fools, which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, they have come to that religion which is joy here and hosanna forever; and after a man has set down once at the Lord's banquet, he has no more patience with the swine's diet. When the revival, two years ago, swept through the city of Lawrence, at the West, it was stated to be a fact that the gin saloons lost fifty per cent of their business. So may it always be—the Spirit of God consuming the dissipations of men! That Spirit has gone through the hearts and lives of many who sit before me, like fire through stubble. They have been swept by the purifying flames. Both baptisms have been consuming.

MELTING POWER OF SALVATION.

"Again, I find an analogy in the two baptisms, because they both *were melting*. If you examined the bars and bolts, and plumbing work of the Tabernacle after it went down, you know it was a melting process. The things that seemed to have no relation to each other adjoined—flowed together. So it has been with the Spirit of God, melting down all asperities and unbrotherli-

ness. Heart has flowed out toward heart. It has been a melting process. If there is anything that our city churches need, it is melting. There are a thousand icicles hanging to the eaves of our city churches where they are two icicles hanging to the eaves of the country churches. We are so afraid we will get acquainted with somebody that will not do us honor! The great want of the Church to-day is a thaw—a thaw. Oh, that the Lord God would rise up and melt down the freezing conventionalities of his Church! I think that that fire of last December and this spiritual fire of this December have melted us until we flow together in Christian sympathy, and harmony, and love, and that we can now join hands in one great family circle as a church, and sing as we never sang before:

"'Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

"'The glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.'

HOT AND TREMENDOUS WORK.

"But I have, on this anniversary of the burning of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, to say that we have not, as a church, yet entered upon the mission for which God has baptized us—first with fire, and now with the Holy Ghost. We need to put forth on a more earnest mission than we have ever entered upon. God evidently does not intend us for smooth work. He has rocked us in a very rough cradle. Ofttimes has this church been assaulted in various ways, and if there are any who expect to have a smooth time and an easy pathway, they had better wake up from the delusion and get out of this church. If God baptized us with fire, it is because He means to fit us for hot and tremendous work. If you are afraid of fatigue, and afraid of persecution, and afraid of opposition, you had better not train in this battalion, for I have no quiet encampment to offer you by still waters; but rather to tell you of a

forced march, hard fighting, and a bayonet charge. I believe God means us to go forth and proclaim an earnest, uncompromising, out and out, straightforward, revolutionary, old-fashioned Gospel, that believes in repentance and regeneration, in glory and in perdition. But, my friends, in order to enter upon that work we want still more vigorous baptism of the Holy Ghost. We want that Spirit to come down in all our families with His arousing, melting, illuminating, saving presence; and I believe that then the influences which we have already had in the way of a blessing will be only as a spark compared with the great conflagration of religious enthusiasm and zeal we shall feel here.

WORK WANTS EVERYONE.

"But, my friends, when is this work to begin? If you, as a private Christian, and I, as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, have some work to do, when shall we begin it? Now, and here. Oh, men and women of the world! do you not feel to-day the baptism of the Holy Ghost? Is there not something in the passing of the seasons, something in this last Sabbath of the year, something in the tramp of your pulses, something in the solemn surroundings of this morning, something in the wave of influence that comes in upon your soul, to make you realize that this may be your last chance for heaven? Miss it now, and you miss it forever. Do you not see how swiftly your Sabbaths are going? Do you not see how the years of your life are rushing into a great eternity? The year 1873 has already landed thousands and tens of thousands of souls beyond the reach of all mercy. The book with twelve chapters made up of the twelve months is about finished by the recording angel, and he has his hands on the lids of that book, about to close it for the last reckoning. Oh, my hearer! if you turn your back upon your best interests, if your final opportunity for redemption disappear, if the rushing wing that passes us is the wing of the retreating spirit, if this be the moment of awful calamity—the downfall of an immortal soul—then you will see a conflagration compared with which that of last December was child's play. It will be when the Lord shall be revealed from heaven with flaming fire, to take vengeance upon those who know not God and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ! From that conflagration of last December we shall re-

cover; but the soul that goes down into that final conflagration shall never recuperate. That fire in December last continued only three or four hours, and on the following day even the smoke ceased to curl up in the frosty air; but that soul that rejects Christ shall go into a fire that shall never be quenched, "and the smoke of *its* torment ascendeth up forever and forever." May God Almighty through Jesus Christ keep us out of that! Whatever misfortune and disaster may come upon us in this world, let it come; but God forbid that any of us should lose heaven! We can not afford to lose our soul. Save that, we have saved every thing. Lose that, we have lost every thing. Instead of the baptism that consumes, oh that we might this morning, penitently, believingly, prayerfully, joyfully receive the baptism that saves!

SOUGHT GOD AT THE FIRE.

I suppose that some of you know there were persons who stood in the presence of that burning church last December who for the first time sought after God. They said then to themselves; indeed they arose in the prayer-meetings afterward, and said: 'When I stood in the presence of that building, I was reminded as never before that there was nothing fire-proof, that there was nothing on earth certain, and there and then, in the presence of that devastation and ruin, I resolved that I would be the Lord's, and I have kept my promise. I have given my heart to Jesus.' Oh! if that was the result in some souls on that cold Sabbath day, now, when this morning I rehearse the scene, shall it not be, under God's Spirit, the means of bringing some of you to Christ? You have tried this world; you have been drinking out of the fountains of its pleasure; you have tried in January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, and now nearly to the close of December, and tell me frankly, oh man of the world! is there anything this side Christ and heaven that can give solace, and peace, and contentment to your immortal nature? No; you know there is nothing. You have tried the world and it has failed you. It is a cheating world. It is a lying world. It is a dying world. Oh, seek after God to-day, and be at peace with Him!"

Part only of the prophecy of Talmage in this sermon was to be fulfilled.

They were, indeed, "to have a house to dedicate to the Lord, a house marvelous for capacity, and for beauty, and for strength;" but in it "men and women for many generations" were not, as he supposed, "to assemble to worship God"—neither in that one which they were then building and which they dedicated on Washington's birthday, 1874, nor that other one, which they dedicated, after so many set-backs, on April 26th, 1891. The last Tabernacle perished in the flame, melting and consuming then and forever all material and visible signs and evidences of Talmage's Brooklyn ministrations. Now his spirit, too, has left the earth, and the only Tabernacles of his that remain on earth are the hearts that are better for his life and work.

CHAPTER IX.

MARRIAGES AND HOME LIFE.

MARY AVERY, OF BROOKLYN, TALMAGE'S FIRST WIFE—THE TRAGEDY OF HER DEATH IN 1862—SUSAN C. WHITTEMORE HIS SECOND WIFE—THEIR SIX CHILDREN, FRANK, JESSIE, MAY, ETC.—READERS OF TALMAGE MADE TO FEEL PERSONALLY ACQUAINTED WITH THEM—GLIMPSES OF HIS HOME LIFE AT BELLEVILLE, AND AT HIS LATER COUNTRY HOME AT EASTHAMPTON, L. I.

Dr. Talmage was married three times. His first wife, by whom he had one child, was Miss Mary Avery of Brooklyn, whom he tragically lost in 1862, she being drowned in the Schuylkill river. His second wife was Miss Susan C. Whittemore, also of Brooklyn, and with her he lived many years and reared a family of six children, in his Brooklyn home at 1 South Oxford street and at Easthampton, Long Island. The city home was a fine brown stone house overlooking Fort Greene, and was filled with rare works of art and with precious souvenirs of travel from all parts of the earth. His country home at Easthampton, which he called Woodside, he describes in a passage quoted by us in the chapter on Love as the Motor Power of Greatness. It inspires one of the best pieces of writing he ever did. It was at this Easthampton where he delivered an address on the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town on August 24, 1899.

The third burning of the Tabernacle, on May 13, 1894, was a severe shock to Mrs. Talmage, and it is said that she never fully recovered from its effects. She became ill, and while she apparently recovered her health sufficiently to make a trip abroad, she was eventually obliged to seek treatment in a sanitarium at Dansville, N. Y. There she died on the morning of August 5, 1895. Mrs. Talmage was about 50 years old and was married to the doctor in 1864. She was his second wife and had played no small

part in carrying out his ideas of philanthropic work and making his home what it was.

Dr. Talmage married on January 22, 1898, Mrs. Elmora McCutcheon-Collier, widow of Charles W. Collier, only son of Judge F. H. Collier of Pittsburg, Pa. The ceremony was performed at the McCutcheon home, in Allegheny, Pa., by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Robinson, pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church.

His bride, now his widow, was a wealthy woman whose husband, during his life, was a leading member of the local bar. Mrs. Collier had a daughter by her first husband, Miss Rebecca Collier, now about 22 years of age. Dr. Talmage's own children are Frank De Witt Talmage, pastor of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church in Chicago; Jessie Talmage Smith, wife of a New York merchant; May Talmage Mangan, wife of a New York broker; Edith Talmage Donnan, whose husband is a prominent business man in Richmond, Va., and Maud and Daisy Talmage. For a decade Dr. Talmage resided in Washington. His face and figure could oftentimes be distinguished in the gay crowds that throng the capital city. He enjoyed society and managed to devote time to these duties as well as to work.

Concerning the Schuylkill river tragedy, Talmage once spoke as follows, giving a most vivid picture of the terrible scene, and denouncing with all his soul the malignant lie that had been circulated by his enemies concerning the event:

SLANDER CONCERNING THE DROWNING OF MRS. TALMAGE.

"There is a falsehood," says he in this sermon, "which strikes a different key, for it strikes the sanctity of my home, and when I tell the story the fair-minded men and women and children of the land will be indignant. I will read it, so that if any one want to copy it they can. It has been stated over and over again in private circles, and hinted in newspapers, until tens of thousands of people have heard the report, that sixteen or seventeen years ago I went sailing on the Schuylkill river with my wife and her sister, who was my sister-in-law; that the boat capsized, and, having the opportunity of saving either my wife or her sister, I let my wife drown and saved the sister, I marrying her in sixty days.

"I propose to nail the infamous lie on the forehead of every villain, man or woman, who shall utter it again, and to invoke the law to help me. One beautiful summer morning, my own sister, Clara Talmage Whitenack, and her daughter Mary being on a visit to us in Philadelphia, I proposed we go to Fairmount Park and make it pleasant for them. With my wife and child, she being a little daughter, my sister Sarah and her daughter, I started for Fairmount. Having just moved to Philadelphia, I was ignorant of the topography of the suburb. Passing along the river, I saw a rowboat and proposed a row. I hired a boat and we got in. We did not know anything of the dam across the river, and, unwarned by the keeper of the boat of any danger, I pulled straight for the brink, suspecting nothing until we saw some one wildly waving on the shore as though there was danger. I looked and lo! we were already in a current of the dam. With a terror that you cannot imagine, I tried to back the boat, but in vain. We went over. The boat capsized. My wife instantly disappeared and was drawn under the dam, from which her body was not brought until days after; I not able to swim a stroke, my niece hanging on to me, my sister Sarah clinging to the other side of the boat. A boat from shore rescued us. After an hour of effort to resuscitate my child, who was nine-tenths dead—and I can see her blackened body yet rolling over the barrel, such as is used in restoring the drowned—she breathed again. A carriage came up, and, leaving my wife in the bottom of the Schuylkill river and with my little girl in semi-consciousness, blood issuing from her nostrils and lips, wrapped in a shawl on my lap, and with my sister Sarah and her child in the carriage, we rode to our desolate home. Since the world was created a more ghastly and agonizing calamity never happened. And that is the scene over which some ministers of the gospel, and men and women pretending to be decent, have made sport.

"My present wife was not within a hundred miles of the place. So far as being sisters, the two were entire strangers. They never heard of each other, and not until nine months after the tragedy on the Schuylkill did I even know of the existence of my present wife. Nine months after that calamity on the Schuylkill she was introduced to me by my brother, the Rev.

Goyn Talmage, now of Port Jervis, New York. My first wife's name was Mary R. Avery, a member of the Reformed Church, Harrison street, South Brooklyn, where there are many hundreds of people who could tell the story. My present wife, I say, was not within a hundred miles of the spot. Her name was Susan Whittemore, and she was a member of the Reformed Church in Greenpoint, where multitudes could tell the story. Multitudes of people on the banks of the Schuylkill who witnessed my landing on that awful day of calamity, and hundreds of people within an hour's walk of this place, and who knew Mary Avery, and hundreds of people in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, who knew my present wife—Susan Whittemore—what do you think, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, editors and reporters, of a lie like that manufactured out of whole cloth? I have never spoken of this subject before and I never shall again, but I give fair notice that if any two responsible witnesses will give me the name of any responsible person after this, affirming this slander, I will pay the informant $100, and I will put upon the criminal, the loathsome wretch who utters it, the full force of the law."

GLIMPSES OF TALMAGE'S HOME LIFE.

It is pleasant to turn from this tragedy, which cast a shadow upon the life of Talmage, to the charming glimpses of his home life which he gives us in the gossipy autobiographical papers entitled "Around the Tea Table." Here he makes us feel personally acquainted with his wife and with his children, May and Jessie, Frank and Edith.

On the occasion of "moving," he steps into the nursery for a last look. "The crib is gone," says he, "and the doll-babies and the block-houses, but the echoes have not yet stopped galloping; May's laugh, and Edith's glee, and Frank's shout, as he urged the hobby-horse to its utmost speed, both heels struck into the flanks, till out of his glass eye the horse seemed to say: 'Do that again, and I will throw you to the other side of the trundle-bed!' Farewell, old house! It did not suit us exactly, but thank God for the good times we had in it!"

Of his summer house at Easthampton, the doctor gives us the following description: "Our summer house is a cottage at Easthampton, Long Island,

overlooking the sea. Seventeen vessels in sight, schooners, clippers, hermaphrodite brigs, steamers, great craft and small. Wonder where they come from, and where they are going to, and who is aboard? Just enough clover-tops to sweeten the briny air into the most delightful tonic. We do not know the geological history of this place, but imagine that the rest of Long Island is the discourse of which Easthampton is the peroration. There are enough bluffs to relieve the dead level, enough grass to clothe the hills, enough trees to drop the shadow, enough society to keep one from inanity, and enough quietude to soothe twelve months of perturbation. The sea hums us to sleep at night, and fills our dreams with intimations of the land where the harmony is like 'the voice of many waters.' In smooth weather the billows take a minor key; but when the storm gives them the pitch, they break forth with the clash and uproar of an overture that fills the heavens and makes the beach tremble. Strange that that which rolls perpetually and never rests itself should be a psalm of rest to others! With these sands of the beach we help fill the hour-glass of life. Every moment of the day there comes in over the waves a flotilla of joy and rest and health, and our piazza is the wharf where the stevedores unburden their cargo. We have sunrise with her bannered hosts in cloth of gold, and moonrise with her innumerable helmets and shields and swords and ensigns of silver, the morning and the night being the two buttresses from which are swung a bridge of cloud suspended on strands of sunbeam, all the glories of the sky passing to and fro with airy feet in silent procession.

"We have wandered far and wide, but found no such place to rest in. We can live here forty-eight hours in one day, and in a night get a Rip Van Winkle sleep, waking up without finding our gun rusty or our dog dead.

LONG LIVES OF EASTHAMPTON MINISTERS.

"No wonder that Mr. James, the first minister of this place, lived to eighty years of age, and Mr. Hunting, his successor, lived to be eighty-one years of age, and Dr. Buel, his successor, lived to be eighty-two years of age. Indeed, it seems impossible for a minister regularly settled in this place to get out of the world before his eightieth year. It has only been in cases of 'stated

supply,' or removal from the place, that early demise has been possible. And in each of these cases of decease at fourscore it was some unnecessary imprudence on their part, or who knows but that they might be living yet? That which is good for settled pastors being good for other people, you may judge the climate here is salutary and delectable for all.

"The place was settled in 1648, and that is so long ago that it will probably never be unsettled. The Puritans took possession of it first, and have always held it for the Sabbath, for the Bible and for God. Much-maligned Puritans! The world will stop deriding them after a while, and the caricaturists of their stalwart religion will want to claim them as ancestors, but it will be too late then; for since these latter-day folks lie about the Puritans now, we will not believe them when they want to get into the illustrious genealogical line.

MORALS OF EASTHAMPTON.

"Easthampton has always been a place of good morals. One of the earliest Puritan regulations of this place was that licensed liquor-sellers should not sell to the young, and that half a pint only should be given to four men—an amount so small that most drinkers would consider it only a tantalization. A woman here, in those days, was sentenced 'to pay a fine of fifteen dollars, or to stand one hour with a cleft stick upon her tongue, for saying that her husband had brought her to a place where there was neither gospel nor magistracy.' She deserved punishment of some kind, but they ought to have let her off with a fine, for no woman's tongue ought to be interfered with. When in olden time a Yankee peddler with the measles went to church here on a Sabbath for the purpose of selling his knick-knacks, his behavior was considered so perfidious that before the peddler left town the next morning the young men gave him a free ride upon what seems to us an uncomfortable and insufficient vehicle, namely, a rail, and then dropped him into the duck-pond. But such conduct was not sanctioned by the better people of the place. Nothing could be more unwholesome for a man with the measles than a plunge in a duck-pond, and so the peddler recovered one thousand dollars damage. So you see that every form of misdemeanor was sternly put down. Think of the high state of morals and

religion which induced this people, at an early day, at a political town-meeting, to adopt this decree: 'We do sociate and conjoin ourselves and successors to be one town or corporation, and do for ourselves and our successors, and such as shall be adjoined to us at any time hereafter, enter into combination and confederation together to maintain and preserve the purity of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ which we now possess.'

"The pledge of that day has been fully kept; and for sobriety, industry, abhorrence of evil and adherence to an unmixed Gospel, we know not the equal of this place.

"That document of two centuries ago reads strangely behind the times, but it will be some hundreds of years yet before other communities come up to the point where that document stops. All our laws and institutions are yet to be Christianized. The Puritans took possession of this land in the name of Christ, and it belongs to Him; and if the people do not like that religion, let them go somewhere else. They can find many lands where there is no Christian religion to bother them. Let them emigrate to Greenland, and we will provide them with mittens, or to the South Sea Islands, and we will send them ice-coolers. This land is for Christ. Our Legislatures and congresses shall yet pass laws as radically evangelical as the venerable document above referred to. Easthampton, instead of being two hundred years behind, is two hundred years ahead.

ATTITUDE TOWARD DARWIN.

"Glorious place to summer! Darwin and Stuart, Mill and Huxley and Renan have not been through here yet. May they miss the train the day they start for this place! With an Atlantic ocean in which to wash and a great-hearted, practical, sympathetic gospel to take care of all the future, who could not be happy in Easthampton?

"The strong sea-breezes ruffle the sheet upon which we write, and the 'white caps' are tossing up as if in greeting to Him who walks the pavements of emerald and opal:

" 'Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.' "

The tone of his reference to Darwin and Huxley reveals clearly enough that Talmage was untouched by the purely intellectual movement of our time. Greater thinkers than Talmage among the clergy, Drummond, for instance, in his "Ascent of Man," believe that the results of science can no longer be denied by the church, and find it wiser to accept them and reconcile the Spirit of Christianity with them. But Talmage, as we have shown, was great, not by intellect, but by heart, by power over language and over the emotions. The sea filled him with its sublimity there at Easthampton, and from his pleasant home life there he drew the power which Brooklyn people felt pouring from his pulpit.

Easthampton was the place where Talmage "could sit with his coat off," a secluded place where he was not "wakened in the morning by the rattle of the milkman's wagon," where the "dew woke in the hammock of the tree-branches," the place where the "day-dawn made his pen tremble," and he had his "untamed woods," and felt so charitably at peace that he would have walked with his worst enemy arm-in-arm through his watermelon patch and peach orchard.

TALMAGE'S COW.

It was at this period of his life that Talmage bought the cow which he and his friends have made famous. The cow was doubtless ignorant that through Talmage she attained a place in literature, but here she is: "We were spending our summers in the country," writes the doctor, speaking of a country auction, "and we must have a cow. There were ten or fifteen sukies to be sold. There were reds, and piebalds, and duns, and browns, and brindles, short horns, long horns, crumpled horns, and no horns. But we marked for our own a cow that was said to be full-blooded, whether Alderney, or Durham, or Galloway, or Ayrshire, I will not tell lest some cattle-fancier feel insulted by what I say; and if there is any grace that I pride myself on, it is prudence and a determination always to say smooth things. 'How much is bid for this magnificent, full-blooded cow?' cried the auctioneer. 'Seventy-five dollars,' shouted some one. I made it eighty. He made it ninety. Somebody else quickly made it a hundred. After the

bids had risen to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, I got animated, and resolved that I would have that cow if it took my last cent. 'One hundred and forty dollars,' shouted my opponent. The auctioneer said it was the finest cow he had ever sold; and, not knowing much about vendues, of course I believed him. It was a good deal of money for a minister to pay, but then I could get the whole matter off my hands by giving 'a note.' In utter defiance of everything, I cried out, 'One hundred and fifty dollars!' 'Going at that,' said the auctioneer. 'Going at that! once! twice! three times! gone! Mr. Talmage has it.' It was one of the proudest moments of our life. There she stood, tall, immense in the girth, horns branching, graceful as a tree-branch, full-uddered, silk-coated, pensive-eyed.

"We hired two boys to drive her home while we rode in a carriage. No sooner had we started than the cow showed what turned out to be one of her peculiarities—great speed of hoof. She left the boys, outran my horse, jumped the fence, frightened nearly to death a group of school-children, and by the time we got home we all felt as if we had all day been on a fox-chase.

We never had any peace with that cow. She knew more tricks than a juggler. She could let down any bars, open any gate, outrun any dog and ruin the patience of any minister. We had her a year, and yet she never got over wanting to go to the vendue. Once started out of the yard, she was bound to see the sheriff. We coaxed her with carrots, and apples, and cabbage, and sweetest stalks, and the richest beverage of slops, but without avail.

"As a milker she was a failure. 'Mike,' who lived just back of our place, would come in at nights from his 'Kerry cow,' a scraggly runt that lived on the commons, with his pail so full he had to carry it cautiously lest it spill over. But after our full-blooded had been in clover to her eyes all day, Bridget would go out to the barn-yard, and tug and pull for a supply big enough to make two or three custards. I said, 'Bridget, you don't know how to milk. Let me try.' I sat down by the cow, tried the full force of dynamics, but just at the moment when my success was about to be demonstrated, a sudden thought took her somewhere between the horns, and she started for

the vendue, with one stroke of her back hoof upsetting the small treasure I had accumulated, and leaving me a mere wreck of what I once was.

"She had, among other bad things, a morbid appetite. Notwithstanding we gave her the richest herbaceous diet, she ate everything she could put her mouth on. She was fond of horse-blankets and articles of human clothing. I found her one day at the clothes-line, nearly choked to death, for she had swallowed one leg of something and seemed dissatisfied that she could not get down the other. The most perfect nuisance that I ever had about my place was that full-blooded cow.

"Having read in our agricultural journal of cows that were slaughtered yielding fourteen hundred pounds neat weight, we concluded to sell her to the butcher. We set a high price upon her and got it—that is, we took a note for it, which is the same thing. My bargain with the butcher was the only successful chapter in my bovine experiences. The only taking-off in the whole transaction was that the butcher ran away, leaving me nothing but a specimen of poor chirography, and I already had enough of that among my manuscripts."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

One of the doctor's evenings at Easthampton gives not only an intimate picture of his Long Island tea-table, but harks back to Belleville, the place of his first pastorate. On account of the story of his neighbor with the ice-cream freezer and his dog Carlo, we have given it a place under the head of Talmagean humor, but the reader of it in that place will there behold a picture, which Talmage did not know he was giving of his home life at Belleville and Easthampton.

In his Letters to Young People Talmage has a letter on the Home Circle for which he drew material from the old home of his parents in Bound Brook, no less than from the new home which he built with Mrs. Talmage in Brooklyn and Easthampton. "Home, to be a *home,*" he says, "is essentially patriarchal; not in the sense in which this term is used among tribal nations, but in the necessary reverence for, submission to, and sympathy with the head of the family." As we pointed out in the chapter on

the Birth and Family of Talmage, that was the distinctive spirit of that household in which he grew up. On this head of the family, says Talmage, "rests almost solely the responsibility of provision, and to him belongs the right of direction. It is difficult for those who have not yet achieved this headship to realize the sense of responsibility which often oppresses the head of the family. Provision may be so easy to some of us that few clouds cross the sunshine of our lives, and we may smile at, or joke away, the little domestic troubles which greet us sometimes when we cross the home threshold. Few of us are so blessed. It is the far more common lot that the business events of the day have been more or less checkered, and the head quits the office or warehouse with the brain more or less perturbed, the heart oppressed, and both needing and longing for the sunshine and the joy of the home and the family circle. To be transferred at such a time from the troubles and heavy cares of business to the petty but often irritating squabbles of domestic life, is a case to make angels weep, and almost enough to drive humanity mad.

"Let, therefore, but the cares and responsibilities of the head of the family be duly realized, and each member of the household must feel toward him the necessary sympathy, to guard him from all needless obtrusion of little domestic difficulties. It may be—it unhappily is the case—that there are heads of families who are unworthy of reverence; or who are so tyrannical or oppressive in their rule, that submission is difficult; or who are so unsympathetic that it is not easy to feel sympathy with them. These are family misfortunes which require a consideration beyond our limits. It is enough for our purpose here, that if there be not reverence for, submission to, and sympathy with the head of the family, there cannot be domestic harmony."

We commented on the fact that Talmage was untouched by the scientific movement of his time, and yet the language which here follows shows him falling into the very dialect of Darwin:

"The infinitely slight modifications of form," says he, "which make up the distinctive external features of mankind are but types of the numberless variations of temperament and character. It is not possible that the family can be constituted without the intrusion of these varieties. Often they

are marked, and sometimes so strong and antagonistic as to become a fertile source of domestic disquietude. Often home-loves are enough to smooth down the transient asperities arising from this cause; and some of the most charming instances of the overpowering influence of home-love occur, where differences of temperament and character would otherwise more or less seriously disturb the household. The well-known axiom in civil life, 'that personal right ends where it encroaches on the right of others,' applies with equal or greater force to the closer relations of the household.

CURES FOR JEALOUSY.

"The enforcement of selfish claims is often submitted to by the more generous members of the household, for the sake of external peace; whilst the more generous heart bleeds under the enforced wrong. Jealousy of petty privilege is incompatible with domestic peace. The green-eyed monster glares upon all favors in which it does not share. Whatever the apparent sunshine, there can be no real harmony in a household where jealousy influences one or more of its members.

"For instance, a gentleman once offered a fortnight at the seaside to two of four children forming the family of a widowed friend; but the mother felt compelled to decline this generous offer because she was afraid that if made to two only, the jealousy of the others would be painfully excited. The instance is one that gravely illustrates the losses often entailed on families by this unhappy feeling.

"Jealousy, although a transient feeling, is a fertile soil for the growth of envy, which, once possessed, grasps us with more persistency, gives a deep gloom to the domestic life of the possessor, and often overshadows the whole household.

"Hatred and malice happily rarely intrude their destructive power upon domestic life; but the instinctive propensities which generate them must needs exist; and it is a powerful antidote to their development that the ordinary courtesies of our homes should be constantly and carefully regarded. If in the external world a due regard for social courtesies is essential to its enjoyable constitution, it is greatly more necessary that the varied members

of a household should practice with scrupulous care the softening amenities of family life.

"How often have the jealousies and envyings of individual members been calmed down or banished by the sunshiny greeting of its more joyous members! It is said there is a skeleton in every house. This may be; but a skeleton may be locked up in a strong room and kept out of sight.

"With more truth, let us hope, there is an angel in every house. Reader, have you not one in yours? If you have not, then the chances of domestic disunion have indeed fallen hard upon you. If you have, assiduously cultivate it. You have no conception of how the careful observation and tending of this divine element will rub off your own angularities, and tend to invest you with its own simplicity and beauty.

"Avoid, however, all undue familiarity. As much freedom as is essential to graceful intercourse must enter into our domestic life; but this freedom must at all times be qualified by a subtile delicacy. The most joyous and generous are the most likely to be culpable on this point, and may by a little spontaneous carelessness 'tread on the toes' of their more reserved domestic companions.

"Nor may we forget that when we have inadvertently passed the boundary of domestic propriety, the truest politeness dictates a ready and graceful apology. The pride which forbids this is the product of selfishness, and is itself often a disturbing element of domestic harmony. Mutual confidence, oneness, and openness are among the constituents of a harmonious household.

TRANSPARENCY OF HOME LIFE.

"'Cross purposes' are well known as a disturbing element; but do not cross purposes came from the concealment and consequent misapprehension of purposes? Difference of purposes must needs arise, and the French provide for this by giving largely to each mature member of the household liberty to live out the individual purpose without regard to the others. This, however, is wholly uncongenial to the English idea of the home, where the diverse purposes of the members must, somehow or other, be made to

dovetail, or be arranged for their separate working out without interfering with the harmony of the whole. This is scarcely possible where there is concealment and consequent misapprehension.

"Let the life of every member of a family be transparent in all matters that affect the others; let the wishes and purposes of each be freely talked over; and then a little arrangement by the head or others, and the concession and conciliation which mutual regard will always generate, will suffice to bring all the purposes of the domestic group into harmonious working.

"If the selfish pressure of a purpose of subordinate character produce a little antagonism, the judicial interference of the head must be accepted, and obedience should be granted without audible or felt disappointment. The mutual sympathy of a household should make the purpose of all a source of happiness to each. Much of the provider's troubles would often be lessened by a little free chat at home about difficulties and purposes.

"A mother's smaller vexations would often vanish under the sunshine of loving discussions with the offending or other members of the family. A brother's or a sister's love affair, which generally has absorbing interest for the individual concerned, is far too often a subject of painful concealment or of rude banter. The propriety of such a love should of course at the first be referred to parental judgments. This point settled, it should be known to every member of the family, be treated with delicacy and sympathetic gravity, or become a subject of pleasant conversation whenever the chief agent so wishes or may need loving guidance in reference to it."

Such was the home life of this popular preacher, who spent so many of the best years of his life away from home, prosecuting what he was firmly convinced was the mission of the Savior. As much as he is shown here to have loved his home he sacrificed its society and comforts for the larger work of the world, which he came to regard as his broader and more significant home with all its inhabitants as his own brothers and sisters. But in all his goings up and down the highways of life his heart invariably turned to the quiet fireside where his loved ones dwelt and he makes frequent reference to this tendency to wish himself under his own rooftree. Some of the most eloquent sermons he ever preached are on the subject of home life,

and in our chapter on The Humor and Pathos of Talmage will be found some of the pleasant pictures he painted of the lighter pleasures of his domestic circle. But deeper than all in his heart was his belief that Heaven was to be for all those who lived rightly and loved truly an eternal home where those sweet joys that are the blessed heritage of happy domesticity here will be multiplied and glorified.

CHAPTER X.

BLESSED INFLUENCES OF HOME.

DOMESTIC LIFE OVERARCHES AND UNDERGIRDS ALL LIFE—GRANDEUR OF INDIVIDUALITY AND THE NECESSITY OF CONTRASTS—MARRIAGE THE BENEFICENT LEGACY OF EDEN—FREE-LOVEISM THE BANE OF MODERN SOCIETY.

Like all great thinkers, Talmage venerated the Home. In it he saw the best possible hope for earthly happiness. The home he declared to be "a church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world." He believed if things went right there they went right everywhere; if they went wrong there it was safe to assume the failure of everything else in the outside world in any way connected with it. The door-sill of the dwelling-house he declares to be the foundation of Church and State.

But it was the influence of his home on the individual that interested him most. Talmage had a sweeping vision and drew his lessons from the societies of the world as well as from the lesser things of life, men, women, animals, the arts and sciences, trade and traffic, habits, customs, manners, great ambitions and petty spites. But always he returned to man. To him the world was made for the purpose of Man. He was God's greatest handiwork. In him he found food for continual reflection and constant utterance. And so when he came to measure the influence of home he measured it by the good or ill it might do to the individual. He declared that a man never gets higher than his own garret nor lower than his own cellar. "In other words," he says "domestic life overarches and undergirds all other life. The highest house of Congress is the domestic circle; the rocking-chair in the nursery is higher than the throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but May Washington commanded George. Crysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out to

run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantle piece."

Talmage studied men and women while other preachers studied books. If he went into the home of a craftsman he talked to the people of bricks and mortar, or of lumber and laths and nails, or of paints and oils, or of chairs and tables, or of pottery or glass, of whatever craft the men of the family followed for a livelihood. He learned all he could of the minutes of the work that brought bread to the table of that particular home. And of the knowledge thus obtained he built his sermons. It was this spirit of investigation that gave him the power to interest congregations made up of people from all walks of life. He knew the thoughts and aspirations of rich and poor alike. He sympathized with them all, too, entered into their very lives, saw things from their standpoint and was thus able at all times to speak to them direct through the symbolism of their own imaginations.

It is this that makes his estimate of the home so valuable. "I talk to you about a matter of infinite and eternal moment," he says, "when I speak of your home. As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in parts and then He gradually puts them together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog-wheels in the great social mechanism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quail in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that He balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cut-water, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving-wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the center. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology. Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill

and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

"For more compactness and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same varieties again: brothers, sisters, husbands, and wife; all different in temperaments and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse, the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting, and growled panther at panther; and, mid-air, iron beaks plunge till with clotted wing and eyeless sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the river Hiddekel out of Paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, as at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

"This institution of marriage has been defamed in our day. Socialism, and polygamy, and Mormonism, and the most damnable of all things, free-loveism, have been trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem or a great Salt Lake City. While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novels—their cheapness only equaled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or of wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sands! Alas for this mingling of the night-shade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange-blossoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution which was intended for the happiness and

elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight-errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. It was only the first course in that banquet of hell; and I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

THE FIRST BABY.

Young friends, who have just entered into the holy state of matrimony, the grand symphony of your lifes has commenced, to echo on and on through the coming years; the world is all before you, the real business of life has begun. What is your stock in trade all told? It is youth, with its opportunities, courage, wherewith to press forward, and the true affection you have for each other. Perhaps, too, there is that household treasure—a first baby, or mayhap a nest-egg of a few hundreds, or a few dollars only, or what is most likely, nothing at all.

All the more need, then, of industry—the corner-stone of success. Industry is sure of its reward, and it will buy you a home if you so elect.

"Every good citizen should found a home, for every home becomes an argument for patriotism, inasmuch as it establishes a partnership in the government. Boarding *houses* are not homes, and a young couple cannot afford to help those who run them to riches. It is the fireside of one's own home, with its soothing tranquillity, the family table, the companionship of family and friends in the evening hours when toil is over, which give enjoyment and zest to life, and courage as well, wherewith to battle with the worries of the outside world. These are the quiet, simple pleasures which help to make the true *home,* whether the house be of wood or brown stone.

"Have you happy memories of the dear old homestead? Then give the

little ones who will bless *your* firesides, the same opportunity to reverence home by *locating it.* Secure a *permanent* home—and avoid those disagreeable, destructive May movings. Ownership of a home gives a man a *status* in society—makes him more independent—and if sickness comes, or business is dull, there is no drain or dread of *rent* hanging over him like an incubus—happily taxes are comparatively light.

"Oh! to be one's own landlord! To be able to drive a nail—or to suit one's self in surroundings without the interference of Tom, Dick or Harry—must be an intense satisfaction.

"It is imperatively necessary that you *both* agree to live *within* your means. Even then, you can live comfortable—and have a certain regard for appearances—and still have a margin over expenditures. Above all, keep out of debt. It is not good economy to buy on credit. You can get a better article for cash; besides, there is a sort of check in the sight even of hard-earned money, which hinders the possessor from disposing of it foolishly, however seductive the temptation.

PARSIMONY A VICE.

"Parsimony is a vice, for it narrows all good impulses; heaping up riches in that way is quite different from saving economically, and investing judiciously—and unsympathetic must he be who cannot spare a little for sweet charity's sake.

"And you, young wife, who are to be the central figure in the home, will also be required to sacrifice—for talk as we will, unpleasant duties which go against the grain of our selfish natures are sacrifices."

Talmage declared that the time has passed for woman to exercise her power over man by appealing to his imaginations. She is no longer the creature whom troubadours sang of. She is expected to be a helpmate, to sit side by side with her husband, to share his success and disappointment, to warm his heart by companionship, and thus bind him fast to home.

Diamonds, sealskin, expensive laces, India shawls, all confer a certain prestige in society—but they cannot afford such luxuries who are living in a hired house. In order to have things harmonize they must pay a high rent

—and live differently, too, than if they contented themselves with plain apparel. The wife of a poorer man cannot afford to imitate richer people. The money spent upon bogus jewelry, and a pretentious style of dress, which deceives no one, and which is neither ornamental nor genteel, could be better invested for an humble roof which would be a shelter in sickness, or for the rainy days sure to come.

The first consideration in buying a home, declares the preacher, is *location*. As health is the *sine qua non* of home comfort, it is essential that all sanitary conditions be complied with as nearly as possible. Avoid the vicinity of stagnant pools, offensive manufactories, and too low ground; above all, see that there is a sewer in the street where haply you intend to spend the best years of your life.

In the furnishing of the homestead, often recur to the searching question: "Can we afford it?" Do not make the common mistake of decorating the parlor handsomely, and leaving the kitchen bare of necessaries. Let there be harmony throughout.

"Nor need we power or splendor
Wide hall or lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender,
These form the wealth of home."

HOW TO MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

In an essay on how to make home pleasant, Talmage says:

"Inasmuch as no one life is fully rounded or completed when lived for one's self alone, and that it is not what we shall eat or drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed, that gives life its zest, it has been wisely ordained that mankind should be 'set in families,' the better to fulfill the hopes and aspirations of the soul; and so father, mother, child and home have become our most cherished household words.

"There is nothing selfish or limited in the true mother love. It is as free as air, as boundless as the ocean, and fully as deep. Who can fathom it?

"Gazing with eager, longing eyes down the vista of time, and feeling the tremendous importance of the present in shaping the future—perhaps some

young mother asks herself: 'How can I best serve my husband and child? How can I make home pleasant?'

"Truly, much of the comfort of the household depends upon the training of the little ones, but they should have a place in it as responsible beings; it is unwise to cry 'hush' or 'hold your tongue' too often, and thus check their innocent impulses and inquiries, besides running the risk of making little prigs of those whose desire for knowledge is insatiable.

"Young folks are domestic tyrants, however, when they are allowed their own 'sweet will' at all times; they are positive nuisances when, with sticky fingers and unkempt hair, they inflict unwelcome caresses upon visitors—and when saucy, they deserve judicious punishment.

"Not that the youngsters' ears are to be made safety valves for passionate mothers!—punishment should be reformatory.

"The earnest mother can, by the exercise of a little tact, put herself *en rapport* with her child, and thus gain its confidence and love, and at the same time control it, and what a delightful atmosphere has that home when the child is quick to obey!

"And if, on the contrary, the household is made uncomfortable by children who don't 'mind,' it is almost invariably the parents' fault; there are but very few exceptions to this rule.

THE BEACON LIGHT OF HOME.

"A consistent example is the beacon light of home! Precepts are useless without it. Oh! that this indisputable fact were indelibly graven upon every parent's heart throughout the length and breadth of our land!

"The opinions, the conversation, the manners even, of the parent, influence the child, and he is a keen-sighted, merciless critic too!

"Think of it, young father and mother! Perhaps years after you are dead your child will remember your example, and follow it, whether it be good or evil.

"Young folks must be amused, it is a necessity to them, and if amusement is not provided for them, they will seek it for themselves; and most likely away from home. Beginning with the rattle, the little irrepressible craves

fun and frolic; boys and girls delight in noise. Let the youngsters, then, be allowed to romp occasionally, and to have their games of instruction and amusement, of which there is an endless variety.

"A piano is an economic investment, for music in the house makes home pleasant; it instructs and softens, it keeps young people within doors, for it brings cheerful company, and is provocative of mirth and hilarity; what is there more delightful than the blending of fresh young voices within the charmed precinct of home?

"A love for the beautiful and the ornamental should be included in the education of young people, not indeed to supersede the useful, but as tending to refinement of ideas and manners, and also to elevate the character of home pleasures. It is a grave mistake to suppose that refinement is a luxury—belonging exclusively to the wealthy. Talent brought out in any direction, fancy work, books, flowers, but more especially reading aloud, all are simple, inexpensive methods of making home cheerful and pleasant, as well as of keeping mind and body out of mischief.

"It must not be forgotten, too, that proper ventilation is often the preventive of cross humors, and that without cleanliness a home cannot be even tolerably pleasant.

DAWDLING ABOUT THE HOUSE.

"Young people should be taught that instead of dawdling about the house they should have a life purpose; they should be told that however inconvenient and depressing poverty may be it is not a crime, and that 'the notion of great inferiority and ungentlemanliness as necessarily belonging to the character of a mechanic' is simply ridiculous; that he is a king compared to a lazy, useless man, and that labor is sacred.

> "A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine!
> Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine."

"'Blessed is he that considereth the poor.' Not only with timely gifts,

but with thoughtful kindness, and outspoken sympathy as well—*sometimes* of more than money value.

"Benevolence of the considering kind should be one, and not the least either, of the household mottoes. What sort of a home must that be where its members *take* all, but never *give?* Boys as well as girls should be taught by example the courtesies and amenities of life—those seeming trifles, generally reserved for the outside world, but which go far toward making home pleasant.

"Really, there is something expected of *you*—sons and daughters. You are surrounded by an atmosphere of love and care, and are apt to become selfish and ungrateful, accepting your blessings as a matter of course, and forgetting to contribute *your* share to the family comfort. Will you please remember that *selfishness is only another name for utter destitution of spirit?* Kind words! How sweetly they fall upon mother's ear in her despondency! What angels of light and mercy! Truly, they are Heaven's messengers!

"Next to the sunlight of Heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. Mother will be sure to feel its electrifying influence, and father will gain in faith and courage. Look cheerily, then. Answer softly, for 'a soft answer turneth away wrath;' and never forget that a sweet, even temper is to the household what sunshine is to the trees and flowers.

COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE.

"It is a fatal error for a woman to presume upon her privileges as a wife to become a slattern at home. It is to be hoped that courtship *after* marriage is *not* one of the lost arts. True, when men have once wooed and won they are content to be quiet and undemonstrative; but after all they become more keen-sighted, and if their pretty bird does not care to sing as sweetly they suspect that they have been caught with chaff.

"It will make home very pleasant if you, young married people, will but continue the thousand harmless stratagems which never failed—*once upon a time you know*—to bring smiles to your lips.

"In conclusion, it is gentleness that softens rugged natures. There are those unsympathetic and crabbed upon whom it would seem almost a profa-

nation to lavish one token of tender feeling, yet we should 'cast our bread upon the waters,' and if it does not 'return to us after many days' we shall at least benefit ourselves, for it is a maxim, oft repeated, but always true, that 'in order to be happy we should endeavor to make others happy.' Moreover, 'though we travel the world over to find the beautiful we must carry it with us, or we find it not.'

"Then let us not wait for an opportunity of doing heroic deeds, and thus neglect the little things, the little kindnesses which make domestic life what it is designed to be, and which after all are the very things that make home pleasant.

> Oh, there are golden moments in men's lives,
> Sudden, unlooked for, as the little clouds,
> All gold, which suddenly illume the gates
> Of the lost sun.
> Oh, pray for them! They bring
> No increase like the gain of sun and showers,
> Only a moment's brightness to the earth,
> Only a moment's gleam in common life,
> Yet who would change them for the wealth of worlds?

APOLOGIZE WHEN WRONG.

"Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: That once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said: 'Now, I have an explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence.' It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the

fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband comes home from the store with his patience all exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the war-whoop. Your life will be spent in making-up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

> " The kindest and the happiest pair
> Will find occasion to forbear;
> And something, every day they live,
> To pity, and perhaps forgive."

SYMPATHY OF OCCUPATION.

"I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James McIntosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars, 'My wife made me.' The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with, but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman that could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have the husband say, 'You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour.' Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are

one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a 'genteel business.'

"I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearth-stone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar! how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light, leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

EMPTINESS OF MERE SHOW.

"Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendid home, and they think that if they have a house they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done. The carpets are spread; lights are hoisted; curtains are hung; cards of invitation are sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down; and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amidst the pictured walls. Ha! this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl it in the dance; cast it on the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the center of the

parlor floor a throne to Happiness; let all the guests when come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne, and then let Happiness, the queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around, and, all chalices lifted, we will say, 'Drink, O queen! live forever!' But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the Queen of Happiness on the throne amidst the parlor floor. But, alas! as they come back, the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel-house, and instead of the Queen of happiness there sits there the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye, and ashes in her hair. The romp of the dancers who have left seems rumbling yet, like jarring thunders that quake the floor and rattle the glasses of the feast rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing-room and the bed-chamber, in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine-beakers come the words, 'Happiness is not in us!' And the arches respond, 'It is not in us!' And the frozen lips of Anguish break open, and, seated on the throne of wilted flowers, she strikes her bony hands together and groans, 'It is not in me!'

"That very night a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage-day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table; love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the Bible, and reads of Him who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room, on that plain carpet—the angels of God build a throne, not out of flowers that perish and fade away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on amaranth, until the throne is done. Then the harps of God sounded, and suddenly there appeared one who mounted the throne with eye so bright and brow so fair that the twain knew it was Christian Love. And they knelt at the foot of the throne, and putting one hand on each head, she blessed them, and said, 'Happiness is with me!' And that throne of celestial bloom withered not

with the passing years; and the queen left on the throne till one day the married pair felt stricken in years—felt themselves called away, and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne, and said, 'Follow me, and I will show you the way up to the realm of everlasting love.' And so they went up to sing songs of love, and walk on pavements of love, and to live together in mansions of love, and to rejoice forever in the truth that God is love."

CHAPTER XI.

THE QUALITIES OF TALMAGEAN ORATORY.

COLLOQUIAL AND DRAMATIC—DISREGARD OF CONVENTIONALITIES—CONTRAST WITH RICH MEN'S CHURCHES AND THEIR PREACHERS—STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CHARACTER OF THE MAN—TRICKS OF MANNER AND SPEECH.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage did not belong to a class. He was a type by himself. His sermons were unique. His own comment on his oratorical style was: "My positive mode of preaching seems to stir the hostilities of all earth and hell." Being a fighter, he liked opposition. In telling the story of his life he once said:

"Feeling called upon fifteen years ago to explore underground New York city life, that I might report the evils to be combated, I took with me two elders of my church and a New York police commissioner and a policeman, and I explored and reported the horrors that needed removal and the allurements that endangered our young men. There came upon me an outburst of assumed indignation that frightened almost everybody but myself. That exploration put into my church thirty or forty newspaper correspondents, from North, South, East and West; which opened for me new avenues in which to preach the gospel that otherwise would never have been opened. Years passed on and I preached a series of sermons on amusements, and a false report of what I did say roused a violence that threatened me with poison and dirk and pistol and other forms of extinguishment, until the chief of the Brooklyn police, without any suggestion from me, took possession of the church with twenty-four policemen to see that no harm was done."

Talmage gave no silken discourse in which good taste is considered of far greater importance than powerful effect or inspiration. He was willing to shock people, if he could shock them into better lives.

In the Brooklyn pulpit where he began preaching in 1869 he resorted to the tricks of manner and speech which caused him to be caricatured from one

end of the country to the other. On one occasion, when it was time for him to begin his sermon, he went to one edge of the platform, buttoned his coat, raised his arms and wheeling suddenly about dashed in running jumps across the platform, his arms waving like the sails of a windmill, his coat tails flying behind him, and his trousers working up above his shoe tops.

He had not spoken a word, and some of his congregation were ready to shriek, not knowing what to make of it, when Mr. Talmage stopped short, turned and walked back to the center of the platform and exclaimed, as the beginning of his sermon: "Young man, you're rushing to destruction!"

Then he preached of the dangers of city life to young men who yielded to temptation.

By such methods he drew thousands of persons to the church, and, as it was said, the church treasurer complained that there were thousands of pennies in the contribution plates.

But the thousand pennies, like the widow's mite, were to Talmage far more acceptable than the ten-dollar bill.

He was, and believed in being, an actor on the platform and in the pulpit; not what is usually called dramatic or "stagy," but an actor in the truest sense, feeling his subject in all its relations, and bringing into service eyes, voice, hands and the entire form to aid in the appeals and truths he imaged and enforced. And he had an abundance of personal magnetism.

Dr. Talmage is said to have reached a far greater number of people with his sermons than any other preacher. The sermons he delivered to his congregation of 6,000 in the tabernacle at Brooklyn each Sunday appeared Monday morning in a syndicate of papers in this and other countries, and through these channels it is estimated that they reached 50,000,000 readers. He also made his influence felt as editor of the *Christian Herald* and as a constant contributor to numerous periodicals and a voluminous writer of books.

When he syndicated his sermons he prepared them a week or two in advance, as he had to do to supply the presses in time. When he went to Europe and the Holy Land he sold his sermons before he left New York. They were printed as having come by cable. One was printed on a Monday morning as having been delivered at Queenstown, whence Mr. Talmage sailed

on the preceding Saturday, and after Mr. Talmage got back he acknowledged that it had never been delivered at all.

From the Holy Land came the story that an American had met him there and had asked the preacher to baptize him in the Jordan, which Mr. Talmage did. In Brooklyn, however, Mr. Talmage's enemies said that he had caught a tramp on the river and ducked him.

The travesty did not hurt the preacher, he was simply too strong to be so hurt.

We have given the most extreme case of his sensationalism in that striking rush of his across the platform—one of the things which led to his trial by an ecclesiastical synod for buffoonery in the pulpit. The story of that trial is told in another chapter.

Here it should be said that the bulk of his sermons do not depend for their effect upon these or any other tricks of delivery. Unlike the words of many great preachers, his words retain effectiveness even when set down in cold print. The man of cultivated literary taste finds in them many and many a golden passage, many an apt phrase and striking illustration. The homeliness of his similes is like that of Latimer and other great preachers in the English tongue, and from these simple and lowly figures, he ranges to perfect organ-bursts of rhythmic prose-poetry, one of these coming at the end of nearly all his sermons. In his sermon on the burning of the Brooklyn Tabernacle from which we quote at length under another heading, he says: "The great organ, as the flames roared through its pipes, played its own requiem." Talmage himself did not preach his own requiem, but in his preaching he was somewhat like that organ, the fire of the Spirit roaring through his soul as through an instrument, the music of it awing and overpowering thousands upon thousands of hearers.

He says in his sermon, *Bartering for Eternity,* that "Christ never forgot the occupation of the people to whom he spoke. His metaphors and illustrations were apt to be drawn from every-day business of the people whom he addressed." The parallel with the metaphors and illustrations of Talmage himself is unmistakable. The fact is pointed out by us with perfect reverence, it was undoubtedly present also in the mind of Talmage, and by him

also considered reverently. Talmage was, like every mortal man, full of faults, and he regarded Christ as a being without faults. Nevertheless, he is able really to understand and sympathize with Jesus of Nazareth only in so far as he has in himself the same nature, feeling the same emotions, facing the same problems, striving against the same difficulties. Many and many an interpretation Talmage makes of passages in the Christ-story could not have been made had Talmage not already had in his own life a kindred experience, in his own nature a kindred chord. This, of course, is true of every man. No one is capable of understanding anything whatever which does not already exist, active or latent, in his own nature.

QUALITIES OF TALMAGEAN ORATORY.

The qualities of Dr. Talmage's oratory combine the best of two schools —the colloquial and the dramatic. Not that he subjected himself to the teaching of those schools. Orators are born. Speakers are made. His only aim was to have something to say, and to say it. The manner had to manage itself. That manner, without levying on art, consciously, fully complied with it. The colloquialism of his oratory is in his extemporary expression. That was as familiar as the words of men to men, crammed full of Saxon, and as direct as a blow from the shoulder. Much that was dramatic also marked his discourse. That is made plain by a perusal of his sermons. His descriptions are pre-Raphaelistic. He was in love with nature, and instinct with human nature. His appeals were moved on the highest plain of revelation to the highest consideration of human duty, human interest and human safety. He was intensely sympathetic in nature, intensely ardent in conviction, intensely earnest in his conception of man's estate and God's goodness, and justice, too, as absolute as his goodness. All of which made him intensely dramatic. His manner mated with his nature. It was each sermon in action. He conscripted voice, eyes, hands, his entire body, into the service of the illustration of the truth. Gestures were the accompaniment of what he said. As the preacher stood out before the immense throng, without scrap of notes or even a table before him, the effect produced cannot be understood by those who never saw it. The

solemnity, the tears, the awful hush, as though the audience would not breathe again, are ofttimes painful.

POWER TO MASTER AN AUDIENCE.

Dr. Talmage's voice was peculiar, not musical, but productive of startling, arousing, subduing effects, such as characterized no preacher on either side of the Atlantic. In his power to grapple an audience and master it from text to peroration, he had no equal. Yet he was much misrepresented and caricatured by those who had not heard him. No unprejudiced man hearing him could doubt that he was in red-hot earnest, and that his eccentricities were natural. He made no reply to what was said against his preaching, but went on proclaiming the old-fashioned Gospel of justification by faith in Christ, preaching it, however, in his own way, and with entire disregard for all conventionalities. Now that he has passed through the period of criticism and misrepresentation that await every new-comer and every powerful original nature, the world has acknowledged it.

The sermons averaged forty minutes in delivery. They would have been longer if they had not been so good. The usual prayer, another hymn, and the benediction concluded the service. The audience rose as those who have been under a spell. The thousands filed out to their homes. The streets both ways were a panorama of people. Standing at a given point and listening you heard them all talking about the sermon. Mr. Talmage never delivered a sermon in Brooklyn which God did not bless to the salvation of souls.

The average number admitted at each communion was over thirty-five. Very like unto the preaching-service was the Friday evening lecture-service. Therein, however, the brethren took part. The two sermons and one lecture each week were published in full in The Methodist and The Interior, The Advance, The Christian at Work, and numerous syndicates in America, and in many secular and religious papers in England and Scotland. That made a congregation of two continents, and after the travels of Talmage the congregation was widened and strengthened to include 30,000,000 people all over the world. Moreover, the sermons were published

in book form and new editions are being even now prepared. But all his books—"Crumbs Swept Up," "Abominations of Modern Society," "From Manger to Throne," "Fishing Too Near Shore,"—as well as his sermons, are republished in Europe and widely scattered.

RESULT OF THE PREACHING OF TALMAGE.

What were the results of the preaching of this remarkable man? One result, the restoration of sermons to their place in hebdomanal and book literature, has just been indicated. The Tabernacle, with its thousands, was another. The Tabernacle building in the revolution it worked in church architecture was another. Within a year after the enlargement of the Brooklyn Tabernacle thirty tabernacles, less in size necessarily, but otherwise identical, were built or being built in America.

Every man who hopes to hold the attention of an age so busy as that of the present century long enough to make his thought understood must acquire the art of expression. Demosthenes is said to have practiced painful expedients in order to speak clearly. Talmage seems to have gone to equally great lengths to acquire a style and manner of delivery. He was as original in his manner as in his thought, and in both he made a radical departure from the accepted style of pulpit oratory. He actually shocked his thought into the minds of his hearers at times. But he would follow some coarse allusion, or strange gymnastic, with such a lofty flight of fancy, such a vivid picture of nature, or such a dramatic recital of some personal drama that those who had been on the point of leaving the church would sit spellbound under the flood of his eloquence.

EXAMPLE OF THE TALMAGE STYLE.

The peculiar rhetorical style of Dr. Talmage can best be understood from an example. In one of his sermons in the famous series devoted to the gambling hells of New York, of which he had made a study, he electrified an audience one Sunday morning with this climax of oratory.

"When they bet on one number they call it a gate!

"When they bet on two numbers they call it a saddle!

"When they bet on three numbers they call it a horse!

"And thousands of young men get onto that gate and mount that saddle and ride that horse to damnation!"

It was easy for the old style ministers to criticize that sort of rhetoric in the pulpit, but such expression stuck in the memory of listeners, they had a decided burr-like quality, and those who heard Talmage once wanted to hear him again.

But Talmage was a poet of high character, as is evidenced in certain passages in almost every sermon he ever preached. That he understood and appreciated the gift of song is shown in one of his Letters to Young People, under the head of Thoughts About Poetry. "One should not mistake the flow of a vivid imagination into verse for that union of deep feeling, profound thought, and power of observation which we style poetry." It would be hard to find a better definition for poetry than is here expressed. And Talmage had in himself the "union of deep feeling, profound thought, and power of observation" to a remarkable degree. He makes no reference to the music of poetry in this criticism, and it is probably because he was not musical in the same degree that he was picturesque and dramatic. He, as every critic does, uttered himself and no more. But there is sympathy with nature and music, too, in the following apostrophy to Spring:

GLORY OF A SPRING MORNING.

"After the earth has been rendered desolate by the unsparing hand of winter, the trees bereft of their green garments, the flowers buried, and the land parched up by crackling frosts, or buried beneath rolling floods, the gentle Spring comes with blithesome heart and sunny smile—like a loving spirit from the beauteous flower land—bringing with her the golden sunshine to sanctify and replenish the great throbbing heart of nature. She comes with tearful eyes, and sunny feet, and golden tresses dripping from the waters of her sheeny home, to fling gold, and green, and beauty, and perfume over all the budding and replenished earth; birds leave their sunny skies afar to greet her with their gentle songs; the breezes come from the warm south, toiling their long journey across the wide, wide sea, to gather

up the odors which she scatters over hill and dale; the flowers wake up from their long winter sleep to gaze upon her smiles; and the broad, green earth exults for its verdurous beauty, and bounds with a lusty and impassioned joy.

"At her fairy touch, the emerald gates of the season fly open, and display a wide expanse of living and budding beauty—a landscape glittering like a broad ocean basking in yellow sunshine, with swelling uplands gliding away into the distance like gently heaving waves; and beyond all lie the dark green lands of summer, where the primeval forests stretch away in their grandeur; and where breezes float over valley and stream laden with the odors of wild thyme, and resonant with the dreamy music of the wild; and where the clouds are so dazzled by the blinding glare that they lose their way, and stand gazing in bewilderment upon the broad, green earth which lies below.

OVERTHROW OF WINTER'S EMPIRE.

"Old Winter knows that now his empire must fall. He sends forth a bleak north wind among the ghastly skeletons of last summer and over the new buds of spring; severs them with his keen shears, and hurls them prostrate on the waters of the marsh, as trophies of his master's potency. Still seeking to regain his despotism, but too weak to fling his icy chains again upon the earth, he crushes a few early flowers between his trembling fingers, and scatters them in ruins upon the budding ground; he breathes out a blight upon the forest, but the trees heed not his desolating spell, and only grow more vigorous and green with the new life with which they have been endowed. He gathers himself up with one last desperate effort; but the warm air oppresses him—the sweet odors annoy him, the light blinds and confuses him, he raves wildly, and clutches at the air; and with the last pulses of his heart, the hoary tyrant totters in his footsteps, his long, withered fingers let fall his icy scepter, he sinks down upon the soft mossy carpet of the rejoicing earth; and, behold! his reign is at an end. The great heart of Nature beats high with regenerated hope, she pours forth her exultations over forest and field, over mountain and stream, moorland and lea, green covert and

mossy dell. The air vibrates with the swelling choirs of unnumbered birds, and the great world goes dashing on more exulting than before, singing a new song of glory as it plows its way through the abysses of cold space.

"The sights and sounds of spring have a tenfold vigor and freshness. It is the season of new life, new hope, and new beauty. The leafing of the trees, the unfolding of the flowers, which follow each other in quick succession, till the earth is mantled all over with lovely forms and glittering hues; the voices of the sweet birds singing their songs of love, all repay us for past frost and sleets, and lead us into the ardent embraces of the refulgent summer.

"Among the first spring flowers we find the daisy that 'never dies,' the dwarf furze, and the little chickweed, although these may better be regarded as the few connecting links between autumn and spring; for winter never kills them quite, and when the frosts break up they put forth a new show of blossoms, as though proud of their sufferings in struggling to keep the world from being quite without flowers."

LIGHTNING AFTER SUNSHINE.

It hardly seems possible that the man who wrote so tenderly of gentle Spring could have given utterance to the following:

"Nothing ever succeeds in this country without being well cursed. If a man, or book, or periodical, go forth unassaulted, ruin is nigh. There is nothing that so decidedly lifts a thing up before the public gaze as the end of a bayonet."

The latter is Talmagean. It is strong, virile, dogmatic, terse, figurative, and more than all—true. Compared to the pretty essay on the beauties of spring it is as a passionate man to a beautiful statue of marble. It makes us thankful that Talmage, as he tells us, early in his preaching resolved to speak extempore, and stuck to it. He once described for the Brooklyn Eagle his methods of making sermons. "I make most of my sermons walking the floor," he writes. "I can always think better on my feet. I very often dictate sermons to a stenographer, and after he has written out his notes I read it over and by that time I have placed the substance of it perma-

nently in my memory. I can think better standing before an audience than I can in the privacy of my own home; but it would be a very unsafe thing depending on the inspiration of the moment. A minister will not do so unless he is thoroughly lazy. My own rule is not to go into the pulpit or upon the platform without enough ideas to occupy the time usefully, whether I use those ideas or not. No minister has a right to go before a congregation unprepared, especially in these days, when through newspapers and many other forms of distribution of knowledge the audience may happen to know as much as he does. My idea is that if a man sits in his study and carefully writes out a theological essay it may do well for a review or a magazine, but it will not interest a congregation, but no man can lay down a rule for others. Many are ruined for life, so far as work is concerned, by trying to do as others do. Extemporaneousness of speech is best for some and a thorough use of manuscript is decidedly best for others.

MINISTERS TEMPTED TO INDOLENCE.

"The temptation which almost every minister has felt who has acquired any facility in public utterance is to indolence. The extemporaneous faculty has been so much talked about and extolled that a great many ministers have sacrificed all their effectiveness in trying to do things impromptu. Unless a man uses his pen a good deal in the act of composition he will soon lack terseness and compactness of expression. I find that my best days for work are Wednesdays and Thursdays—equal distances from the Sabbath—and the morning of each day I am generally not observable, but it is difficult to make an iron rule in these cities as to when you will be seen and when you will not be seen.

"I think Brooklyn is a first-rate place for ministers. The people generally allow a pastor in these regions to work in his own way and the congregations are lenient and not unreasonable in their demands.

FIRST ATTEMPT TO PREACH WITHOUT NOTES.

"I began my ministry by writing out my sermons with great care, taking every manuscript into the pulpit and confining myself strictly to it. But

coming out of a theological seminary with but little preparation in the way of material, I found the preparation of two sermons and a lecture a week a complete physical exhaustion, so I retracted from that habit and used no notes at all. My first experience in this new departure was marked and unusual. It was in my village church at Belleville, N. J. Finding that I must stop the exhaustive work of preparation I resolved on a certain Sunday night to extemporize. The church had ordinarily been lighted with lamps, as there was no gas in the village, but the trustees had built a gas house in the rear of the church and the new mode of lighting the edifice was to be tested on the very night I had decided to begin my extemporaneous speaking. The church was thronged with people who had come to see the new mode of lighting. I had about ten minutes of my sermon in manuscript and put it down on the Bible, intending when the manuscript gave out to launch out on the great sea of extemporaneousness. Although it was a cool night, it was a very hot one for me, and the thermometer seemed to be about up to 120 degrees. At a very slow rate I went on with my sermon, making my manuscript last as long as possible. Coming within three or four sentences of the end of what I had written and in great trepidation as to what would happen when I began to extemporize, suddenly the gas lights lowered to half their intended size. I said within myself, 'Oh, if the gas would only go out!' and sure enough as I uttered the last word of my manuscript the lights were suddenly extinguished. I said, 'Brethren, it is impossible for us to proceed. Receive the benediction!' I went home greatly relieved, feeling that I had been rescued from a great crisis, but fully resolved that I would break the bondage of manuscript and be a free man in the pulpit, and my habit has been to extemporize ever since. God has made three books for pulpit texts—the book of Revelation, the book of Nature and the book of Providence. All these books are inspired. Christ took most His texts from the book of Nature. 'Consider the lilies,' 'Behold the fowls of the air,' 'Salt is good,' 'As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings.' I have only one idea in the sermon, and that is helpfulness. Every man needs help, unless he be a fool. In some parts of his nature or in some circumstances of his life he needs reinforcement. If men find a prac-

tical helpfulness in the sermon, prayers and singing of a church they will go there."

AS AN AUTHOR IN PRIVATE LIFE.

As an author Dr. Talmage was no less popular than as preacher and lecturer. Beginning in 1872, a volume of his sermons has been published almost yearly, and he has written many other books. His sermons, originally published in the newspapers, have been extensively pirated and books compiled from them. Speaking of this, in 1893 Dr. Talmage estimated that there had been fifty-five volumes of his writing put forth, of which he had authorized fifteen. Some of the titles were "The Marriage Ring," "Pathway of Life," "The Abominations of Modern Society," "Around the Tea Table," "Crumbs Swept Up," "Live Coals," "Talmage on Rum," "From Pyramids to Acropolis" and "From Manger to Throne." These last two were books of travel extensively sold by subscription. "From Manger to Throne" was a life of Christ interwoven with Dr. Talmage's account of his journey through the scenes of that life.

Dr. Talmage, notwithstanding his busy pastorate, lectured extensively both in this country and Great Britain. Of his liking for the platform he gives us good evidence:

"As for ourselves," he says, late in his career, "save in rare and peculiar circumstances, good-bye to the lecturing platform, while we try for the rest of our life to imitate the Minister who said, 'This one thing I do!' There are exhilirations about lecturing that one finds it hard to break from, and many a minister who thought himself reformed of lecturing has, overtempted, gone up to the American Library or Boston Lyceum Bureau and drank down raw a hundred lecturing engagements. Still, a man once in a while finds a new pair of spectacles to look through."

Dr. Talmage began on January 6, 1895, the first of a series of sermons at the Academy of Music, New York. The movement was kept up for a few weeks and then it was discontinued.

INGENIOUS PLAN TO REACH MILLIONS.

One of the most ingenious plans to secure a wide usefulness for his sermons was adopted by Dr. Talmage in connection with Louis Klopsch of the

Christian Herald. The sermons were put into type and sent out in advance to hundreds of newspapers in the United States and Canada for simultaneous publication on a given day. By this means readers of journals having an aggregate circulation of millions had before them each week the vivid, thrilling pulpit utterances of the Brooklyn preacher.

It was urged against this scheme that most of the newspapers printed the matter as telegraph, prefacing it with a line of introduction and a Brooklyn date, thus conveying to their readers the impression that wire tolls had been paid; in other words, that the paper had displayed a lot of enterprise in getting the matter, which impression was false and misleading. The answer of Dr. Talmage's supporters was that he had never countenanced the deception, but that the whole effect of the publications was good in spite of it.

To newspaper men Dr. Talmage was always considerate. It was a revelation to those who had only seen him in the pulpit to interview him in his study. He lost entirely the fervid, aggressive, militant quality which affected the nerves of his listeners. He was a genial, kindly and dignified man.

But on the platform—the pulpit was only a figure of speech so far as he was concerned—he followed to the letter the idea of Demosthenes when, being asked to define what eloquence was, he said: "Action! Action! Action!" Dr. Talmage was always moving. His gestures were rarely graceful; but they always impressed his hearers. He was as different from Henry Ward Beecher as day from night, but for many years he divided with the Plymouth pastor the honors of being the first clerical orator in Brooklyn and in the world.

CHAPTER XII.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE MAN.

INTEREST SHOWN IN MEN AND THEIR EMPLOYMENTS—HIS DISPLAY OF THE PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS, CLERKS AND TELEGRAPHERS—FINDS SOMETHING IN THE BIBLE THAT APPLIES DIRECTLY TO EVERYONE.

As a student of men Talmage must take rank with the prominent novelists and dramatists of America, if not of the world. The knowledge obtained from this source came very near to wisdom, if in fact it did not reach to that high altitude of the mind. But he was a preacher first, last and all the time. Whatever he discovered that was new or strange to him he immediately applied to it the standard of the gospel. If it stood the test he catalogued it among the things to be commended. If it failed it went for illustration into the cabinet of things to be condemned. And what a store of these "points in character" he had collected and classified! Read any one of his sermons and you cannot but be astounded at the wealth of its homely figures evidently picked up bit by bit from quick and acute observation of people during the self-forgetful moments of their active life. He evidently cared little for men and women on dress parade. Few of his illustrations are drawn from superficial surroundings. He fished always in deep water, and for game fish. It is said of him that he never made a journey of ten miles on a railroad train without forming the acquaintance and learning something of the life of at least one more person. His memory was trained to remember everything that was striking or unusual, and this continual search after new material made it possible for him to preach a special sermon to any class of men on the shortest possible notice; to draw his illustrations for its development and clinch his argument with happy illustrations from the every-day lives of the people to whom he was talking. This was perhaps the source of his great

strength with his congregations which assembled from all walks of life. In the Tabernacle the poor touched elbows with the rich, and the fair, soft hand of the banker was lost in the broad, calloused palm of the puddler from the steel works. More strange than this, the sermons preached to that mixed assembly of urbanites was read with equal interest in the farm house, in the logging camp, in the cowboy's shack and in the cabin of the miner. Talmage may have lacked form in the pulpit, may have erred in judgment as to the polite way to say things—if indeed he took any thought of word, attitude or gesture when once he had warmed to his subject—but he never missed the essential features of his message. He went to the fountain-head of knowledge for his facts; he found them in the heart of man, and he found the heart of every other man ready to receive them as experiences in their own lives. Some one has said that feeling is elemental, and nothing that one person feels can be strange to any other person. Whether this be true or not, Talmage was universal enough to select for his illustrations feelings that are elemental so that his meaning was never obscure, no matter what his subject.

It is marvelous that a man should have spoken so much and written so much on such a variety of subjects and yet have uttered no sentence over which the critics can speculate as to its meaning. Every thought, as it rose in his mind, seems to have crystallized as a separate entity and shot forth a distinct Thing which cannot by any possibility be mistaken for any other thing.

The faculty of Talmage to specialize in his sermons is well illustrated in a series of three discourses delivered, one to commercial travelers, one to clerks and one to telegraph operators. For the first he took his text from Nahum, 2:4:

"The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

"It has been found out that many of the arts and discoveries which we supposed were peculiar to our own age are merely the restoration of the arts and discoveries of thousands of years ago. I suppose that the past centuries have forgotten more than the present century knows. It seems to me that they must have known thousands of years ago, in the days of Ninevah, of

the uses of steam and its application to swift travel. In my text I hear the rush of the rail-train, the clang of the wheels, and the jamming of the car couplings. 'The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightnings.'

"Have you ever taken your position in the night, far away from a depot, along the track, waiting to see the rail-train come at full speed? At first you heard in the distance a rumbling like the coming of a storm; then you saw the flash of the head-light of the locomotive as it turned the curve; then you saw the wilder glare of the fiery eye of the train as it came plunging toward you; then you heard the shriek of the whistle that frenzied all the echoes; then you saw the hurricane dash of cinders; then you felt the jar of the passing earthquake, and you saw the shot thunderbolt of the express train. Well, it seems that we can hear the passing of a midnight express train in my text: 'Their chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad way; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings.'

"I halt the train long enough to get on board, and I go through the cars and I find three-fourths of the passengers are commercial travelers. They are a folk peculiar to themselves, easily recognized, at home on all the trains, not startled by the sudden dropping of the brakes, familiar with all the railroad signals, can tell you what is the next station, how long the train will stop, what place the passengers take luncheon at; can give you information on almost any subject, are cosmopolitan, at home everywhere from Bangor to Cincinnati. They are on the eight o'clock morning train, on the noon train, on the midnight train. You take a berth in a sleeping car, and either above you or beneath you is one of these gentlemen. There are 30,000 professed commercial travellers in New York City, 100,000 professed commercial travellers in the United States; but 500,000 would not include all those who are sometimes engaged in this service. They spend millions of dollars every day in the hotels and in the rail-trains. They have their official newspaper organ. They have their mutual benefit association, 2,000 names on the rolls, and have already distributed more than $68,000 among the families of deceased mem-

bers. They are ubiquitous, unique, and tremendous for good or evil. All the tendencies of merchandise are toward their multiplication. The house that stands back on its dignity and waits for customers to come, instead of going to seek bargain-makers, will have more and more unsalable goods on the shelf, and will gradually lose its control of the markets, while the great, enterprising and successful houses will have their agents on all the trains, and 'their chariots will rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings.'

MEN LIKE TO BE PRAYED FOR.

"I think commercial travelers can stand a sermon of warm-hearted sympathy. If you have any words of good cheer for them, you had better utter them. If you have any good, honest prayers in their behalf, they will be greatly obliged to you. I never knew a man yet who did not like to be prayed for; I never knew a man yet that did not like to be helped. It seems to me that the sermon I preach this morning is timely. At this season of the year there are tens of thousands of men going out to gather the spring trade. The month of March, in all our commercial establishments, is a very busy month. In a few days our national perplexities will all be settled, and then look out for the brightest ten years of national prosperity which this country has ever witnessed. All our astute commercial men feel that we are standing at the opening gate of wonderful prosperity. Let the manufacturers put the bands on their wheels, and the merchants open a new set of account books in place of those filled with long columns of bad debts. Let us start on a new commercial campaign. Let us drop the old tune of 'Naomi,' and take up 'Ariel' or 'Antioch.' 'Oh,' you say, 'it is impossible that this land after so much depression should be revived.' Why, in 1857 there were failures to the amount of $291,000,000; we got over that; we will get over this (panic of 1873). God hath not dealt so with any nation; as for His judgments we have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

"Now you, the commercial traveler, have received orders from the head men of the firm that you are to start on a long excursion. You have your patterns all assorted and prepared. You have them put up in bundles or

cases, and marked. You have full instructions as to prices. You know on what prices you are to stand firm, and from what prices you may retreat somewhat. You have your valise or trunk, or both, packed. If I were a stranger I would have no right to look into that valise, but as I am your brother I will take the liberty. I look into the valise and I congratulate you on all these comfortable articles of apparel. The seasons are so changeable you have not taken a single precaution too many. Some night you will get out in the snowbank and have to walk three or four miles until you get to the railroad station, and you will want all these comforts and conveniences. But will you excuse me if I make two or three suggestions about this valise? You say, 'Certainly, as we are having a plain, frank talk this morning, I will not be offended at any honorable suggestion.'

A PEEP INTO A VALISE.

"What is this little package in the valise? 'Oh,' you say, 'that is a pack of cards.' Well, my brother, you do not want to be lumbered with unnecessary baggage, and if you want to play cards you will find persons equipped with them on all the rail-trains and at all the depots; besides that, there are Christian people, weak-headed if you will, but still Christian people, who do not like cards, and who do not like to trade with people who play cards. 'But,' you say, 'there is certainly no harm in a pack of cards, is there?' Instead of directly answering your question, I will give you, as my opinion, that there are thousands of men with as strong a brain as you who have gone through card-playing into games of chance, and have dropped down into the gambler's life and into the gambler's hell. A Christian gentleman came from England to this country. He brought with him $70,000 in money. He proposed to invest the money. Part of it was his own; part of it was his mother's. He went into a Christian church; was coldly received, and said to himself, 'Well, if that is the kind of Christian people they have in America, I don't want to associate with them much.' So he joined a card-playing party. He went a little further on, and, after a while, he was in games of chance, and lost all of the $70,000. Worse than that, he lost all his good morals; and, on the night that he blew his brains

out, he wrote to the lady to whom he was affianced an apology for the crime he was about to commit, and saying in so many words: 'My first step to ruin was the joining of that card party.'

BOTTLE-CARRYING DANGEROUS.

"Well, I don't want to be too inquisitive, but what is this other little bundle in the valise? 'Oh,' you say, 'that is a brandy flask.' Well, now, my brother, just empty the contents, and fill it with cholera mixture. It is very important, when you are absent from home and on the train, that you have medicine which you can take in case of sudden sickness. Then if on a long route, your friends expect you to take them to the end of the train, and pour out some disinfectant into the begrimed glass at the water-tank, while they are standing around, smacking their lips, waiting for a drink, pour out some of this cholera mixture.

"Now, you have taken my advice about two things. I have only one more counsel to give you, and then I will bother you no more with your baggage. Make an addition of some good, wholesome reading. Let it be in history, or a poem, or a book of pure fiction, or some volume that will give you information in regard to your line of business. Then add to that a Bible in round, beautiful type—small type is bad for the eyes anywhere, but peculiarly killing in the jolt of the rail-train. Put your railroad guide and your Bible side by side—the one to show you the route through this world, and the other to show you the route to the next world. 'Oh,' you say, 'that is superfluous, for now in all the hotels, in the parlor, you will find a Bible, and in nearly all the rooms of the guests you will find one.' But, my brother, that is not your Bible. You want your own hat, your own coat, your own blanket, your own Bible. 'But,' you say, 'I am not a Christian, and you ought not to expect me to carry a Bible.' My brother, a great many people are not Christians who carry a Bible. Besides that, before you get home, you might become a Christian, and you would feel awkward without a copy. Besides that, you might get bad news from home. I see you with trembling hand opening the telegram saying, 'George is dying,' or, 'Fannie is dead—come home.' As you sit in the train, stunned with the

calamity, going home, you will have no taste for the newspapers, or for fine scenery, or for conversation, and yet you must keep your thoughts employed, or you will go stark mad. Then you will want a Bible, whether you read it or not. It will be a comfort to have it near you—that book full of promises which have comforted other people in like calamity. Whether you study the promises or not, you will want that book near you.

SUNDAY WORK UNPROFITABLE.

"Now you are all ready to start. You have your valise in the right hand, and you have your blanket and shawl-strap in the left hand. Good-by! May you have a prosperous journey; large sales—great percentages. Oh, there is one thing I forgot to ask you about! What train are you going to take? 'Well,' you say, 'I will take the five o'clock Sunday afternoon train.' Why? 'Oh,' you say, 'I shall save a day by that, and on Monday morning I will be in the distant city, in the commercial establishment by the time the merchants come down.' My brother, you are starting wrong. If you clip off something from the Lord's day, the Lord will clip off something from your lifetime successes. Sabbath-breaking pays no better for this world than it pays for the next. There was a large establishment in New York that said to a young man: 'We want you to start to-morrow afternoon—Sunday afternoon—at five o'clock, for Pittsburg.' 'Ah,' replied the young man, 'I never travel on Sunday.' 'Well,' said the head man of the firm, 'you must go; we have got to make time, and you must go to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock.' The young man said: 'I can't go, it is against my conscience; I can't go.' 'Well,' said the head man of the firm, 'then you will have to lose your situation; there are plenty of men who would like to go.' The temptation was too great for the young man, and he succumbed to it. He obeyed orders. He left on the five o'clock train Sunday afternoon for Pittsburg. Do you want the sequel in very short metre? That young man has gone down into a life of dissipation. What has become of the business firm? Bankrupt—one of the firm a confirmed gambler.

"Out of every week, get twenty-four hours for yourself. Your employer, young man, has no right to swindle you out of that rest. The bitter curse of

Almighty God will rest upon that commercial establishment which expects its employes to break the Sabbath. What right has a Christian merchant to sit down in church on the Sabbath when his clerks are traveling abroad through the land on that day? Get up, professed Christian merchant, so acting. You have no business here. Go out and call that boy back. There was a merchant in 1837, who wrote: 'I should have been a dead man had it not been for the Sabbath. Obliged to work from morning until night through the whole week, I felt on Saturday, especially on Saturday afternoon, that I must have rest. It was like going into a dense fog. Everything looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all and kept the Sabbath in the old way. On Monday it was all sunshine, but had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been in my grave.'

"Now, I say if the Sabbath is good for the employer, it is good for the employe. Young man, the dollar that you earn on the Sabbath is a red-hot dollar; and if you can put it into a bag with five thousand honest dollars, that red-hot dollar will burn a hole through the bottom of the bag, and let out all the five thousand dollars with it.

READ GOOD BOOKS ALWAYS.

"But I see you change your mind, and you are going on Monday morning, and I see you take the train—the Hudson River, or the Erie, or the Pennsylvania, or the Harlem, or the New Haven train. For a few weeks, now, you will pass half of your time in the rail-train. How are you going to occupy the time? Open the valise, and take out a book and begin to read. Magnificent opportunities have our commercial travelers for gaining information above all other clerks or merchants. The best place in the world to study is a rail-train. I know it by experience. Do not do as some commercial travelers do—as many of them do, as most of them do—sit reading the same newspaper over and over again, and all the advertisements through and through; then sit for two or three hours calculating the profits they expect to make; then spending two or three hours looking listlessly out of the window; then spending three or four hours in the smoking-car, the

nastiest place in Christendom, talking with men who do not know as much as you do. Instead of that, call William Shakespeare, the dramatist, and John Ruskin, the essayist, and Tennyson, the poet, and Bancroft and Macauley, the historians, and Ezekiel and Paul, the inspired men of God, and ask them to sit with you, and talk with you, as they will if you ask them. I hear you say: 'I do wish I could get out of this business of commercial traveling; I don't like it.' My brother, why don't you read yourself out? Give me a young man of ordinary intellect and good eye-sight, and let him devote to valuable reading the time not actually occupied in commercial errand, and in six years he will be qualified for any position for which he is ambitious.

GET THE HABIT OF STUDY.

"'Oh,' you say, 'I have no taste for reading.' Now, that is the trouble, but it is no excuse. There was a time, my brother, when you had no taste for cigars, they made you very sick, but you persevered until cigars have become to you a luxury. Now, if you can afford to struggle on to get a bad habit, is it not worth while to struggle on to get a good habit like that of reading? There is no excuse for a man lacking information, if he have the rare opportunities of a commercial traveler. Improve your mind. Remember the 'Learned Blacksmith,' who, while blowing the bellows, set his book up against the brickwork, and became acquainted with fifty languages. Remember the scholarly Gifford, who, while an apprentice, wrought out the arithmetical problem with his awl on a piece of leather. Remember Abercrombie, who snatched here and there a fragmentary five minutes from an exhausting profession, and wrote immortal treatises on ethics."

Talmage shows in the following paragraphs a deep insight into the laws of trade:

NECESSARY KNOWLEDGE OF GOODS.

"Be ashamed to sell foreign fabrics or fruits unless you know something about the looms that wove them or the vineyards that grew them," says the wise preacher. "Understand all about the laws that control commercial life; about banking; about tariffs; about markets; about navigation;

about foreign people—their characteristics and their political revolutions as they affect ours; about the harvests of Russia, the vineyards of Italy, the tea fields of China. Learn about the great commercial centers of Carthage, and Assyria, and Phœnicia. Read all about the Medici of Florence, mighty in trade, mightier in philanthropies. You belong to the royal family of merchants—be worthy of that royal family. Oh, take my advice this morning, and turn the years of weariness into years of luxury. Take those hours you spend at the depot, waiting for the delayed train, and make them Pisgah heights from which you can view the promised land. When you are waiting for the train, hour after hour in the depot, do not spend your time reading the sewing-machine advertisements, and looking up the time-tables of routes you will never take, going the twentieth time to the door to see whether the train is coming, bothering the ticket agent and telegraph operator with questions which you ask merely because you want to pass away the time. But rather summon up the great essayists, and philosophers, and story-tellers, and thinkers of the ages, and have them entertain you."

The picture he paints in the following words is a real Verestchagen:

"But you have come now near the end of your railroad travel. I can tell by the motion of the car that they are pulling the patent brakes down. The engineer rings the bell at the crossing. The train stops. 'All out!' cries the conductor. You dismount from the train. You reach the hotel. The landlord is glad to see you—very glad! He stretches out his hand across the registry book with all the disinterested warmth of a brother! You are assigned an apartment. In that uninviting apartment you stay only long enough to make yourself presentable. You descend then into the reading room, and there you find the commercial travelers seated around a long table, with a great elevation in the center covered with advertisements; while there are inkstands sunken in the bed of the table, and scattered all around rusty steel pens and patches of blotting paper. Of course, you will not stay there. You saunter out among the merchants. You present your letters of introduction and authority. You begin business. Now, let me say there are two or three things you ought to remember. First, that all the trade you get by the practice of 'treating' will not stick. If you cannot

get custom except by tipping a wine-glass with somebody, you had better not get his custom. An old commercial traveler gives as his experience that trade gotten by 'treating' always damages the house that gets it, in one way or the other.

"I CHARGE YOU, TELL THE TRUTH!"

"Again, I charge you, tell the whole truth about anything you sell. Lying commercial travelers will precede you. Lying commercial travelers will come right after you into the same store. Do not let their unfair competition tempt you from the straight line. It is an awful bargain that a man makes when he sells his goods and his soul at the same time.

"But it is almost night, and you go back to the hotel. Now comes the mighty tug for the commercial traveler. Tell me where he spends his evenings, and I will tell you where he will spend eternity, and I will tell you what will be his worldly prospects. There is an abundance of choice. There is your room with the books. There are the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. There are the week-night services of the Christian churches. There is the gambling saloon. There is the theater. There is the house of infamy. Plenty of places to go to. But which, O immortal man, which? O God, which? 'Well,' you say, 'I guess, then, I will go to—I guess I will go to the gambling saloon.' You will go first to look. Then you will go to play. You will make $100, you will make $500, you will make $1,000, you will make $1,500—then you will lose all. These wretches of the gambling saloon know how to tempt you. But, mark this: all gamblers die poor. They may make fortunes—great fortunes—but they lose them.

"HER STEPS TAKE HOLD ON HELL."

"Then there is the house of infamy. Commercial travelers have told me that in the letter-box at the hotel, within one hour after their arrival, they have had letters of evil solicitation in that direction. It is far away from home. Nobody will know it. Commercial travelers have sometimes gone in that evil path. Why not you? Halt! There are other gates of ruin, through which a man may go and yet come out, but that gate has a

spring lock which snaps him in forever! He who goes there is damned already. He may seem to be comparatively free for a little while, but he is only on the limits, and the Satanic police have their eyes upon him to bring him in at any moment. The hot curse of God is on that crime, and, because of it, there are men here to-day whose heaven was blotted out ten years ago. There is no danger that they be lost; they are lost now. I look through their glaring eyeballs down into the lowest cavern of hell! O destroyed spirit, why comest thou in here to-day? Dost think I have power to break open the barred gateway of the penitentiary of the damned? There is a passage in Proverbs I somewhat hesitate to read, but I do not hesitate long: 'At the window of my house I looked through my casement, and behold among the simple ones, I discovered among the youths a young man, void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner, and he went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks, till a dart strikes through his liver.'

TEMPTATIONS OF SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

"But now the question is still open: Where will you spend your evening? O commercial travelers, how much will you give me to put you on the right track? Without charging you a farthing I will prescribe for you a plan which will save you for this world and the next, if you will take it. Go before you leave home to the Young Men's Christian Association of the city where you live. Get from them letters of introduction. Carry them out to the towns and cities where you go. If there be no such association in the place you visit, then present them at the door of Christian churches, and hand them over to the pastors. Be not slow to arise in the devotional meeting and say: 'I am a commercial traveler; I am far away from home, and I come in here to-night to seek Christian society.' The best houses and the highest style of amusement will open before you, and, instead of your being dependent upon the leprous crew who hang around the hotels, wanting to show you all the slums of the city, on the one condition that you will pay their expenses, you will get the benediction of God in every

town you visit. Remember this, that whatever place you visit, bad influences will seek you out; good influences you must seek out.

"O commercial travelers, I pray for you to-day the all-sustaining grace of God. There are two kinds of days when you are especially in need of divine grace. The one, the day when you have no success—when you fail to make a sale, and you are very much disappointed, and you go back to your hotel discomfited. That night you will be tempted to go to strong drink and rush into bad dissipations. The other day, when you will especially need divine grace, will be when you had a day of great success, and the devil tells you you must go and celebrate that success. Then you will want the grace of God to restrain you from rollicking indulgences. Yes, there will be a third day when you will need to be Christians, and that will be the last day of your life. I do not know where you will spend it. Perhaps in your house, more probably in a rail-car, or a steamer, or the strange hotel. I see you on your last commercial errand. You have bidden good-by to the family at home for the last time. The train of your earthly existence is nearing the depot of the grave. The brakes are falling. The bell rings at the terminus. The train stops. All out for eternity! Show your ticket now for getting into the gate of the shining city—the red ticket washed in the blood of the Lamb."

SERMON TO CLERKS.

In another sermon to Clerks he discovers an equally deep knowledge of mercantile methods and as fine an appreciation of the trials and temptations, sympathies and aspirations of this great army of the employed. As is his usual custom, he prefaces his oration with a homily on the actions of mankind. He says:

"There are certain styles of behavior which lead to usefulness, honor, and permanent success, and there are certain styles of behavior which lead to dust, dishonor, and moral default. I would like to fire the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy with those who would prepare young folks for life by whittling down their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to church or state who begins life cowed down. The business of Christianity is not to quench but to direct human ambition. Therefore it is that I come out this morning and utter

words of encouragement to those who are occupied as clerks in the stores, and shops, and banking-houses of the country. The people in this audience who are clerks are not an exceptional class. They belong to a great company of tens of thousands who are in this country, amid circumstances which will either make or break them for time and eternity. I should be very slow to acknowledge that the clerks, male and female, of other cities, are any more honest or faithful than the clerks of our own city. Many of these people have already achieved a Christian manliness and a Christian womanliness which will be their passport to any position. I have seen their trials. I have watched their perplexities. There are evils abroad which need to be hunted down, and dragged out into the noonday light.

EMPLOYMENT A SCHOOL.

"In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After a while, some December day, the head men of the firm will call you into the back office, and they will say to you: 'Now, you have done well by us; we are going to do well by you. We invite you to have an interest in our concern.' You will bow to that edict very gracefully. Getting into a street car to go home, an old comrade will meet you and say: 'What makes you look so happy to-night.' 'Oh,' you will say, 'nothing, nothing.' But in a few days your name will blossom on the sign. Either in the store or bank where you are now, or in some other store or bank, you will take a higher position than that which you now occupy. So I feel to-day that I am standing before people who will yet have their hand on the helm of the world's commerce, and you will turn it this way or that; now clerks, but to be bankers, importers, insurance company directors, shippers, contractors, superintendents of railroads—your voice mighty 'on 'change'—standing foremost in the great financial and religious enterprises of the day. For, though we who are in professions may, on the platform, plead for the philanthropies,

after all, the merchants must come forth with their millions to sustain the movement.

COLLEGE EDUCATION NOT NECESSARY.

"Be, therefore, patient and diligent in this transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in any other place. What you consider your disadvantages are your grand opportunity. You see an affluent father some day come down on a prominent street with his son, who has just graduated from the University, and establishing him in business, putting $50,000 of capital in the store. Well, you are envious. You have advantages over that young man which he has not over you. As well might I come down to the docks when a vessel is about to sail for Valparaiso, and say: 'Let me pilot this ship out of the Narrows.' Why, I would sink crew and cargo before I got out of the harbor, simply because I know nothing about pilotage. Wealthy sea captains put their sons before the mast for the reason that they know that it is the only place where they can learn to be successful sailors. It is only under drill that people get to understand pilotage and navigation, and I want you to understand that it takes no more skill to conduct a vessel out of the harbor and across the sea, than to steer a commercial establishment clear of the rocks. You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know nothing about. A man makes a fortune in one business; thinks there is another occupation more comfortable; goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments of our cities are giving to their clerks a mercantile education as thorough as Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton are giving scientific attainment to the students matriculated. The reason there are so many men foundering in business from year to year, is because their early mercantile education was neglected. Ask these men in high commercial circles, and they will tell you they thank God for this severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march, if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promised land.

WOMEN THE EQUALS OF MEN.

"But you say: 'Will the womanly clerks in our stores have promotion?' Yes. Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toil in

mercantile circles as men are now paid for their toil. Time is coming when a woman will be allowed to do anything she can do well. It is only a little while ago when women knew nothing of telegraphy, and they were kept out of a great many commercial circles where they are now welcome; and the time will go on until the woman who at one counter in a store sells $5,000 worth of goods in a year, will get as high a salary as the man who at the other counter of the same store sells $5,000 worth of goods. All honor to Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. And in passing, I may as well say that you merchants who have female clerks in your stores ought to treat them with great courtesy and kindness. When they are not positively engaged, let them sit down. In England and in the United States physicians have protested against the habit of compelling the female clerks in the stores to stand when it was not necessary for them to stand. Therefore, I add to the protest of physicians the protest of the Christian Church, and in the name of good health, and that God who has made the womanly constitution more delicate than man's, I demand that you let her sit down.

"The second counsel I have to give to the clerks who are here to-day, is that you seek out what are the lawful regulations of your establishment and then submit to them. Every well-ordered house has its usages. In military life, there must be order and discipline. Those people who do not learn how to obey, will never know how to command. I will tell you what young man will make ruin, financial and moral: it is the young man who thrusts his thumb into his vest and says: 'Nobody shall dictate to me, I am my own master; I will not submit to the regulations of this house.' Between an establishment in which all the employes are under thorough discipline and the establishment in which the employes do about as they choose, is the difference between success and failure—between rapid accumulation and utter bankruptcy. Do not come to the store ten minutes after the time. Be there within two seconds, and let it be two seconds before instead of two seconds after. Do not think anything too insignificant to do well. Do not say, 'It's only just once.' From the most important transaction in commerce down to the particular style in which you tie a string around a bundle, obey orders. Do not get easily disgusted. While others in the

store may lounge, or fret, or complain, you go with ready hands, and cheerful face, and contented spirit to your work. When the bugle sounds, the good soldier asks no questions, but shoulders his knapsack, fills his canteen and listens for the command to 'March!'

EMPLOYER'S SUCCESS HONORS EMPLOYES.

"Do not get the idea that your interests and those of your employer are antagonistic. His success will be your honor. His embarrassment will be your dismay. Expose none of the frailties of the firm. Tell no store secrets. Do not blab! Rebuff those persons who come to find out from clerks what ought never be known outside the store. Do not be among those young men who take on a mysterious air when something is said against the firm that employs them, as much as to say: 'I could tell you some things if I would, but I won't.' Do not be among those who imagine they can build themselves up by pulling somebody else down. Be not ashamed to be a subaltern.

"Again, I counsel clerks in this house to search out what are the unlawful and dishonest demands of an establishment, and resist them. In the six thousand years that have passed, there has never been an occasion when it was one's duty to sin against God. It is never right to do wrong. If the head men of the firm expect of you dishonesty, disappoint them. 'Oh,' you say, 'I should lose my place then.' Better lose your place than lose your soul. But you will not lose your place. Christian heroism is always honored. You go to the head man of your store, and say: 'Sir, I want to serve you; I want to oblige you; it is from no lack of industry on my part, but this thing seems to me to be wrong, and it is a sin against my conscience, it is a sin against God, and I beg you, sir, to excuse me.' He may flush up and swear, but he will cool down, and he will have more admiration for you than for those who submit to his evil dictation; and while they sink, you will rise. Do not, because of seeming temporary advantage, give up your character, young man. Under God, that is the only thing you have to build on. Give up that, you give up everything. That employer asks a young man to hurt himself for time and for eternity, who expects him to make a wrong entry,

or change an invoice, or say goods cost so much when they cost less, or impose upon the verdancy of a customer, or misrepresent a style of fabric. How dare he demand of you anything so insolent?

INCONSIDERATION OF CUSTOMERS.

"Again, I counsel all clerks to conquer the trials of their particular position. One great trial for clerks is the inconsideration of customers. There are people who are entirely polite everywhere else, but gruff and dictatorial, and contemptible when they come into a store to buy anything. There are thousands of men and women who go from store to store to price things, without any idea of purchase. They are not satisfied until every roll of goods is brought down and they have pointed out all the real or imaginary defects. They try on all kinds of kid gloves, and stretch them out of shape and they put on all styles of cloak and walk to the mirror to see how it would look, and then they sail out of the store, saying, 'I will not take it to-day;' which means, 'I don't want it at all,' leaving the clerk amid a wreck of ribbons, and laces, and cloths, to smooth out a thousand dollars' worth of goods —not a cent of which did that man or woman buy or expect to buy. Now I call that dishonesty on the part of the customer. If a boy runs into a store and takes a roll of cloth off the counter, and sneaks out into the street, you all join in the cry pell-mell: 'Stop thief!' When I see you go into a store not expecting to buy anything but to price things, stealing the time of the clerk, and stealing the time of his employer, I say, too: 'Stop thief!'

"If I were asked which class of persons most need the grace of God amid their annoyances, I would say: 'Dry-goods clerks.' All the indignation of customers about the high prices comes on the clerk. For instance: A great war comes. The manufactories are closed. The people go off to battle. The price of goods runs up. A customer comes into a store. Goods have gone up. 'How much is that worth?' 'A dollar!' 'A dollar! Outrageous. A dollar!' Why, who is to blame? Who is to blame for the fact that it has got to be a dollar? Does the indignation go out to the manufactures on the banks of the Merrimac because they have closed up? No. Does the indignation go out to the employer at his country seat? No. It

comes to the clerk. He got up the war. He levied the taxes. He put up the rents. Of course, the clerk."

DRAMA OF THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

In this sermon he runs the whole course of the drama of the great department store, now sympathizing with the clerk who is unjustly treated by his employer, now warning him against the manifold temptations of his employment, now painting in lurid colors the results of yielding to those temptations, now hurling invectives of wrath at the selfish and heartless employer who grinds his help into the dust for sake of gain, now finding sympathy for both in their endless competitive struggle for existence. Then he closes this remarkable address with this magnificent peroration:

"After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of the quick feet on the Custom House steps has stopped, after the long line of merchantmen on the sea have taken sail of flame, after Brooklyn, and New York, and London, and Vienna, have gone down into the grave where Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre lie buried, after the great fire-bells of the judgment-day have tolled at the burning of a world—on that day, all the affairs of banking-houses and stores will come up for inspection. Oh, what an opening of account books! Side by side, the clerks and the men who employed them—the people who owned thread-and-needle stores on the same footing with the Stewarts, and the Delanos, and the Abbotts, and the Barings. Every invoice made out—all the labels of goods—all certificates of stock—all lists of prices—all private marks of the firm, now explained so everybody can understand them. All lamps of cities that were never built, but in which lots were sold. All bargains. All gougings. All snap judgments. All false entries. All adulteration of liquors with copperas and strychnine. All mixing of teas, and sugars, and coffees, and syrups with cheaper material. All embezzlements of trust funds. All swindles in coal, and iron, and oil, and silver, and stocks. All Swartouts, and Huntingtons, and Ketchums. On that day when the cities of this world are smoking in the last conflagration, the trial will go on; and down in an avalanche of destruction will go those who wronged man or woman, insulted

God and defied the judgment. Oh, that will be a great day for you, honest Christian clerk. No getting up early; no retiring late; no walking around with weary limbs; but a mansion in which to live, and a realm of light, and life, and joy over which to hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up from glory to glory, and from song to song, and from throne to throne; for while others go down into the sea with their gold like a millstone hanging to their neck, this one shall come up the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling, glittering, flaming casket

SERMON TO TELEGRAPHERS.

In a sermon to telegraphers he again shows his seemingly inexhaustible knowledge of the world's history and affairs, as well as of men and their passions. "Last Monday," he says, "while I was looking, in the Western Union telegraph office, at the new electro-motor telegraph printing instrument, there unrolled before me a message plainly printed from the operator in the city of Washington, giving me his compliments, and saying: 'How do you like this performance?' leaving me struck through, as never before, with a sense of the almost omniscient and omnipresent power of American telegraphy. What painstaking since the day when Thales, 600 years before Christ, discovered frictional electricity by the rubbing of amber; and Winbler, in the last century, sent electric currents along metallic wires, until our day, Farraday, and Bain, and Henry, and Morse, and Prescott, and Orton—some in one way and some in another way, have helped the lightning of heaven to come bounding along, crying: 'Here we are!'

STORY OF TRIAL AND STRUGGLES.

"The whole story of telegraphy has been a story of trial and struggles. Go back to 1844, in Boston, and you see a telegraph wire reaching from Milk street to School street, and the people paying twenty-five cents to see it operated, and the next year, 1845, in New York, you find a short telegraph running up Broadway, and the people paying twenty-five cents to see it operated, the operators going to bed hungry; their bed the hard floor of the office where they worked. It has been struggle all the way up

and all the way down. Sebastopol, and Austerlitz, and Gettysburg were not more exciting scenes than those which were seen and suffered when the Atlantic cable was laid in 1858, 1865 and 1866. And Wellington won no more brilliant victory at Waterloo than did Cyrus W. Field when he landed at Heart's Content Office, after thirteen years of exposure and hardship, and caricature, and scoffing, and telegraphed to New York City:

" 'Heart's Content, July 27.

" 'Arrived safely. All well. The cable laid, and in perfect order.'

"Well might the choir of Old Trinity Church, New York, a few days after, celebrate the event in the presence of two hundred gowned clergymen, chanting while the organs rolled out the harmony: 'Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation.' You may weave your garlands around the brow of conquerors who have waded chin-deep in blood to get more territory. I shall save my garlands for the Galvanis, and the Davys, and the Bains, and the Captain Hudsons, who have helped, as by the stroke of God's omnipotence, to weld the continents together. And it has been trouble, and trial, and struggle all the way through. The pioneers of the telegraph were the target for the ridicule of two hemispheres. When the cable broke, in 1858, all the nations jeered, and said: 'We told you so.' The Indians on the plain, the Arabs on the desert, the wild beasts in India, tore up the lines. The United States Government again and again has attempted to appropriate or steal the telegraphs of this country, and make them a mere system of political jobbery. Resistance to all this, and continuance amid all this, has made telegraphy in this country a strife, and a struggle, and a heroism. Oh, what a stride from the time when the Roman generals were dependent upon the signals given by the bonfires kindled on mountain-top, or the rockets, the torches, the columns of smoke, or the rotating-beam placed on high points, which in the time of Napoleon became enveloped in fog, so only half the message reached London, announcing 'Wellington defeated,' throwing the whole city into consternation, until on the following day, when the fog lifted, the whole message arrived, saying: 'Wellington defeated the French at Salamanca!'

down on from those days until this time, when one telegraph company sends twenty million despatches in one year.

HOW TELEGRAPHY HAS HELPED THE HOME.

"What has this art done for the domestic circle? In sudden exigency how quick it brings the physician! The fire that, in a few hours, would have burned the beautiful home into ashes, at the call of the electric telegraph is put out in five minutes. You are in a distant hotel, and in a paroxysm of pain. Yes, you are dying alone. No rail-train could have carried your message swift enough. You telegraph: 'Come!' And very soon upon your dying vision there dawns the familiar and sympathetic face of her who has been to you as a sweet song ever since the day when, amid the orange blossoms and the sound of wedding march, you put the ring on her hand and promised to be faithful until death doth you part. And though you are far away, her breath on your dying cheek makes you feel at home and you look into her tearful eyes, and say: 'My dear, I am so glad you have come.' There is not a home in Christendom but has by telegraph been put under everlasting obligation. A father may travel seven days in a straight line, and every night before retiring receive the salutations of his household.

INFLUENCE ON ART.

"What has this art done for literature? One great curse of literature is verbosity—long sentences for small ideas—a whole pack of hounding adjectives after one poor noun! The economics of telegraphy came and declared: 'Put what you have to say in ten words, or pay extra for every preposition, every adjective, every conjunctive.' Under this mighty pressure the land is learning the beauty of brevity. Men who would have taken two hours to tell a story, crowd, squeeze, compress, and jam it all into the ten words of the electric telegram. Why be a spendthrift of words? With four words God ordered the illuminations of two hemispheres: 'Let—there—be—light.' With five words the archangel shall preach the funeral sermon of the world: 'Time—shall—be—no—longer!' The world is being talked to death! And the American telegraph is helping to abate the nuisance. And any institu-

tion like the telegraph, or the postoffice, that cultures in the people a healthful taciturnity ought to be encouraged. Men talk too much, and women too!

AID TO THE CHURCH.

"What has this art done for the Church of God? Gathering up the doings of conventions, and presbyteries, and conferences, it comes bounding, saying: 'Here we are!' Years ago, when a dying English soldier in India telegraphed to a Christian officer, hundreds of miles away: 'What must I do to be saved?' the Christian officer telegraphed back: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' What a question and answer to go to and fro! When the Agamemnon and the Niagara had successfully put down the Atlantic cable, the directors in London sent the first telegram to the directors in New York. The song of the angels: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will to men.' When the great revival occurred in 1857, the John Street prayer meeting in New York telegraphed to the great meeting in Jaynes Hall, Philadelphia, saying: 'Christian brethren, we greet you in brotherly love.' The inhabitants of your city shall go to another, saying: 'Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and seek the Lord of Hosts: I will go also. Praise the Lord; call upon His name; declare His doings among the people; make mention that His name is exalted.' And immediately there came over the telegraph wires from Philadelphia the answer: 'Jaynes Hall prayer meeting crowded; with one mind and heart they glorify our Father in heaven for the work He is doing in our city and country; the Lord hath done great things for us; may He who holds the seven stars in His right hand and who walks in the midst of the churches be with you by His spirit this day!' Ay, in 1857, the telegraph was the torch that set the whole land on fire with Christian enthusiasm, and 500,000 souls stepped into the kingdom of God. There is not a day now that Christian messages do not go over the wires. Every morning the secular and religious news of the world is put on our breakfast tables by the telegraph through the newspaper—the newspaper press of this country in one year giving $521,000 for telegraphic intelligence—the newspaper press in Continental Europe $11,000,000 in one year for telegraphic intelli-

gence. The telegraph takes the whole earth in its benediction. The wires long enough to girdle the globe five times; from St. Kene to Brest, from Brest to Suez, from Suez to Bombay, from Bombay to Singapore. Oh, what a thrill of supremacy for the telegraph! The American villain lands in the arms of the Liverpool police. To arrest crime, to scatter good, to strike the key-note of musical accord, God has ordained the telegraph.

PLEASANT WORK FOR WOMEN.

"I am glad that woman, shut out from so many other fields of employment, has been admitted here. Telegraphy says to her: 'Come down out of that killing work, and put your hand on this cleanly, and intelligent, and healthful employment;' and woman is to-day refining all telegraphic circles. People are better behaved, have more elevated conversation, and brighter cheer where women are. Is not that so? If it is not, why do we all love to get into the ladies' cabin of the Fulton Ferry? I thank God that woman, who has never had any chance, has been permitted to enter upon this elevated realm of telegraphy.

MERCIES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

"I celebrate the mercies of the telegraph. What meant those storm-signals at Barnegat, and Haltnas, and St. John, and Key West, yesterday? By some color or some shape indicating a storm from the North, or a storm from the South, or changeable currents? Why, it meant the telegraph is gathering up the reports of thermometers, and barometers, and wind vanes, all over the land. And as Elijah, the prophet, ran down Mount Carmel ahead of King Ahab's chariot, announcing the coming of the rain, so this scientific prophet ran ahead of the imperial storm—ran down Mount Washington and the Alleghanies and up from the Caribbean Sea, crying: 'A tempest! Get ready on all the coasts; let the fishing-smacks stand off from the breakers; let not the steamers attempt harbor to-night; let all these vessels close reef maintopsail.' There are thousands of sailors sleeping amid the corals and sea-weed who this morning would have been alive had the storm-signals been lifted years before. Telegraph operators! they who go down to the sea in ships bless you. And in all the homes from which you have

signalled back bereavement, in the morning and evening prayer before God, let mention be made of the mercies of telegraphy.

"What mean those rail-trains going up and down the great thoroughfares without accident, or with but few accidents—with less comparative loss of life than the old stage-coach—putting almost a quarter of a century between Norwalk and Ashtabula disasters? Telegraphs are watching around these chariots of fire, telling when they start—when they stop—all about them. Millions of people traveling one way in perfect safety.

REMEMBER THE OPERATOR.

"I charge you to seek divine solace in all your perplexities. To the outside world your work seems ambrosial. How easy to sit in a chair in a warm office and read, by the sound of the armature, or manipulate an instrument as easily as you would a piano! 'Here, at last, is an occupation without any annoyances or trials.' Alas! since the day you began to learn the art, you have not been free from annoyances and trials. Send five thousand telegrams without the mistake of a word, and in the five thousand and first telegram make the slightest mistake, and what a rattling there is at the other end of the lines. The officers of the company are besieged with charges of your inefficiency. People prowl around wanting to get your position. You are put down on a smaller salary in a less conspicuous position, or you are turned out, and you sit amazed that such attenuated lightning could make such loud thunder. Your nerves, your eyes, your heart sore with annoyance. So it is along the line of telegraphy, and in all departments, from the uninformed lads who run with the lead-pencil and the receipt book, and the message, clean up to the room of the electrician, and the room of the treasurer, and vice-president, and the president.

"Now let me say to the men and women engaged in this art, Do not make that art a mere matter of livelihood. Can it be that you have no Christian gratitude to God who has allowed you to put your hand upon this mighty fulcrum which is to help to raise a sunken world toward a stooping heaven? I preach this sermon to magnify your office and to stir up in your soul an application of the grandeur of that work to which God has called you."

CHAPTER XIII.

LOVE THE MOTOR POWER OF GREATNESS.

WHAT A STUDY OF TALMAGE REVEALS—HIS GREAT LOVE FOR NATURE IN ALL HER FORMS—HUNTING FOR SECLUSION IN A COUNTRY HOME—CRITICISM OF A RURAL VILLAGE—POETRY OF THE WOODS, FIELDS AND MOUNTAINS.

The first thing we discover when we begin the study of a man, to find out why he was great in literature, art, science, business or war, is that he was a deep and passionate lover. That is the secret of his success. That is the secret of all success. The man who has the nature of a lover and then concentrates his love on any one thing is almost sure to get that thing in abundance. He can hardly help it. Take the miser. In youth he was no doubt full of spirits, a strong youth, a pushing young man. He was destined to love something with all his nature. Circumstances made that thing gold. After that there was no question about his getting money. If a man have a dollar in his pocket and love money better than he loves anything else in the world he will not part with the coin. He will look upon the tempting viands when he is hungry, shake his head and go away feeling that they are not worth the cost. He will rather be cold than part with the smallest portion of his treasure. He loves money better than anything else in the world and will not change a piece of it for comfort or pleasure for that reason. It naturally follows that he gets money to the exclusion of everything else.

It is the same way in art. The poet loves the chiming of sweet words in his soul better than he loves wealth, or power, wife and child, health or comfort. He sings when he is starving; he sees those who should be his care and pride suffering from cold and hunger and tries to rouse himself to answer to their needs. But the siren of song lures him from duty as the siren of gold lures the miser, the siren of ambition the politician, the siren of glory the soldier. All these men must be intrinsically great. They could not love one thing with such ardor were they less than that. They could not sacrifice

everything, even themselves, to gain and keep possession of something that others throw away or are ready to give in exchange for the thing they love.

Drummond says that love is the greatest thing in the world. He meant it in the sense that it is an overruling spirit that takes possession of persons and makes them beautiful. That is looking at life from the standpoint of the Buddhist. But this love that moves individuals to act in one way or another is really the character builder of the material world. Some men are blessed or cursed with a superabundance of this quality in their natures. If their choice fall on or be guided to a proper and worthy object in the beginning such natures are certain to be accounted great in the world.

Talmage was a great lover. His heart was so big that it welcomed all things and made them at home there. He resembled Dickens in one respect. The oddities in individuals held a fascination for him. He loved to take a farmer, a commercial traveler, a sailor, a banker, an actor, some characteristic representative of trade, business or profession as the foundation for a discourse and by a critical analysis of his peculiarities applied to his occupation illustrate his theme. In this way he introduced into his sermon a living personality and gave to his preachment a human interest that could be secured in no other way.

Had Talmage been less of a universal lover he would have failed in his attempt to preach a practical religion and at the same time keep well within the bounds of his church creed. That he did succeed in this to a remarkable degree proves the greatness of the man. How all phases of life appealed to his imagination is illustrated in an article he contributed to *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1867. He was then but thirty-five years old and had not developed that epigrammatic literary style and exclamatory delivery that in the later years of his ministry became such a pronounced feature of his utterance. From Woodside he writes:

"On this the brightest week of the brightest month of all the year I sit down to write that which I hope may be pleasant to read when red-armed Autumn smites his anvil, and through all the woods the sparks are flying, and it needs not a prophetic eye to see the mountains from base to tip-top filled with horses and chariots of fire. Indeed, June and October, if they could see each

other, would soon be married. Not much difference between their ages; the one fair and the other ruddy; both beautiful to look upon, and typical; the one holding a bunch of flowers, and the other a basket of fruit. The south winds would harp at the nuptials, and against the uplifted chalices would dash the blood of strawberry and grape. To that marriage altar January would bring its cups of crystal, and April its strung beads of shower, and July its golden crown of wheat."

Here we see the poet-lover of nature reveling in the beauty of the seasons. But the practical side of the man immediately asserts itself. He turns from the delightful contemplation of the beauties of the country to describe the personal experiences of his journey thither.

"While yet the March snows were on the ground we started out to purchase a place in the country. Had unaccountable experiences with land-agents, drove horses terrible for tardiness or speed, gazed on hills and flats, examined houses with roof pitched or horizontal, heard fabulous stories of Pennsylvania grass and New Jersey berries, until one day, the wind a hurricane, and the roads a slush, and the horse a-drip with rain from blinder to trace, we drove up in front of a cottage, the first glance at which assured us we had come to the fulfillment of our wishes."

Now that he is among country people he cannot resist the temptation to delineate their characters and that close habit of observation which make all his sermons a panorama of events with living characters moving in them is shown in that early day.

"In selecting a place to live," he writes, "the first requisite is seclusion. There is a profound satisfaction in not being looked at. After dwelling for considerable time in a large place you are apt to know a multitude. If on some Monday morning, starting down street, you feel decidedly frisky, you must nevertheless walk with as grave a step as though ascending a pulpit. If you acted out one-half the blitheness you feel a score of gentlemen and ladies would question your sanity. A country village affords no retreat. You can not raise half a dozen goslings without having them stoned for picking off your neighbor's gooseberries. Gossip wants no better heaven than a small village. Miss Glib stands at her gate three times a day talking with old Mrs.

Chatterbox, and on rainy days at the blacksmith shop the whole business of the town swims in a tank of tobacco-juice of the worst plug. Everybody knows whether this morning out of the butcher's cart you bought mutton or calf's liver, and the mason's wife, at the risk of breaking her neck, rushes down stairs to exclaim, 'Just think of it! Mrs. Stuckup has bought a sirloin steak, and she is no better than other people!' Your brass kettle is always borrowed. A bandbox was seen going from the millinary shop to the house of a villager on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday morning a score of people are early at church, head half-turned toward the door, ready to watch the coming in of the new purchase, handkerchief up to mouth, ready to burst out at what they pronounce a perfect fright of a bonnet. They always ask what you gave for a thing, and say you were cheated; had something of a better quality they could have let you have for half the money. We have at different times lived in a small village, and many of our best friends dwell there, but we give as our opinion that there are other places more favorable for a man's getting to heaven.

"Yes, our place must be secluded. Not roused at night by fire-engines, nor wakened in the morning by the rattle of milkman's wagon. Our milk-can shall come softly up in the shape of our clear-eyed, sleek-skinned, beautiful Devon. No chalk-settlings at the bottom of the milk, or unaccountable things floating on the top—honest milk, innocent of pump, foaming till it seems piled up above the rivets of the pail-handle. The air at noon untormented of jar and crash and jostle: only hen's cackle, and sheep's bleat, and cow's bellow, and the rattle of clevises as the plow wheels at the end of the furrow. No calling in of people just because they suppose it is expected, but the coming in of neighbors and friends because they really want to see you, their appetite so whetted with the breath of plowed ground that they are satisfied if you have nothing but ham for dinner. Such seclusion we have at Woodside.

"It is never real morning except in the country. In the city in the early part of the day there is a mixed color that climbs down over the roofs opposite, and through the smoke of the chimney, that makes people think it is time to get up and comb their hair. But we have real morning in the country. Morning! descending 'from God out of heaven like a bride adorned for her

husband.' A few moments ago I looked out, and the army of night-shadows were striking their tents. A red light on the horizon that does not make me think as it did Alexander Smith of "the barren beach of hell," but more like unto the fire kindled on the shore by Him whom the disciples saw at daybreak stirring the blaze on the beach of Genesareth. Just now the dew woke up in the hammock of the tree-branches and the light kissed it. Yonder, leaning against the sky, two great uprights of flame, crossed by many rundles of fire! Some Jacob must have been dreaming. Through those burnished gates a flaming chariot rolls. Some Elijah must be ascending. Morning! I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every sight beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfigured. The skies in conflagration. The air as if sweeping down from hanging-gardens of heaven. The foam of celestial seas plashed on the white tops of the spiræa. The honeysuckle on one side my porch challenges the sweet-brier on the other. The odors of heliotrope overflow the urns and flood the garden. Syringas with bridal blossoms in their hair, and roses bleeding with a very carnage of color. Oh, the glories of day-dawn in the country! My pen trembles, and my eyes moisten. Unlike the flaming sword that drove out the first pair from Eden, these fiery splendors seem like swords unsheathed by angel hands to drive us in.

"We always thought we would like to have a place near a woods. A few trees will not satisfy us. They feel lonely, and sigh, and complain about the house; but give me an untamed woods that with innumerable voices talk all night in their sleep, and when God passes in the chariot of the wind wave their plumes and shout, as multitudes in a king's procession.

"Our first night at Woodside was gusty, and with the hymn of multitudinous spring leaves in our ears we dreamed all night of waves roaring and battalions tramping. Shrubs and bushes do not know much, and have but little to say, but old trees are grand company. Like Jotham's, they talk in parables from the top of Gerizim; have whole histories in their trunk; tell you of what happened when your father was a boy; hold engravings on their leaves of divine etching, and every bursting bud is a 'Thanatopsis.' There are some trees that were never meant to be civilized. With great sweat and

strain I dug up from the woods a small tree and set it in the door-yard; but it has been in a huff ever since. I saw at the time that it did not like it. It never will feel at home among the dressed-up evergreens. It is difficult successfully to set hemlocks and kalmias and witch-hazel into the rhyme of a garden. They do better in the wild blank verse of the forest. * * * * Last evening we sped along the skirt of the wood. Our horse prefers to go fast, and we like to please him; and what with the odor of red clover tops, and the breath of the woods, we were happy enough.

Doesn't this cheerful rhapsodizing on what is generally considered the drudgery of life give a happy glimpse of the man Talmage? To find so much of real enjoyment in digging with a back-breaking hoe about a hill of potatoes, or turning up the sweet-smelling soil with a dull spade is glorious. It is a healthy as well as a poetical mind that discovers so much that is pleasing in every-day employments. It was this love of country life, and sympathy with the vocations of the hard-worked country people that made him such a welcome guest in the homes of the uncitified and caused his sermons to be watched for and read at the firesides of four million rural American homes.

Amid such scenes he found that rest which is so grateful to the brain-worker after a season of close application to his books and pen. He revels in the thought that he is to remain among these scenes until the Autumn. He feels that his congregation which has allowed him this respite will reap the benefit of their generosity in stronger and more virile preaching when he shall again take up his labors in the Fall. And what he is enjoying he wishes for every other preacher. "Congregations," he says, "would be advantaged by it if for a few weeks of every year they would allow their pastors a little farm life. Three weeks at fashionable watering-places will not do the work. There is not enough salts and sulphur in all the springs to overcome the tight shoes and the uncomfortable gloves, and the late hours and the high living, and the dresses economical at the neck. Rather turn us out to physical work. A sharp hoe will hack to pieces all your dyspepsia. A pruning-knife will cut off the excrescences of your disposition. The dash of the shower that wets you to the skin will cool your spirit for ecclesiastical strife. Daily swinging of the axe will tone up your nerves. Trampling down the hay as it is tossed into the mow

will tread into forgetfulness your little perplexities. In the wake of the plow you may pick up strength with which to battle public iniquity. Neighbors looking over the fence may think we are only weeding cantaloupes, or splitting rails, or husking corn, when we are rebuilding our strength, enkindling our spirits, quickening our brain, purifying our theology, and blessing our souls.

THE PLACE OF FLOWERS IN CREATION.

"Here I stop. The aroma of the garden almost bewilders my senses. Flowers seem to me the dividing-line between the physical and the spiritual. The stamen of the honey-suckle is the alabaster pillar at which the terrestrial and the celestial part and meet. Out of the cup of the water-lily earth and heaven drink. May the blessing of larkspur and sweet-william fall upon all the dwellers in country and town! Let there be some one to set a tuft of mignonette by every sick man's pillow, and plant a fuchsia in every working-man's yard, and place a geranium in every sewing-girl's window, and twine a cypress about every poor man's grave. And, above all, may there come upon us the blessing of Him whose breath is the redolence of flowers! Between these leaves I press thee—Oh! 'Lily of the Valley!' "

TALMAGE THE GREAT LOVER.

Here we have Talmage at his best. Not Talmage the preacher, nor Talmage the orator, nor Talmage the business man, but Talmage the great lover. He revels in the joy of embracing the whole landscape, rich with verdure and bloom, fragrant with the aroma of Nature at work in her laboratory of perfumes, and resplendent with the glory of unclouded sunshine.

Whenever we catch Talmage off his guard, forgetting that he is a great general in the battle against evil, and expressing the undiluted joy of his soul in the love of Things, we cannot help but love him in return for his great outpouring of world-sympathy. It is the same if he is among the beautiful New Jersey hills, sailing along the classic Hudson, trampling the heather of historic Scotland, or standing reverently before the site of the holy temples of Jerusalem. When he was leaving this country for England on his first trip abroad he gives us his impressions of the grandeur of the sea:

"We had built up all the stories of the sea-faring men into one tremendous imagining of the ocean. We went on board ready for typhoons and euroclydons. We thought the sea a monster, with ships in its maw, and hurricanes in its mane. In our ten days' voyage, we have seen it in various moods, but have been impressed with nothing so much as the smile of the sea. While we have not found the poetic 'cradle of the deep,' we have concluded that the sea is only a vigorous old nurse that jolts the child up and down on a hard knee, without much reference to how much it can endure.

"We cannot forget the brightness of the morning in which we came down the bay, followed to Sandy Hook by five hundred friends, lashing us out to sea with waving pocket-handkerchiefs, and pelting us with their huzzas. The sun set, and the moon took the veil of a nun and went into the dark turrets of midnight cloud, and the stars dropped their flakes of light into the water, and melted into the blackness; but the sunlight of the cheery faces at the starting has shone on three thousand miles of water. So many friendly hands helped steady the ship, and the breath of so many voices filled the sails, which, by the help of the great screw, are bearing us onward."

APPRECIATION OF LOVE.

In an essay on *Country Life and Rural Beauty,* he tells how he observes and appreciates this virtue of love in others:

> "To one who has been long in city pent,
> 'Tis sweet to look upon the fair
> And open face of heaven."

"What a beautiful trait in the character of the English people is their hearty love of everything that savors and sounds of 'country!' It is a thoroughly healthy characteristic—deep-rooted and not to be eradicated by the longest and most engrossing occupations of a city or town life.

"Many a fainting heart is cheered by the hope that one day a success will crown the labors of years, and enable the industrious citizen to close his days amid the quiet of a green suburban retreat, or a country-house, far off among fields, hedge-rows, and babbling brooks, with the flowers blowing, and

skylarks singing at will, freely and joyously. This is the dream of youth, the hope of manhood, and the realization of age in the case of many.

"We do not wonder at the universality of this feeling among our countrymen and countrywomen. This old green country is worthy of all their admiration, love, and pride. It is almost a part of themselves, and associations connected with it are bound up with their being. Our poets have sung it, till it has become mixed up with their tenderest and strongest influences. History has made it venerable; its old castles, and abbeys, and churches—its battlefields—its old halls, and country houses, are they not identified in history with the march of this great people in civilization and freedom?

"Then there are the birthplaces of its great men, the haunts of its poets, the stately piles dedicated to learning, the magnificent palaces of the nobles, the homes of the people, the huts of the poor, scattered all over this green land. There are the old forests, older than the Norman Conquest: and the old streams and mountains, older than all.

FRESHNESS AND JOY OF THE COUNTRY.

"Country! The very word has music in it; it brings up thoughts of the erry maypole, the freshness of the woods and fields, pansies and spring violets, shady lanes, and rose-embowered lattices; the hum of bees, and the music of birds, the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle at eventide, clear skies from which the sun shines down among green leaves, and upon grassland, mossy banks, and gurgling rills, while trout and minnow

> " 'Taste the luxury of glowing beams
> Tempered with coolness.'

"Country, however, we cannot all have; we who live in towns and cities—the great accumulated deposits of civilization—must ply away at our several tasks, some with the hammer, and others with the quill; shopmen at their counters; lawyers in their chambers; needlewomen in their attics; merchants in their counting-houses; laborers at their daily work. But even here there are beauties and simple pleasures if we look for them.

"Let us, then, look at the bright, at the happy side of things; and we shall

thus have delight in struggling onward ourselves, and in helping others to do likewise. Encourage the habit of being happy, for habit assuredly it is. Thus will adversity be made more hopeful, and prosperity more joyous. Let not the mind give way to gloomy thoughts, but be cheerful. Scarcely is there a subject that does not afford room for agreeable meditation. There is no human being so humble as not to be an object of human interest. There is no object in nature so mean as not to afford matter for instructive thought; and he who cannot extract benefit from such contemplations is certainly not in any respect to be envied. Wordsworth says:

> "'He who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used.'

"There is pleasure to be gathered from things in themselves apparently the most trivial. It is the sunshine of the heart that gives brightness, beauty, and meaning to them; it falls upon coldness, and warms it; upon suffering, and comforts it; upon ignorance, and enlightens it; upon sorrow, and cheers it. Without it, flowers bloom in vain, and all creation is but one dreary, lifeless, soulless blank.

LOOK FOR THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"Jeremy Bentham says, 'Look out for the brightest side of things; let all ideas be made to spring up in the realms of pleasure, as far as the will can act upon the production. A large part of existence is necessarily passed in inaction. By day (to take an instance from the thousands in constant recurrence), when in attendance on others, and the time is lost by being kept waiting; by night, when sleep is unwilling to close the eyelids—the economy of happiness recommends the occupations of pleasurable thought. In walking abroad, or in resting at home, the mind cannot be vacant; its thoughts may be useful, useless, or pernicious to happiness. Direct them aright; the habit of happy thought will spring up like any other habit.'

"This is sound, practical sense—moreover, excellent philosophy; and it affords valuable hints to those who would extract a rational enjoyment from

existence. If suffering is to be borne—as it must—at least let us learn how it is best to be met, and how the struggling heart is to be comforted and supported in the midst of its trials. But let us not imitate those minds which, like flies, are ever settling upon sores. We must endeavor to know much, and to love much; for the more one knows and loves, the more one lives, feels, and enjoys. Cherish the habit of cheerfulness above all things; it will serve alike for prosperity and adversity, and there will always be, at least, a gleam of sunshine.

LOVE IN THE MARKET PLACE.

"Go to Washington Market any morning in June, and you will there find the general love of flowers and green leaves displaying itself in another form. The stalls are filled with endless loads of bouquets; the tables are gayly set out with their tempting array of calceolarias, geraniums, fuchsias, cactuses, roses and heliotrope, all nicely potted and mossed; and few there are who can resist the pleasure of having one or more of these in possession, and bearing them off in triumph. Many a longing look is cast upon these stalls by those too poor to buy.

"What would many a poor girl give to be the owner of one of those sweet plants, reminding them, as they do, of country, and gardens, and sunshine, and the fresh beauty of nature?

"The love of flowers is beautiful in the young, beautiful in the aged. It bespeaks simplicity, purity, delicate taste, and an innate love of nature.

"And long may flowers bloom in the homes of our people—in their parlor windows, in their one-roomed cottages, in their attics, in their cellar dwellings even. We have hope for the hearts that love flowers, and the country of which they are born.

"See, perched in that window-sill, high above the rushing tide of city life, a lark in its narrow cage. Its eyes upturned, and its feet planted on the bit of green turf, which its owner brought from under a great oak tree in the forest, when on his last holiday ramble; it pours through its little throat a flood of melody and joy. Though confined, yet it sees the sun through its prison bars, looks up cheerfully and sings! And its captive owner in that narrow room

behind—captive by the necessity of laboring for his daily bread—he, too, as he hears the glad melody, and as his eyes glance at the bit of green turf, and then at the blue sky above, feels joy and love 'shed abroad in his heart,' and he labors on more hopefully, even though the carol of the lark has brought his childhood's home, the verdure of its fields, and the music of its words, gushing into his memory.

"Sing on, then, bird of heaven!

LOVE THE SPIRIT OF HOLIDAYS.

"You see the love of country strongly display itself on all the holidays in the year. Then you find crowds of men, women, and children, pressing and panting out of the towns and cities in all directions, toward the fields and the fresh air.

"Steamers up and steamers down, stage coaches, 'busses,' and cabs; and, above all, railway trains, are, on such days, packed tight with passengers, all bound for the 'country,' for a day on the hills, in the woods, or by the rivers—a long day of fresh breathing and pure delight.

"We might say a great deal more of the thousand other forms in which this love of country exhibits itself among us—of the cottage gardening, the taste for which is rapidly extending among the people—the small allotments so eagerly desired by workingmen; the amateur gentleman farming; of the love of rural sports, and games, and exercise; of our national literature, which is so full of the free breath of the country, of our poetry and song, which from Shakespeare to Wordsworth has always drawn its finest imagery from nature, and has never struck the chords of the national heart with more electric power than when appealing to country life and rural beauty."

FAMILIARITY WITH BIRDS.

Nothing in nature seems to have escaped the notice of this great universal lover. In a sermon entitled Migration Heavenward he shows what a delicate appreciation he has of all the families of birds, from the wren to the eagle. He found an appropriate text for this beautiful sermon in Jeremiah viii:7.

"The stork in heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and

the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

"When God would set fast a beautiful thought, He plants it in a tree. When He would put it afloat, He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air, He moulds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come, in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the door-way; the sweet-dispositioned turtle-dove, mingling in color white, and black, and brown, and ashen, and chestnut; the crane, with a voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out-of-doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

"Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look into the deep blue of the noonday heaven; but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks, and turtle-doves, and cranes, and swallows, drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves into two lines making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call bidding them onward; while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs; and he puts his hand upon the pen, and begins to write: 'The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.'

CONVENTION OF SONGSTERS.

"If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American Con-

gress the last night before adjournment, or as the English Parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the Queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, some moving that they go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the table-lands of Mexico, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of the frost, and in the pictorial of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire-crested wren, or a plover, or a red-legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the South, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America, or in Africa; and after thousands of miles of flight, they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with music, and whether from Northern fields, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings, or hear your voice, may they bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text: 'The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.'

BIRDS MORE SAGACIOUS THAN MEN.

"I propose, so far as God may help me, this morning, carrying out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that *they mingle music with their work.* The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual travel from the Hudson to the Amazon, from the Thames to the Nile. Naturalists tell us that they arrive there thin, and weary, and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground, the lower line of the music, the sky, the upper line of the music, themselves, the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing, and helps on with the journey, dwindling a thousand miles into four hundred. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our

every-day work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning, and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life, and set it to the tune of 'Antioch' or 'Mount Pisgah.'

"It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace, that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. * * * The birds of the air are wiser than we, in the fact that, in their migration, *they fly very high.* During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun; but when they start for the annual flight southward, they take their places mid-heaven, and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder can not reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward! The stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God, and lie down. On the morrow, those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again; but, staying all the time in the old encampment, we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations, and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the Church of God—if we, as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh for a higher fight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson!

" 'Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?'

WISDOM OF THE BIRDS.

"Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they *know when to start.* If you should go out now and shout, 'Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!' they would say, 'No, we can not stop; last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go.' So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm or mountain top or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. Oh that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say, 'Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year.' After a while we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half-way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the 'draw was up' and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there, with elaborate pieces of music. After a while Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said, 'What are you playing? I see no music before you.' And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, 'I am impro-

vising. It was very well for him, but oh, my friends, we can not extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. If we go out of this world unpardoned, we secure for our souls a blasted residence. Oh that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest!

THE PINCHING FROST OF SIN.

"Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this lifetime? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy. The Southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for Northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Another frost is bidding you away—it is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? 'Oh,' you say, 'I have moved.' Why did you move? You say, 'I don't want as large a house now as formerly.' Why do you not want as large a house? You say, 'My family is not so large.' Where have they gone to? Eternity! Your mind goes back through that last sickness and through the almost supernatural effort to keep life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling and I hear the hearts breaking—while I speak, I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone! alone! alone! This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and oh! weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind and the frost and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all-comforting God. Oh, I have noticed again and again what a botch this world makes of it when it tries to comfort a soul in trouble! It says, 'Don't cry!' How

can we help crying when the heart's treasures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, and everything seems gone? It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. The world comes up and says, 'Oh, it is only the body of your loved one that you have put in the ground!' But there is no comfort in that. That body is precious. Shall we never put our hand in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again? Away with your heartlessness, oh world! But come, Jesus! and tell us that when the tears fall they fall into God's bottle; that the dear bodies of our loved ones shall rise radiant in the resurrection; and all the breakings down here shall be liftings up there, and 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes.'

EXHORTATIONS OF THE BIRDS.

"You may have noticed that when the chaffinch or the stork or the crane starts on its migration, it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree-tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol and the long roll-call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael. I ask you if those who sat at your breakfast-table this morning will sit with you in heaven? I ask you what influences you are trying to bring upon them, what example you are setting them? Are you calling them to go with you? Ay, Ay, have you started yourself? I say it in all love. I could not stand here in any other spirit and say this.

"Start for heaven yourself, and take your children with you. Come thou and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Heaven beckons from above; hell gapes from beneath; and this is the only safe hour. Oh, make the best of it. Swifter than eagle's stroke, put out for

heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night nor day until you find the right place for stopping. Seated to-day in Christian service, will you be seated in the same glorious service when the heavens have passed away with a great noise, and the elements have melted with fervent heat, and the redeemed are gathered around the throne of Jesus? Oh, is it impossible that the separating line goes through any family in my beloved flock? Is the father on one side and the mother on the other side of the line that divides the two eternities? If you are saved, take your friends with you. Invite all your children to go along. Together on earth, may you be together in heaven!"

HOW TALMAGE USED HIS FAULTS.

These are only a few of the many examples of the living love for all things that burned in the heart of Talmage. He had faults, great glaring human faults, but even these he made serviceable in his endeavor to help every other human being to be happy. His egotism was great, but his love for man was greater; his eccentricities were pronounced, but his love for all created things overshadowed his wildest gestures and most startling utterances. If he had a keen appreciation of the money value of his sermons and lectures he put into those sermons and lectures only such things as he believed would be helpful to every one who heard or read them, and then saw that they were printed or delivered where thousands upon thousands should get the benefit of his thoughts and studies. If he used sensational means to attract attention to himself he riveted that attention, not on himself, but on the gospel of Jesus Christ. He preached to no individual or class, but to all men and all classes. He believed absolutely in a heaven of happiness for the righteous and longed to see every human being hurrying toward the precious gateway. He believed in a hell of eternal agony and strove to picture it in such colors that all would make strenuous efforts to avoid it. All these things he did, as we may believe from a careful study of his works, because he loved greatly. And measuring the love of the infinite by that of the finite, he beheld a vision of such radiance that he was forever striving to open the hearts of his hearers that into them might stream the warmth and glory and comfort that shone continually into his own.

"I saw in Kensington Garden, London," he cries, "a picture of Waterloo a good while after the battle had passed, and the grass had grown all over the field. There was a dismounted cannon, and a lamb had come up from the pasture and lay sleeping in the mouth of that cannon. So the artist had represented it—a most suggestive thing. Then I thought how the war between God and the soul had ended; and instead of the announcement, 'The wages of sin is death,' there came the words, 'My peace I give unto thee;' and amidst the batteries of the law that had once quaked with the fiery hail of death, I beheld the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

CHAPTER XIV.

HUMOR AND PATHOS OF TALMAGE.

HUMOR NECESSARY TO EMINENCE IN LITERATURE—CHAUCER AND SHAKESPEARE MODELS OF THE BROOKLYN DIVINE—HIS FINE SENSE OF THE RIDICULOUS—PATHOS OFTEN SAVED HIM FROM RIDICULE—SOME OF HIS CHARACTERISTIC STORIES—HIS QUAINT DRAWING OF THE SEXTON.

Humor is the sunshine of literature, as tragedy is its clouds and storms. When the two are gently mingled like the weather of an April day we have pathos: sunshine and cloud alternating, smiles and tears following one another in quick succession, the delightful drama of life as it is lived by most of us. The writer or speaker who can best shade his narrative or his oration to this variety of changing emotions will interest the greatest number of auditors, touch the most hearts, win the widest publicity. Art is the power to reproduce life as it really is. There have been innumerable students of the fine arts who had great talents, were richly endowed with the imaginative faculty, had achieved great felicity of expression, had stores of learning, and who moreover work unceasingly to utter great truths, who failed at last to make an impression on their own time or to live after it because they lacked the softening power of humor. Wit is a barbed shaft that attracts attention to itself by the wounds it makes in the listener's heart. Humor falls upon the conscience "Like the gentle dew from heaven, blessing him that gives and him that takes." We may admire the wit, we love the humorist.

CHAUCER AND SHAKESPEARE.

Chaucer was the first writer of English to recognize the power of that natural humor that bubbles up in the minds of country people who have not the advantages of polite society and are thus thrown back on their own originality for an expression of pleasantries. These homely attempts of

rustics are not always calculated to please refined ears, but they are always genuine in their feeling, and find their figures for illustration, their similes and their application in the lives of their friends and neighbors. Chaucer threw together the exquisite of the court and the blacksmith of the country town and allowed each to recite his thought in his own manner. In this way he got sudden contrasts that highly accentuated the humor of the situation and at the same time preserved the character of the time and the personality of the inhabitants of early Britain for the pleasing study of future writers.

Shakespeare, with all his mighty sweep of tragic force and unsounded seas of wisdom, was yet a gentle humorist. His plays abound with examples of his genial spirit at play with the foibles of the people of his time. His clowns are knowing, but never bitter. They serve to "point a moral or adorn a tale" but with a mellow manner that is often as near tears as laughter. The year was none too full and round for Shakespeare's purposes, but he loved the April weather best and returned oftenest to the sunshine with fleeting clouds and gentle showers. If the storms of human passion swept the stage as Boreas sweeps the land in some fierce winter storm, there was sure to follow a soothing southwind with the suggestion of the perfume of violets in its breath. He had a flower for every grief, a sympathy so broad and deep that he brought balm to strew upon the grave of every ambition overthrown, every love blighted, every hope crushed.

TALMAGEAN HUMOR.

Talmage knew the power of humor, and was such a warm lover of the human race that pathos sprang up in his orations like daisies in a storm. He painted his pictures with a big brush and many of them were lurid with the flames of his zeal for the church and his hatred of the personal devil that he seems to have believed in to the end of his days. But after one of these outbursts of rhetoric wherein he had painted the agonies of the drunkard, the horrors of the murderer, he would suddenly stop, and with modulated voice filled with tender emotion he would recount some pathetic story that had happened in the life of some one whom he had known. So good

a story-teller was he that the audience that he had but a moment before thrown into a state of fright or horror with his gruesome pictures melted to tears under the spell of his pathos. Like Lincoln, the Brooklyn divine had a story to illustrate every point in an argument. He had not the quaint humor of the Greatest American, but he had a rare appreciation of the odd in character and easily found the flaw in the armor of Pride, Selfishness, Vanity and all the tribe of false cavaliers in the lists of life, and having found it he thrust his spear of good-natured satire into the opening to the overthrow of his antagonist.

Talmage was a humorist of a fine type. He made people laugh with him, not at him. The play of his mind on the oddities of character is best seen in his autobiographical writings, such as Around the Tea Table, but none of his sermons is without an occasional flash of humor, or a bit of genial character painting. His delineation of the sexton is a good example of his writing in this vein. "It requires more talent in some respects to be a sexton than to be a king," he says. "A church, in order to have peace and success, needs the right kind of a man at the prow and the right kind at the stern—that is, a good minister and a good sexton."

THE FIDGETY SEXTON.

The good doctor declared, so far as he knew, that there were four kinds of janitors. The fidgety sexton first claims his attention. He has evidently suffered from the nervous nature of this man. "He is never still. His being in any one place proves to him that he ought to be in some other. In the most intense part of the service, every ear alert to the truth, the minister at the very climax of his subject the fidgety official starts up the aisle. The whole congregation instantly turn from the consideration of judgment and eternity to see what the sexton wants. The minister looks, the elders look, the people in the gallery get up to look. It is left in universal doubt as to why the sexton frisked about at just that moment. He must have seen a fly on the opposite side of the church wall that needed to be driven off before it spoiled the fresco, or he may have suspicion that a rat-terrier is in one of the pews by the pulpit, from the fact that he saw two or three children

laughing. Now, there is nothing more perplexing than a dog-chase during religious service. At a prayer-meeting once in my house, a snarling poodle came in, looked around, and then went and sat under the chair of its owner. We had no objection to its being there (dogs should not be shut out from all advantages), but the intruder would not keep quiet. A brother of dolorous whine was engaged in prayer, when poodle evidently thought that the time for response had come, and gave a loud yawn that had no tendency to solemnize the occasion. I resolved to endure it no longer. I started to extirpate the nuisance. I made a fearful pass of my hand in the direction of the dog, but missed him. A lady arose to give me a better chance at the vile pup, but I discovered that he had changed position. I felt by that time obstinately determined to eject him. He had got under a rocking-chair, at a point beyond our reach, unless we got on our knees; and it being a prayer-meeting, we felt no inappropriateness in taking that position. Of course the exercises had meanwhile been suspended, and the eyes of all were upon my undertaking. The elders wished me all success in this police duty, but the mischievous lads by the door were hoping for my failure. Knowing this, I resolved that if the exercises were never resumed, I would consummate the work and eject the disturber. While in this mood I gave a lunge for the dog, not looking to my feet, and fell, over a rocker; but there were sympathetic hands to help me up, and I kept on until by the back of the neck I grasped the grizzly-headed pup, as he commenced kicking, scratching, barking, yelping, howling, and carried him to the door in triumph, and without any care as to where he landed hurled him out into the darkness.

"Give my love to the sexton, and tell him never to chase a dog in religious service. Better let it alone, though it should, like my friend's poll-parrot, during prayer-time, break out with the song, 'I would not live alway!' But the fidgety sexton is ever on the chase; his boots are apt to be noisy and say as he goes up the aisle, 'Creakety-crack! Here I come. Creakety-crack!' Why should he come in to call the doctor out of his pew when the case is not urgent? Cannot the patient wait twenty minutes, or is this the cheap way the doctor has of advertising? Dr. Camomile had but three

cases in three months, and, strange coincidence, they all came to him at half-past eleven o'clock Sunday morning, while he was in church. If windows are to be lowered, or blinds closed, or register to be shut off, let it be before the sermon.

THE LAZY SEXTON.

"He does not lead the stranger to the pew, but goes a little way on the aisle, and points, saying, 'Out yonder!' You leave the photograph of your back in the dust of the seat you occupy; the air is in an atmospheric hash of what was left over last Sunday. Lack of oxygen will dull the best sermon, and clip the wings of gladdest song, and stupefy an audience. People go out from the poisoned air of our churches to die of pneumonia. What a sin, when there is so much fresh air, to let people perish for lack of it! The churches are the worst ventilated buildings on the continent. No amount of grace can make stale air sacred. 'The prince of the power of the air' wants nothing but poisoned air for the churches. After audiences have assembled, and their cheeks are flushed, and their respiration has become painful, it is too late to change it. Open a window or door now, and you ventilate only the top of that man's bald head, and the back of the neck of that delicate woman, and you send off hundreds of people coughing and sneezing. One reason why the Sabbaths are so wide apart is that every church building may have six days of atmospheric purification. The best man's breath once ejected is not worth keeping. Our congregations are dying of asphyxia. In the name of all the best interests of the church, I indict one-half the sextons.

THE GOOD SEXTON.

"He is the minister's blessing, the church's joy, a harbinger of the millennium. People come to church to have him help them up the aisle. He wears slippers. He stands or sits at the end of the church during an impressive discourse, and feels that, though he did not furnish the ideas, he at least furnished the wind necessary in preaching it. He has a quick nostril to detect unconsecrated odors and puts the man who eats garlic on the back seat in the corner. He does not regulate the heat by a broken thermom-

eter, minus the mercury. He has the window-blinds arranged just right—the light not too glaring so as to show the freckles, not too dark so as to cast a gloom, but a subdued light that makes the plainest face attractive. He rings the bell merrily for Christmas festival, and tolls it sadly for the departed. He has real pity for the bereaved in whose house he goes for the purpose of burying their dead—not giving by cold, professional manner the impression that his sympathy for the troubled is overpowered by the joy that he has in selling another coffin. He forgets not his own soul; and though his place is to stand at the door of the ark, it is surely inside of it. After a while, a Sabbath comes when everything is wrong in church; the air is impure, the furnaces fail in their work, and the eyes of the people are blinded with an unpleasant glare. Everybody asks, 'Where is our old sexton?' Alas! he will never come again. He has gone to join Obed-edom and Berechiah, the doorkeepers of the ancient ark. He will never again take the dusting-whisk from the closet under the church stairs, for it is now with him 'Dust to dust.' The bell he so often rang takes up its saddest tolling for him who used to pull it, and the minister goes into his disordered and unswept pulpit, and finds the Bible upside down as he takes it up to read his text in Psalms, 84th chapter and 10th verse: 'I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness!'

THE MASSACRE OF CHURCH MUSIC.

"There has been an effort made for the last twenty years to kill congregational singing. The attempt has been tolerably successful; but it means to me that some rules might be given by which the work could be done more quickly and completely. What is the use of having it lingering on in this uncertain way? Why not put it out of its misery? If you are going to kill a snake, kill it thoroughly, and do not let it keep on wagging its tail till sundown. Congregational singing is a nuisance, anyhow, to many of the people. It interferes with their comfort. It offends their taste. It disposes their noses to flexibility in the upward direction. It is too democratic in its tendency. Down with congregational singing, and let us have no more of it.

"The first rule for killing it is to have only such tunes as the people cannot sing! In some churches it is the custom for choirs at each service to sing one tune which the people know. It is very generous of the choir to do that. The people ought to be very thankful for the donation. They do not deserve it. They are all 'miserable offenders' (I heard them say so), and, if permitted once in a service to sing, ought to think themselves highly favored. But I oppose this singing of even the one tune that the people understand. It spoils them. It gets them hankering after more. Total abstinence is the only safety; for if you allow them to imbibe at all, they will after a while get in the habit of drinking too much of it, and the first thing you know they will be going around drunk on sacred psalmody.

"Besides that, if you let them sing one tune at a service, they will be putting their oar into the other tunes and bothering the choir. There is nothing more annoying to the choir than, at some moment when they have drawn out a note to exquisite fineness, thin as a split hair, to have some blundering elder to come in with a 'Praise ye the Lord!' Total abstinence, I say! Let all the churches take the pledge even against the milder musical beverages; for they who tamper with champagne cider soon get to Hock and old Burgundy.

TUNES THAT FITTED THE FATHERS.

"Now, if all the tunes are new, there will be no temptation to the people. They will not keep humming along, hoping they will find some bars down where they can break into the clover pasture. They will take the tune as an inextricable conundrum, and give it up. Besides that, Pisgah, Ortonville and Brattle Street are old fashioned. They did very well in their day. Our fathers were simple-minded people, and the tunes fitted them. But our fathers are gone, and they ought to have taken their baggage with them. It is a nuisance to have those old tunes floating around the church, and some time, just as we have got the music as fine as an opera, to have a revival of religion come, and some new-born soul break out in 'Rock of Ages, Cleft for me!' till the organist stamps the pedal with indignation, and the leader of the tune gets red in the face and swears. Certainly anything that makes

a man swear is wrong—ergo, congregational singing is wrong. Quod erat demonstrandum; which, being translated means Plain as the nose on a man's face.

"What right have people to sing who know nothing about rhythmics, melodics, dynamics? The old tunes ought to be ashamed of themselves when compared with our modern beauties. Let Dundee, and Portuguese Hymn, and Silver Street hide their heads beside what we heard not long ago in a church—just where I shall not tell. The minister read the hymn beautifully. The organ began, and the choir sang, as near as I could understand, as follows:

Oo—aw—gee—bah
Ah—me—la—he
O—Pah—sah—dah
Wo—Haw—gee-e-e-e.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

"My wife, seated beside me, did not like the music. But I said: 'What beautiful sentiment. My dear, it is a pastoral. You might have known that from 'Wo-haw-gee!' You have had your taste ruined by attending the Brooklyn Tabernacle.' The choir repeated the last line of the hymn four times. Then the prima donna leaped on to the first line, and slipped, and fell on to the second, and that broke let her through into the third. The other voices came in to pick her up, and got into a grand wrangle, and the bass and the soprano beat (women always do), and the bass rolled down into the cellar, and the soprano went up into the garret, but the latter kept on squalling as though the bass, in leaving her, had wickedly torn out all her back hair. I felt anxious about the soprano, and looked back to see if she had fainted; but found her reclining in the arms of a young man who looked strong enough to take care of her.

"Now, I admit that we cannot all have such things in our churches. It costs like sixty. In the church of the Holy Bankak it costs one hundred dollars to have sung that communion piece; 'Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor!' But let us come as near to it as we can. The tune 'Pisgah' has been standing long enough on 'Jordan's stormy banks.' Let it pass

over and get out of the wet weather. Good-bye, Antioch, Harwell and Boylston. Good-bye till we meet in glory.

"But if the prescription of new tunes does not end congregational singing, I have another suggestion. Get an irreligious choir, and put them in a high balcony back of the congregation. I know choirs who are made chiefly of religious people, or those, at least, respectful for sacred things. That will never do, if you want to kill the music. The theatrical troupe are not busy elsewhere on Sabbath, and you can get them at half price to sing the praises of the Lord. Meet them in the green room at the cost of the Black Crook and secure them. They will come to church with opera glasses, which will bring the minister so near to them they can from their high perch, look clear down his throat and see his sermon before it is delivered. They will make excellent poetry on Deacon Goodsoul as he carries around the missionary box. They will write dear little notes to Gonzaldo, asking him how his cold is and how he likes gumdrops. Without interfering with the worship below, they can discuss the comparative fashionableness of 'The Basque' and 'The Polonaise,' the one lady vowing she thinks the first style is 'horrid,' and the other saying she would rather die than be seen in the latter; all this while the chorister is gone out during sermon to refresh himself with a mint-julep, hastening back in time to sing the last hymn. How much like heaven it will be when, at the close of a solemn service, we are favored with snatches from Verdi's 'Trovatore,' Meyerbeer's 'Huguenots' and Bellini's 'Somnambula,' from such artists as

Mademoiselle Squintelle,
Prima Donna Soprano, from Grand Opera House, Paris.

Signor Bombastani,
Basso Buffo, from Royal Italian Opera.

Carl Scheniderine,
First Baritone, of His Majesty's Theatre, Berlin.

"If after three months of taking these two prescriptions the congregational singing is not thoroughly dead, send me a letter directed to my name with the title of O. F. M. (Old Fogy in Music), and I will, on the receipt

thereof, write another prescription, which I am sure will kill it dead as a door-nail, and that is the deadest thing in all history."

Dr. Talmage gives in the following essay not only an excellent example of his humor but introduces us at the same time into the heart of his home-life.

CARLO AND THE FREEZER.

"We had a jolly time at our tea-table this evening. We had not seen our old friend for ten years. When I heard his voice in the hall it seemed like a snatch of 'Auld Lang Syne.' He came from Belleville, where was the first home we ever set up for ourselves. It was a stormy evening, and we did not expect company, but we soon made way for him at the table. Jennie was very willing to stand up at the corner; and after a fair napkin had been thrown over the place where she had dropped a speck of jelly, our friend and I began the rehearsal of other days. While I was alluding to a circumstance that occurred between me and one of my Belleville neighbors the children cried out with stentorian voice, 'Tell us about Carlo and the freezer;' and they kicked the leg of the table, and beat with both hands, and clattered the knives on the plate, until I was compelled to shout, 'Silence! You act like a band of Arabs! Frank, you had better swallow what you have in your mouth before you attempt to talk.' Order having been gained, I began:

"We sat in the country parsonage, on a cold winter day, looking out of our back window toward the house of a neighbor. She was a model of kindness, and a most convenient neighbor to have. It was a rule that worked well for the parsonage, but rather badly for the neighbor, because on our side of the fence we had just begun to keep house, and needed to borrow everything, while we had nothing to lend, except a few sermons, which the neighbor never tried to borrow, from the fact that she had enough of them on Sundays. There is no danger that your neighbor will burn a hole in your new brass kettle if you have none to lend. It will excite no surprise to say that we had an interest in all that happened on the other side of the parsonage fence, and that any injury inflicted on so kind a woman would rouse our sympathy.

CARLO TACKLES THE FREEZER.

"On the wintry morning of which we speak our neighbor had been making ice-cream; but there being some defect in the machinery, the cream had not sufficiently congealed, and so she set the freezer containing the luxury on her back steps, expecting the cold air would completely harden it. What was our dismay to see that our dog Carlo, on whose early education we were expending great care, had taken upon himself the office of ice-cream inspector, and was actually busy with the freezer. We hoisted the window and shouted at him, but his mind was so absorbed in his undertaking he did not stop to listen. Carlo was a greyhound, thin, gaunt and long-nosed, and he was already making his way on down toward the bottom of the can. His eyes and all his head had disappeared in the depths of the freezer. Indeed, he was so far submerged that when he heard us, with quick and infuriate pace, coming up close behind him, he could not get his head out, and so started with the encumbrance on his head, in what direction he knew not. No dog was ever in a more embarrassing position—freezer to the right of him, freezer to the left of him, freezer on the top of him, freezer under him.

"So, thoroughly blinded, he rushed against the fence, then against the side of the house, then against a tree. He barked as though he thought he might explode the nuisance with loud sound, but the sound was confined in so strange a speaking-trumpet that he could not have known his own voice. His way seemed hedged up. Fright and anger and remorse and shame whirled him about without mercy.

CALL OFF YOUR FREEZER.

"A feeling of mirthfulness which sometimes takes me on most inappropriate occasions, seized me, and I sat down on the ground, powerless at the moment when Carlo most needed help. If I only could have got near enough, I would have put my foot on the freezer, and, taking hold of the dog's tail, dislodged him instantly; but this I was not permitted to do. At this stage of the disaster my neighbor appeared with a look of consternation, her cap-strings flying in the cold wind. I tried to explain, but the afore-

said untimely hilarity hindered me. All I could do was to point at the flying freezer and the adjoining dog and ask her to call off her freezer, and with assumed indignation, demand what she meant by trying to kill my greyhound.

"The poor dog's every attempt at escape only wedged himself more thoroughly fast. But after a while, in time to save the dog, though not to save the ice-cream, my neighbor and myself effected a rescue. Edwin Landseer, the great painter of dogs and their friends, missed his best chance by not being there when the parishioner took hold of the freezer and the pastor seized the dog's tail, and, pulling mightily in opposite directions, they each got possession of their own property.

"Carlo was cured of his love for luxuries, and the sight of a freezer on the back steps till the day of his death would send him howling away.

BROAD ROAD TO TROUBLE.

"Carlo found, as many people have found, that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out. Nothing could be more delicious than while he was eating his way in, but what must have been his feelings when he found it impossible to get out! While he was stealing the freezer the freezer stole him.

"Lesson for dogs and men! 'Come in,' says the gray spider to the house-fly; "I have entertained a great many flies. I have plenty of room, fine meals and a gay life. Walk on this suspension-bridge. Give me your hand. Come in, my sweet lady fly. These walls are covered with silk, and the tapestry is gobelin. I am a wonderful creature, I have eight eyes, and of course can see your best interest. Philosophers have written volumes about my antennæ and cephalothorax.' House-fly walks gently in. The web rocks like a cradle in the breeze. The house-fly feels honored to be the guest of such a big spider. We all have regard for big bugs. 'But what is this?" cries the fly, pointing to a broken wing, and this fragment of an insect's foot. There must have been a murder here! Let me go back! Ha! ha! says the spider, the gate is locked, the drawbridge is up. I only contracted to bring you in. I cannot afford to let you out. Take a drop of

this poison, and it will quiet your nerves. I throw this hook of a fang over your neck to keep you from falling off. Word went back to the house-fly's family, and a choir of great green-bottled insects sang this psalm at the funeral:

"'An unfortunate fly a-visiting went,
And in a gossamer web found himself pent.'

ALL DOWN HILL.

"The first five years of a dissipated life is comparatively easy, for it is all down hill; but when the man wakes up and finds his tongue wound with blasphemies, and his eyes swimming in rheum, and the antennae of vice feeling along his nerves, and the spiderish poison eating through his very life, and he resolves to return, he finds it hard traveling, for it is up hill, and the fortresses along the road open on him their batteries. We go into sin hop, skip and jump; we come out of it creeping on all-fours.

"Let flies and dogs and men keep out of mischief. It is ice-cream for Carlo clear down to the bottom of the can, but afterward it is blinded eyes and sore neck and great fright. It is only eighteen inches to go into the freezer; it is three miles out. For Robert Burns it is rich wine and clapping hands and carnival all the way going to Edinburgh; but going back, it is worn-out body, and lost estate, and stinging conscience, and broken heart, and a drunkard's grave.

CARLO WANTED LUXURIES.

"Better moderate our desires. Carlo had that morning as good a breakfast as any dog need to have. It was a law of the household that he would be well fed. Had he been satisfied with bread and meat, all would have been well. But he sauntered out for luxuries. He wanted ice-cream. He got it, but brought upon his head the perils and damages of which I have written. As long as we have reasonable wants we can get on comfortably, but it is the struggle after luxuries that fills society with distress, and populates prisons, and sends hundreds of people stark mad. Dissatisfied with a plain house, and ordinary apparel, and respectable surrounding, they plunge

their head into enterprises and speculations from which they have to sneak out in disgrace. Thousands of men have sacrificed honor and religion for luxuries, and died with the freezer about their ears.

"Young Catchem has one horse, but wants six. Lives in a nice house on Thirtieth street, but wants one on Madison Square. Has one beautiful wife but wants four. Owns a hundred thousand dollars of Erie stock, but mants a million. Plunges his head in schemes of all sorts, eats his way to the bottom of the can till he cannot extricate himself, and constables, and sheriffs, and indignant society, which would have said nothing had he been successful, go to pounding him because he cannot get his head out."

AROUND THE TEA-TABLE.

Dr. Talmage was a great home man. He loved to entertain a few chosen friends at his table, and the occasions were made happy by his genial humor. In his essay, *Around the Tea Table,* he gives a happy description of these little entertainments.

"Our theory has always been, 'Eat lightly in the evening.' While, therefore, morning and noon there is bountifulness, we do not have much on our tea-table but dishes and talk. The most of the world's work ought to be finished by six o'clock P. M. The children are home from school. The wife is done mending or shopping. The merchant has got through with drygoods or hardware. Let the ring of the tea-bell be sharp and musical. Walk into the room fragrant with Oolong or Young Hyson. Seat yourself at the tea-table wide enough apart to have room to take out your pocket handkerchief if you want to cry at any pitiful story of the day, or to spread yourself in laughter if some one propound an irresistible conundrum.

TEA CUP THE QUEEN OF FAIR DOMINIONS.

"The bottle rules the sensual world, but the tea cup is queen in all the fair dominions. Once this leaf was very rare, and fifty dollars a pound; and when the East India Company made a present to the king of two pounds and two ounces, it was considered worth a mark in history. But now Uncle Sam and his wife every year pour thirty million pounds of it into their saucers. Twelve

hundred years ago, a Chinese scholar by the name of Lo Yu wrote of tea, 'It tempers the spirits and harmonizes the mind, dispels lassitude and relieves fatigue, awakens thought and prevents drowsiness, lightens and refreshes the body and clears the perceptive faculties.' Our own observation is that there is nothing that so loosens the hinge of the tongue, soothes the temper, exhilarates the diaphragm, kindles sociality and makes the future promising. Like one of the small glasses in the wall of Barnum's old museum, through which you could see cities and mountains bathed in sunshine, so, as you drink from the tea-cup, and get on toward the bottom so that it is sufficiently elevated, you can see almost anything glorious that you want to. We had a great-aunt who used to come from town with the pockets of her bombazine dress standing way out with nice things for the children, but she would come in looking black as a thunder-cloud until she had got through with her first cup of tea, when she would empty her right pocket of sugar-plums, and having finished her second cup would empty the other pocket, and after she had taken an extra third cup, because she felt so very chilly, it took all the sitting room and parlor and kitchen to contain her exhilaration.

CONVERSATION DEPENDS ON THE TEA.

"Be not suprised if, after your friends are seated at the table, the style of the conversation depends very much on the kind of tea that the housewife pours for the guests. If it be genuine Young Hyson, the leaves of which are gathered early in the season, the talk will be fresh, and spirited, and sunshiny. If it be what the Chinese call Pearl tea, but our merchants have named Gunpowder, the conversation will be explosive, and somebody's reputation will be killed before you get through. If it be green tea, prepared by large infusion of Prussian blue and gypsum, or black tea mixed with pulverized black lead, you may expect there will be a poisonous effect in the conversation and the moral health damaged. The English Parliament found that there had come into that country two million pounds of what the merchants call 'lie tea,' and, as far as I can estimate, about the same amount has been imported into the United States; and when the housewife pours into the cups of her guests a decoction of this 'lie tea,' the group are sure to fall to talking about their

neighbors, and misrepresenting everything they touch. One meeting of a 'sewing society' up in Canada where this tea was served resulted in two lawsuits for slander, four black eyes that were not originally of that color, the expulsion of the minister, and the abrupt removal from the top of the sexton's head of all capillary adornment.

"But on our tea-table we will have first-rate Ningyong, or Pouchong, or Souchong, or Oolong, so that the conversation may be pure and healthy.

TALMAGE AS A REPORTER.

"We propose from time to time to report some of the talk of our visitors at the tea-table. We do not entertain at tea many very great men. The fact is that great men at the tea-table for the most part are a bore. They are apt to be self-absorbed, or so profound I cannot understand them, or analytical of food, or nervous from having studied themselves half to death, or exhume a piece of brown bread from their coat-tail because they are dyspeptic or make such solemn remarks about hydro-benzamide or sulphindigotic acid that the children get frightened and burst out crying, thinking something dreadful is going to happen. Learned Johnson, splashing his pompous wit over the table for Boswell to pick up, must have been a sublime nuisance. It was Goldsmith that he wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll. There is more interest in the dining-room when we have ordinary people than when we have extraordinary.

"There are men and women who occasionally meet at our tea-table whose portraits are worth taking. There are Dr. Butterfield, Mr. Givemfits, Dr. Heavyasbricks, Miss Smiley and Miss Stinger, who come to see us. We expect to invite them all to tea very soon; and as you will in future hear of their talk, it is better that I tell you now some of their characteristics.

"Dr. Butterfield is one of our most welcome visitors at the tea-table. As his name indicates, he is both melting and beautiful. He always takes pleasant views of things. He likes his tea sweet; and after his cup is passed to him, he frequently hands it back and says, 'This is really delightful, but a little more sugar, if you please.' He has a mellowing effect upon the whole company. After hearing him talk a little while, I find tears standing in my eyes

without any sufficient reason. It is almost as good as a sermon to see him wipe his mouth with a napkin. I would not want him all alone to tea, because it would be making a meal of sweetmeats. But when he is present with others of different temperament, he is entertaining. He always reminds me of the dessert called floating island, beaten egg on custard. On all subjects—political, social and religious—he takes the smooth side. He is a minister, and preached a course of fifty-one sermons on heaven in one year, saying that he would preach on the last and fifty-second Sunday concerning a place quite opposite in character; but the audience assembling on that day in August, he rose, and said that it was too hot to preach, and so dismissed them immediately with a benediction. At the tea-table I never could persuade him to take any currant-jelly, for he always preferred strawberry-jam. He rejects acidity.

BOTH SIDES OF THE SUBJECT.

"We generally place opposite him at the tea-table Mr. Givemfits. He is the very antipodes of Dr. Butterfield; and when the two talk, you get both sides of a subject. I have to laugh to hear them talk; and my little girl, at the controversial collisions, gets into such hysterics that we have to send her with her mouth full into the next room, to be pounded on the back to stop her from choking. My friend Givemfits is 'down on' almost everything but tea, and I think one reason of his nervous, sharp, petulant way is that he takes too much of this beverage. He thinks the world is very soon coming to an end and says, 'The sooner the better, confound it!' He is a literary man, a newspaper writer, a book critic, and so on; but if he were a minister, he would preach a course of fifty-one sermons on 'future punishment,' proposing to preach the fifty-second and last Sabbath on 'Future rewards'; but the last Sabbath coming in December, he would say to his audience, 'Really, it is too cold to preach. We will close with the doxology and omit the benediction, as I must go down by the stove to warm.'

"He does not like women—thinks they are of no use in the world, save to set the tea a-drawing. Says there was no trouble in Paradise till a female came there, and that ever since Adam lost the rib woman has been to man a bad pain in the side. He thinks that Dr. Butterfield, who sits opposite him

at the tea-table, is something of a hypocrite, and asks him all sorts of puzzling questions. The fact is it is vinegar-cruet against sugar-bowl in perpetual controversy. I do not blame Givemfits as much as many do. His digestion is poor. The chills and fever enlarged his spleen. He has frequent attacks of neuralgia. Once a week he has the sick headache. His liver is out of order. He has twinges of rheumatism. Nothing he ever takes agrees with him but tea, and that doesn't. He has had a good deal of trial, and the thunder of trouble has soured the milk of human kindness. When he gets criticizing Dr. Butterfield's sermons and books, I have sometimes to pretend that I hear somebody at the front door; so that I can go out in the hall and have an uproarious laugh without being indecorous. It is one of the great amusements of my life to have on opposite sides of my tea-table Dr. Butterfield and Mr. Givemfits."

A DELIGHTFUL COMRADE.

Dr. Talmage was a most delightful comrade for an outing. He was full of enthusiasm as a boy, and a bright day with a fresh breeze had a wonderfully exhilarating effect upon him. In "Crumbs Swept Up" he has the following delightful humorous description of a day in stirrups. The party was making a trip to Mount Washington.

"Puff! puff! goes the locomotive, and the passengers for Mount Washington are set down at the 'Tip-Top House.' So all the romance of climbing is gone. We shall yet visit the Holy Land with the 'Owl Train.' Who knows but the water of the Helicon may yet be made to turn a factory of shoe-pegs? Bucephalus would be a plain horse on Central Park, and Throckmorton's pointer, of history, is nothing, compared with our dog, sharp at the nose, thin at the flanks, long in the limb, and able to snuff up the track of the reindeer three miles away. We tell a story of olden times—that is, of three years ago, for the world no longer contents itself to turn once a day on its axis, but makes fifty revolutions a minute.

"The breakfast hour of the Crawford House at the White Mountains is past, and word is sounded through all the halls of the hotel that those who desire to ascend Mount Washington must appear on the piazza. Thither we come, though an August morning, in mid-winter apparel. The ladies, who

the evening before had lighted up the parlors with the flash of diamonds, now appear in rough apparel, much of which has been hired from the porter of the hotel, who sticks out his sign of hats, coats, and skirts to let. A lady, minus hoops, minus laces, minus jewelry, plus a shaggy jacket, plus boots, plus a blanket, equals a lady equipped for the ascent of Mount Washington.

"The horses came, unled, out of their stables, each one answering to his name—'Spot,' 'White Stocking,' and 'Bouncer.' They were peculiar horses, unlike those you are accustomed to mount, their sides, their knees, and their fetlocks having the mark of the mountains. They had clambered terrible heights, and been cut again and again by the rocks. Not bit-champing horses, thunder-necked, but steady, serious, patient, the gloom of shadow and precipice in their eyes, a slight stoop in their gait, as though accustomed to move cautiously along places where it would be perilous to walk upright. We helped the ladies into the saddle, though we were all the time afflicted with the uncertainty as to whom we were helping, and not knowing whether the foot we put into the stirrup belonged to a Fifth-avenue belle or one not accustomed to such polite attentions.

EXHILARATION OF HIGH ALTITUDE.

"Thirty-five in all, we moved up the bridle-path, through the woods, a band of musicians playing a lively air. With what exhilaration we started we will not attempt to tell, for we were already at great altitudes, and had looked on the Kearsarge, and the Chocorua, and felt the stroke of those emotions that slide from the stupendous bowlders of the Willie peaks when one first gazes upon them.

" 'General Scott,' considered the safest horse in all the mountains, began his upward career that morning by brushing off against a tree his fair rider. He did not seem sorry a bit, but looked round to me with a wink, as much as to say, 'I do not like to wear belles in the summertime,' and, while I stood shocked at the poverty of the pun, he seemed hardly able to keep from breaking into a horse-laugh.

"Orders pass along the line, 'Bear hard in the stirrup,' or 'Hold fast the pommel of the saddle!' Up a corduroy path we mounted, and wedged our-

selves through narrow defiles, and height after height sank beneath, and the hoofs of the horse before us clattered close by the ears of our own trusty beast, that bore bravely on, though the white legs that gave to him the name White Stocking were already striped with blood struck out by the sharp edges of the first mountain.

"After a while the guides commanded us to halt. We were coming to more exciting experiences. The horses' girths were taken up another hole into the buckle, and their shoes examined. Again we fall into line. The guide takes his position by a plunge of rocks so as to steady and encourage horses and riders. The ponies halt at the verge, look down, measure the distances, and examine the places for a foothold.

" 'Steady!' shouts the guide. 'Steady!' cry the riders, and down the rocks you go, now with a leap, now with a slide, now with a headlong stumble against which you jerk up the reins with all your might, the horse recovering himself, and stopping midway the declivity for another look before a deeper plunge, until, all panting and a-tremble with the exertion, he stops to rest a moment at the foot of the rocks, and you turn round, put your hand on your pony's back, and watch others poised for the same leap.

THE MAJESTY OF FROST.

"Two hours more, and we have left vegetation behind us. Mountain-ash, and birch, and maple, which we saw soon after starting, cannot climb such steeps as these. Yes, we have come where spruce, and fir, and white pine begin to faint by the way, and in every direction you see the stark remains of the trees which have been bitten to death by the sharp white teeth of the frost. Yet God does not forsake even the highest peaks. The majesty of forests may be denied them, but the brow of this stupendous death hath its wreath of alpine plants, and its catafalque with bluebells and anemones.

"After passing great reaches of desolation, you suddenly come upon a height garnished by a foam of white flowers dashed up from the sea of divine beauty. There, where neither hoof nor wheel can be traced, you find the track of God's foot in the turf, and on the granite, great natural laws written on 'tables of stone,' hurled down and broken by the wrath of the tempest. Oh!

how easy to see that the Divine care is here tending the white flocks of flowers which pick out their pasturage among the clefts.

"We are now in the region of driving mist, and storm, and hurricane. The wind searches to the bone, and puts a red blossom on the soberest nose. It occurred to us that this must be the nest where all the winds and storms of the country are hatched out, under the brooding wing and the iron beak of this great Mount Washington blast. The rain drips from the rim of our hats. Through the driving mist the advancing cavalcade look weird and spectral. Those coming behind and beneath you seem like ghosts traveling up from some nether world, and those before and above as though horsed on the wind.

"Five of the party long ago turned back, overcome by cold, and fatigue, and fright, and, accompanied by one of the guides, are by this time safely housed. The rest are still advancing, and the guide with his long staff urges on the ponies. We are told that we are at the foot of the last steep. We cannot restrain our glee. We shout and laugh. The dullest man of all actually attempts a witticism. Our blood tingles! Hurrah for Mount Washington! We talk to persons that we never knew as though they were old acquaintances. We praise our horse. We feel like passing over our right hand to our left and congratulating ourselves. Deacons, ministers, and the gravest of the grave sing snatches of *John Brown, Yankee Doodle,* and the *Girl I Left Behind Me*

FORCE OF A CHAMPAGNE CORK.

"Our dignity loses its balance and falls off, and rolls down the side of the mountain, six thousand two hundred and eighty-five feet, so that the probability is that it will never again be recovered. We drive into the pen of rocks and as the party start on foot for the Tip-Top House a few rods off, we give one long, loud halloo, and the storms answer.

"Having entered the house, we threw off our coats. We gathered around the red-hot stoves. Some sat down exhausted, others were hysterical from the excitement. Strong men needed to be resuscitated, but by the time the dinner-bell sounded, the whole party were sufficiently revived to surround the tables.

"It is astonishing with what force the cork of a champagne bottle will fly out. Two of the company were knocked over by one of these corks, and one of the two afterward fell from his horse and went rolling down the mountain. Elegant gentleman he was before the cork struck him, and had an elegant overcoat which he put up in a bet and lost, and would have been obliged to descend the mountain in a shivering condition (but for the guide who lent him a coat), through a hailstorm in which our horses stopped, and turned their backs, and refused to go till goaded on by the guides. With this exception the dining hour was not marred. But while we were abundantly supplied, alas, for 'White Stocking,' 'Spot,' and 'Bouncer.' They stood in a roofless pen. Mountain horses have a hard life. Did we not pride ourselves on our orthodoxy, we would express the hope that these suffering beasts, so much wronged on earth, may have a future life, where, unharnessed and unwhipped, they may range in high, thick, luxuriant pasture forever and ever."

CITY FOOLS IN THE COUNTRY.

Dr. Talmage delighted in genial criticism. In an essay, City Fools in the Country, he discovers not only a clear understanding of rural life and scenes, but he draws many clever comparisons between the customs and manners of urban and suburbanites. "The city fool," he says, "hastens out at the first beck of pleasant weather. He wishes to sit in what poets call 'the lap of spring.' We have ourselves sat, several times, in her lap, and pronounce her the roughest nurse that ever had anything to do with us. Through March, April and May, for the last few years, the maiden seems to have been out of patience, and she blows, and frets, and spits in your face with storm, till, seemingly exhausted with worriment, she lies down at the feet of June.

"The family of the city fool are, for the first ten days after going into the country, kept in the house by bad weather. It is the Paradise of mud. The soft ground, enraptured with the dainty feet of the city belle, takes their photograph all up and down the lane, and secures its pay by abstracting one of her overshoes up by the barn, and the other by the woods. Mud on the dress. Mud on the carriage-wheels. Mud on the door-step. A very carnival of mud!

"The city fool has great contempt for ordinary stock, and talks only of 'high bloods.' His cattle are all Ayrshires, or Shorthorns, or Devons. But for some reason they do not give half as much milk as the awkward, unheraldic mongrel breed that stand at nightfall looking through the neighbor's bars.

FASHIONABLE HENS REFUSE TO LAY.

"The poultry of our hero are Golden Hamburgs, and Buff Dorkings, and Bengaliers, and Cropple-crowns, and Black Polands and Chittaprats. But they are stingy of laying, and notwithstanding all the inducements of expensive coop, and ingenious nests, and handsome surroundings, are averse to any practical or useful expression. They eat, and drink, and cackle, and do everything but lay. You feed them hot mush, and throw lime out of which they are to make the shell, and strew ashes to kill the lice, and call on them by all the glorious memory of a distinguished ancestry to do something worthy of their name, but all in vain. Here and there an egg, dropped in the mud in preference to the appointed place, gives you a specimen of what they might do if they only willed. We owned such a hen. We had given an outrageous price for her. We lavished on that creature every possible kindness. Though useless, she made more noise than all the other denizens of the barn-yard, and, as some faithful hen came from her nest, would join in the cackle, as much as to say, 'Ain't we doing well?' We came to hate the sight of that hen. She knew it well, and as she saw us coming, would clear the fence with wild squawk, as if her conscience troubled her. We would not give one of our unpretending Dominics for three full-blooded Chittaprats.

"The city fool expects, with small outlay, to have bewitching shrubbery, and a very Fountainebleau of shade-trees, and pagodas, and summer-houses, and universal arborescence. He will be covered up with clematis and weigalia. The paths, white-graveled, innocent of weeds or grass, and round-banked, shall wind about the house, and twist themselves into all unexpectedness of beauty. If he cannot have a Chatsworth Park, nine miles in circumference, he will have something that will make you think of it. And all this will be kept in order by a few strokes of scythe, hoe, and trimming-knife.

NATURE SCORNS A NOVICE.

"There is apt to be disappointment in crops. Even a stupid turnip knows a city fool as soon as it sees him. Marrowfat peas fairly rattle in their pods with derision as he passes. The fields are glad to impose upon the novice. Wandering too near the beehive with a book on honey-making, he got stung in three places. His cauliflowers turn out to be cabbages. The thunder spoils his milk. The grass-butter, that he dreamed of, is rancid. The taxes eat up his profits. The drought consumes his corn. The rust gets in his wheat. The peaches drop off before they ripen. The rot strikes the potatoes. Expecting to surprise his benighted city-friends with a present of a few early vegetables, he accidentally hears that they have had new potatoes, and green peas, and sweet corn for a fortnight. The bay mare runs away with the box-wagon. His rustic gate gets out of order. His shrubbery is perpetually needing the shears. It seems almost impossible to keep the grass out of the serpentine walks. A cow gets in and upsets the vase of flowers. The hogs destroy the watermelons, and the gardener runs off with the chamber-maid. Everything goes wrong, and farming is a failure. It always is a failure when a man knows nothing about it. If a man can afford to make a large outlay for his own amusement, and the health of his family, let him hasten to his country purchase. But no one, save a city fool, will think to keep a business in town, and make a farm financially profitable.

"There are only two conditions in which farming pays. The first, when a man makes agriculture a life-time business, not yielding to the fatal itch for town which is depopulating the country, and crowding the city with a multitude of men standing idle with their hands in their own or their neighbors' pockets. The other condition is when a citizen with surplus of means, and weary of the excitements and confinements of city life, goes to the country, not expecting a return of dollars equal to the amount disbursed, but expects, in health, and recreation, and communion with nature, to find a wealth compared with which all bundles of scrip and packages of Government securities are worthless as the shreds of paper under the counting-room desk in the waste-basket. Only those who come out of the heats of the town, know the full enchantment of country life. Three years ago, on the prongs of a long

fork, with which we tossed the hay into the mow, we pitched away our last attack of 'the blues.' We can beat back any despondency we ever knew with a hoe-handle. Born and brought up in the country, we have, ever since we left it, been longing to go back, though doomed for most of the time to stay in town. The most rapturous lay of poet about country life has never come up to our own experiences. Among the grandest attractions about the Heavenly City are the trees, and the rivers, and the white horses. When we had a place in the country, the banquet lasted all summer, beginning with cups of crocus, and ending with glowing tankards of autumnal leaf. At Belshazzar's feast the knees trembled for the finger that wrote doom, but the hand-writing on our wall was that of honeysuckle and trumpet-creeper."

WISHED McKINLEY WAS A PRESBYTERIAN.

There are many good stories current that were first told by Dr. Talmage. Soon after President McKinley's first election Dr. Talmage visited Canton, Ohio, and astonished the natives and the garrison of newspaper men one day by appearing in the throng of office seekers who crowded North Market street after every train arrival. He was asked the usual questions by reporters after he had had an interview with the President: "What is your mission here? Have you any candidacy to urge? Are you an office seeker?"

"I have nothing whatever to do with politics," declared Dr. Talmage, with a broad smile. "But I am a Presbyterian, and I thought that perhaps Mr. McKinley, being of Scottish descent, was also a Presbyterian. But it turns out that he is a Methodist. He is, however, a conscientious man, and I admire him and hope to have the opportunity of preaching to him sometimes."

McKinley laughed heartily when he heard that Dr. Talmage had spoken somewhat mournfully of his nonancestral church allegiance.

"Why doesn't Talmage turn Methodist?" President McKinley asked, with a chuckle. "He might get me then, although my friend, Dr. Manchester, has first call. The change would make a good deal of difference to me, but surely it wouldn't make much to Dr. Talmage, who is, I understand, an exceedingly independent Presbyterian—almost a Congregationalist—a Talmage Congregation-alist!"

A GOOD REPORTER.

Dr. Talmage frequently made the remark: "I would have made a fine newspaper man, wouldn't I? Don't you think that there was a good reporter and correspondent lost in me?" When Colonel Cockerill was president of the New York Press Club he once heard Dr. Talmage asking those questions, and said:

"Why, doctor, I would give you a job right away, even now, but I'm afraid that some of us might go broke on blue pencils."

This statement puzzled Talmage until he learned what it meant, and ever after, when any newspaper published only fragments of his sermons or addresses, he would say: "I was blue-penciled to death in the Daily So-and-So."

FROM COVER TO COVER.

During the time of the earlier heresy discussions in New York, a reporter asked Dr. Talmage how much of the Bible he really believed, that is to say, believed verbally and literally.

"All of it," said Talmage, "from cover to cover. There is a real heaven and a physical hell, and the painful anxiety of some fellows to modify the biblical hell or do away with it altogether won't have any effect on their destinies."

"What destinies?" asked the reporter, in order to hear what Dr. Talmage would say.

"Why, their eternal destinies. Do you think that changing a creed or giving new interpretations to the Bible will really enable anybody to dodge the devil?"

GREAT PERSONAL MAGNETISM.

Talmage possessed a great degree of personal magnetism and could influence many of his hearers to an extraordinary degree. It was not uncommon for a fainting woman to be carried from among his audience, overcome, not by the heat of the hall or church, but by the tremendous impression produced by the orator.

Although the English public, who wanted to hear him preach, did not

take kindly to Dr. Talmage as a mere lecturer, yet in his own country several of his lectures were highly popular. There was one lecture in particular, entitled "The Bright Side of Things," which never failed to attract large audiences.

"It is my favorite topic, and I suppose that is why," said Dr. Talmage when asked about it. "I have tried all my life to see the bright side of things, and if everybody else would make the attempt it would be a brighter and a happier world."

It would be easy to fill a volume with humorous extracts from the authentic writings of Dr. Talmage. He was oftentimes like a big earnest boy. He felt the seriousness of life fully, but his nature would not let him weep over the world when he could by any possibility make that world happier by laughing with him at its minor faults and foibles. When it came to the discussion of real sins there was an end to all levity. Nothing but sledge-hammer blows for the devil in man. But those who knew him personally as well as those who have read and will continue to read him will never cease to be grateful to nature for bestowing upon the rousing, radical preacher the cap and bells which he donned at times with such pleasing effect.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRIAL OF TALMAGE.

THE CHARGE AND SPECIFICATIONS—THE DETAILS OF THE TRIAL—"AWAY WITH TECHNICALITIES AND GIVE US ETERNAL JUSTICE!"—THE ACQUITTAL OF TALMAGE BY THE PRESBYTERY—PUBLIC OPINION PRO AND CON AS EXPRESSED IN THE NATION AND ELSEWHERE—THE GREAT TRIUMPHS OF TALMAGE SUBSEQUENT TO THE TRIAL.

On Wednesday, March 12th, 1879, it was announced that the Brooklyn Presbytery had decided on a public trial of Mr. Talmage on March 24th.

The Rev. Arthur Crosby, the chairman of the accusing committee, announced that the charges against the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage were those of falsehood and deceit. Mr. Talmage urged that there be no delay in proceeding with the investigation. In the course of the preliminary hearing Mr. Talmage inquired if members of the committee on investigation would have a right to vote in the trial, and sarcastically nominated Rev. Arthur Crosby and the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, his bitter personal enemies, to act as prosecutors. Dr. Van Dyke declined, but the Rev. Crosby and the Rev. McCullough were, as a matter of fact, selected as the prosecuting committee.

At 9 a. m. on the morning of March 12th the Presbytery convened and a large audience was present to witness the preliminary hearing. In the audience was Mrs. Talmage. After Dr. Ludlow, the moderator, had opened this "Court of Jesus Christ" with prayer, and the formal business of the opening had been disposed of, Mr. Talmage embraced an opportunity to speak and said that in the first arraignment of himself and of his church before the Presbytery nine years previous to this time that trial was a fizzle for the Presbytery and a triumph for the Tabernacle. The discussion on this day was mainly technical and the point of chief interest was that Dr. Spear was requested by Talmage to act as his counsel. Dr. Spear pleaded the infirmities of his seventy years, but finally, after much urging by friends of

Talmage all over the country, who said that it was his duty to clear Talmage of these charges even at the sacrifice of his own physical health, he consented to act.

OPENING OF THE TRIAL.

On March 24th the trial opened with a motion on the part of the defendant to quash three of the seven specifications of the indictment. The Rev. Dr. J. M. Ludlow, the Moderator, granted the motion, but a long debate followed, the motion was put to the vote of the Presbytery, and the presiding officer was compelled to withdraw his decision. In a forcible speech Mr. Talmage again demanded a thorough investigation. Dr. B. F. Millard, the associate counsel for Talmage, denied the jurisdiction of the Presbytery on several of the specifications. It was agreed, on account of the infirmity of Dr. Spear, that there should be but a single daily session of three hours during the trial. It was this which made it of such long duration.

The audience was large, few clergymen but many ladies being present, many of them parishioners of Dr. Talmage. Even the aisles were filled, and at interesting points in the trial some people even stood on seats in order to catch every syllable of what was going on. Applause was often repressed with difficulty. Mr. Talmage responded to his name on the roll call with a deep, almost gutteral, "Here." When the Moderator asked the question, "Is the accused present?" Talmage responded by rising, and at the next question, "How does the accused plead?" Dr. Spear arose hastily with the words, "Not guilty." The aged doctor repeated the declaration that the Presbytery had no jurisdiction on several specifications, declared the whole proceeding a mistake in policy on the part of the church, and demanded a fair and impartial trial.

During these proceedings the face of Mr. Talmage was pale and his lips tightly shut. He suddenly arose, stood with folded arms and eyes downcast, seemed to draw the attention of all magnetically to him and demanded an investigation upon all the specifications. Speaking with the same vehemence and the same striking pauses which characterized him in his pulpit, he said there had been an attempt to assassinate his character and all he wanted was to find out who the assassins were and how to arrest them. Unmoved

either by the applause or the hisses which followed, he said that the whole truth must come out either here or before the Kings County Grand Jury. "I have been guilty of no wrong," he cried, "and I demand justice!"

The prosecuting committee got the worst of it in technical points of debate which followed. Dr. Van Dyke, prosecutor of Talmage, said, "Mr. Talmage's speech just now was the best I have ever heard from him. It went through me like quicksilver."

THE CHARGE AND SPECIFICATIONS.

Letters to the Presbytery were read from six witnesses, declining to appear in the case against Talmage. The reading of the charge and the seven specifications followed.

"Charge—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage stands charged by common fame with falsehood and deceit.

"Specification First—In that he acted deceitfully and made statements which he knew to be false in the matter of his withdrawal from the editorship of *The Christian at Work* in the month of October, 1876.

"Second—In that he published or allowed to be published statements he knew to be false in defence of his action referred to in the first specification.

"Third—In that he made public declaration from his pulpit that the church of which he was pastor was a free church, and that the sittings were assigned without reference to the dollar question, although he knew such declaration to be false.

"Fourth—In that, in the winter of 1876-77, he falsely accused I. W. Hathaway of dishonest practises, and afterwards denied that he had done so.

"Fifth—In that, in the early part of the year 1878, he endeavored to obtain false subscriptions toward payment of the debt of the church, to be deceitfully used for the purpose of inducing others to subscribe.

"Sixth—In that, in 1878, he acted deceitfully in reference to the re-engagement of the organist of the Tabernacle of the Presbyterian church.

"Seventh—In that he publicly declared on Sunday, February 2d, 1879, that all the newspapers said he was to be arraigned for heterodoxy, and

used other expressions calculated to give the impression that he was to be arraigned on that charge, although he knew that he would be arraigned, if at all, on the charge of falsehood, thereby deceiving the people."

The immediate answer to the charge and specifications by Talmage was in substance this: "I am not guilty and I can prove it." He showed that the Presbytery had adopted charge and specifications on the ground of mere general rumors. He pointed out violations of the laws of the Book of Discipline in preparing the case against him. He showed inherent flaws in specifications three and seven, stating that they were not only trivial in themselves but utterly impossible of proof. Indeed, these specifications were dropped by the prosecution before the end of the trial. It was developed that technically Talmage and his counsel could have thrown out every one of the specifications—two of them under an ecclesiastical statute of limitations, the alleged events having occurred nine years before the time of the trial. But said Talmage: "I want somehow to have those specifications to stand until we can blow them to atoms, for we shall be able to prove either in trial or in investigation that I not only did no wrong but that I made no mistake, and that every intelligent man, regardful of his own rights, under the same circumstances would have done precisely as I did. Now, away with your technicalities and give us eternal justice!"

This, it will be understood, in spite of the fact that the technicalities were all in his own favor. The voice is that of a mind conscious of being right

THE PROSECUTION STUNG BY LAUGHTER.

The next day Mr. Crosby, counsel for the prosecution, having had the laugh turned against him time after time, requested the Moderator not to permit loud laughter in the court.

"That," said the Moderator, "will depend upon the degree of mirthfulness excited by the counsel."

Mr. Crosby then urged the audience to refrain from laughter, "although," said he, "I need not say that I know where the sympathies of the audience are and where the sympathies of the city are."

They were, of course, with Talmage. A vote on the question as to the

admission in evidence of certain newspaper interviews with Talmage resulted eighteen to eleven in favor of non-admission, a victory for the defendant.

The first specification against Talmage accused him of secretly inserting in the paper, *The Christian at Work,* a valedictory editorial announcing that he had accepted the editorship of the *Advance,* and that this editorial was really a puff of the *Advance* set up by the foreman after hours by order of Talmage. Talmage, it was claimed, went to the press-room with the foreman, took out of the paper another editorial, and inserted this one in its place.

Mr. Remington, a managing owner of *The Christian at Work,* said on direct examination that in this matter Mr. Talmage had done him a great wrong, but on cross-examination, his voice was very weak, he stated that he did not know that Talmage had done any deceitful act, and admitted that his own conduct immediately after Talmage's withdrawal from his paper might be blameworthy. The other witnesses did little better on cross-examination. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher watched the trial with interest on this day.

DEFENSE AND ACQUITTAL.

On April 15th, after three weeks of trial, the defense opened, declared the prosecution had utterly broken down, and made a motion to dismiss the charge and specifications. This motion, made by Mr. Talmage's associate counsel, was withdrawn at the request of Dr. Spear, his counsel.

In regard to the accusation that the pew system of the Tabernacle was not really free, Major Corwin's testimony showed that Talmage had refused to auction off the pews, although told that if he would do it they would raise his salary from seven thousand to twenty thousand dollars a year. He answered: "When you get an auctioneer you must get a new pastor."

At the end of the fourth week of the trial Talmage himself went on the stand and produced a most favorable impression.

It turned out that the formidable-looking "organist" specification amounted to the fact that Mr. Talmage had promised to give a notice about a concert and then forgot to do it. A cross-examination of four days failed

to shake Mr. Talmage's testimony, and then his counsel abruptly closed the testimony of the defense. In summing up the case the venerable Dr. Spear said, "Dr. Talmage is not the man I used to suppose him to be. I took him to be odd, strange, startling, sensational by design, study and art, but I now see that nature has given him such form of thought and modes of expression as must carry along with them much of what very sober people call indiscretion and imprudence. I see that he has an intellectual and emotional organization remarkably unique, his own and not another's—one that cannot be trimmed, cramped or frozen without undermining the foundations of his great powers. He must be himself however much the critics may snarl at him, and when and where he is himself there is in him an immense amount of that which is good and strong, but having peculiarities and infirmities that sometimes shadow the clear luster of his genius. I did not see formerly, as I do now, the fervent rush of his emotional nature, that necessarily involves some imprudence, nor permits the tongue to measure its own words with perfect exactitude, nor waits for the cool and careful analysis of deliberate judgment."

In other words, Dr. Spear unconsciously analyzed the creative, imaginative temperament of all time, all artists, all poets. He goes on to analyse the charge and seven specifications and claims that not a single fact had been established that was inconsistent with the entire honesty and good faith of Dr. Talmage. He says among other things, "He has been as true to his theory of a free church as the needle to the pole and his people have followed him. * * * The accusation has not left a stain upon his garments."

This summing up was made on May 1st after a nearly continuous session extending over six weeks. The prosecution summed up its case in Mr. Crosby's speech next day, and on Monday, May 5th, the Presbytery declared the acquittal of Dr. Talmage by a vote of eleven to five. An appeal was afterwards made to the Synod, but nothing ever came of it.

One of the judges declared that he wished he were Mr. Talmage, for said he, "with all his faults, he has less than us all." Another declared his belief in "the fundamental simplicity and innocence of the man."

THE SPEECH OF A PROSECUTOR.

The great court of public opinion agreed with the judge, but discussion of the question was kept alive by reports that the case would be appealed by the prosecutors of Talmage. Nine months afterward *The Nation* quotes concerning the trial a speech then just published and comments as follows: "The Rev. J. M. Sherwood, who was one of the prosecuting counsel in the last trial, has published his speech, which is curious reading, inasmuch as it enforces on the Synod the desirableness of respecting within the Church the prejudices of the outside world on questions of 'fundamental morals.' He makes some very severe observations, apropos of this, on the religious press, and produces a quotation from one of the religious papers, which objects to trying Talmage for falsehood and deceit, not because he is innocent, but because 'As it is now the golden time of autumn when city people are coming back from the country, and churches begin to be full, and ministers preach with new zeal and hope, and look for blessed revivals of religion, it would be a thousand pities if this peace and harmony and the brooding influences of the Spirit were all driven away by the reopening of an ecclesiastical trial which has vexed the ears of the Christian public much too long.' These and other things are making a great many people ask whether some of the churches have not got a good way towards the old pagan idea of religion, which assumed that the favor of the gods was won by prayer and praise simply, and was in no way conditioned on the good behavior of the worshippers."

ANSWER BY DR. FIELD.

This article called forth from Dr. Henry M. Field a letter to the editor of *The Nation,* in which, after quoting the above editorial, he says: "Here is wisdom. You find a stray sentence quoted in a speech (the animus of which might well have made you suspicious); you quote it at second-hand, without stopping to ask where it came from, or in what connection it was introduced; and on this sentence, taken out of its place, with 'other things' of a like character, you jump to the conclusion that 'some of the churches have got a good way towards the old pagan idea of religion, which assumed that

the favor of the gods was won by prayer and praise simply, and was in no way conditioned on the good behavior of the worshippers!' This is a pretty serious imputation—that a portion of the Church is returning to paganism, and its ministers, forsooth, are little better than the priests of Jupiter!

"Now, if you had taken the slightest pains to 'verify your references' (to quote the advice of Dean Stanley to theological students), and to 'study the context' you would have seen that the article quoted from did not warrant at all the complexion which you gave it. It was not a defence of Mr. Talmage; nor did it, as you affirm, 'object to trying him for falsehood and deceit.' He had been tried already. For weeks the Presbytery of Brooklyn had done nothing else than sit in judgment on the case. They had sifted every particle of testimony, and at the end had heard it summed up in arguments of great ability on both sides; after all which they rendered their verdict, that the charges were not sustained, and the case was dismissed. Was not that a 'trial' long enough in all conscience? After that, months passed; Mr. Talmage went abroad for the summer. When he returned in the autumn the question arose whether those who had pressed the matter with so much zeal before, and been defeated, should 'go at it again,' and fill the public prints with their uproar and strife? This was a question of practical wisdom, and the only question which was considered in the article to which you refer.

"WHO MADE YOU JUDGE OVER US?"

"As to your statement that it 'objected to trying Talmage, not because he was innocent,' this, too, conveys an impression that is totally false. The question of 'innocence' was not raised at all, nor on that did it express any opinion. To do so would have been a great want of decorum. The article was designed for the members of the Presbytery, the very men who had conducted the trial and were familiar with the testimony. For an outsider to give them a flippant opinion of the merits of a case on which they had deliberated for a whole month would have been an assumption of superior wisdom, which they might justly have resented as an impertinence, and ask, 'Who made you judge over us?'

"But there was one thing which one who was in friendly relations with all parties could say without offence, and with a faint hope of a good result—to-wit: That those who had felt it to be their duty in the premises to bring Mr. Talmage to trial, had done it, and were absolved from any further obligation. Writers on ethics insist much on 'the limitations of human responsibility.' In this case it seemed that that limit had been reached. Their troubled consciences might be relieved. They could wash their hands of the whole business, assured that, however 'guilty' Mr. Talmage might be, they at least were not partakers of his sin.

"Such was the feeling which prompted the article in question. It was not written in the interest of Mr. Talmage nor of his accusers, but in the interest of public decency, which was outraged by this constant dragging before the public of what had been discussed ad nauseam.

"The additional motive which appears in the sentence you quote is one which you do not feel the force of, and deride as a 'pagan idea'—mere cant and hypocrisy—but it was one which would be felt by every serious and devout pastor in Brooklyn, to whom it was addressed.

"Upon reflection I think you will agree that so small a text was not well chosen to point so grave a moral; that a bit of friendly advice, the dictate of common sense and of the kindest feeling, was hardly sufficient to warrant the inference that 'some of the churches' are relapsing into paganism, or 'have got a good way towards pagan ideas!' "

EDITORIAL REPLY TO FIELD.

To this letter the editor of *The Nation* replied as follows: "Dr. Field, we are sorry to say, has fallen into something like 'journalism' in the foregoing. We did not say 'these and other things of a like character.' We said 'these and other things,' and we meant other things of a different character. Nor did we 'in this single sentence taken out of its place,' etc. We said that these and other things 'were making a good many people ask whether some of the churches,' etc.—i. e., these and other things were creating doubts in the public mind about the attitude of some of the churches with regard to the relations of religion and morals. The observation on

'the priests of Jupiter' makes us fear that Dr. Field read our remarks in a state of excitement. We have since read the article from which Mr. Sherwood quoted, which when we received his speech we had not seen. We must say frankly that we think it shows that the writer was more troubled by the scandal of Talmage's trial than by the possibility of his guilt, and thought the interests of religion would be best served by dropping the question of his guilt, or, in other words, justifies the construction put on it by Mr. Sherwood. Dr. Field seems to us to labor under a misapprehension as to what took place before the Presbytery. The facts were not disputed, but the court divided on their moral complexion. This, according to our view, made it the duty of the prosecutors to carry the case up on appeal, and get a still more authoritative decision, if possible, on the morality of Talmage's conduct. In fact, we are not sure that they would not have been justified in carrying it to the General Assembly for the same purpose. If the Presbyterian church thinks that Talmage's acts in the slander charge, the telegram charge, and the subsequent 'moral rottenness' performance in his pulpit, were harmless, or merely imprudent, the public ought to learn it from the highest authority in the church. With all respect to Dr. Field as a theologian, we deny that 'the brooding influences of the Spirit are driven away' by ecclesiastical trials; they are driven away by the bad behavior of pastors and church members, and the feebleness of church organizations on questions of fundamental morals. We do not mean to be irreverent, therefore, in advising the religious press to give itself no concern about the Spirit, but to keep a sharp eye on the Talmages."

As the editor of *The Nation* had the woman's privilege of the last word in his controversy with Dr. Field, he naturally leaves the whole discussion in a light very favorable to his own view of the subject. We quote it not as the truth about Talmage—the actual details of the trial which we have given above come much nearer to doing that—but simply to show the point of view and the methods of his opponents.

ARTICLE ON BUFFOONERY.

There is another article published before the trial by the same paper, and this article, although it betrays an abounding ignorance of the real facts

of the controversy between Talmage and his accusers, has nevertheless a certain historical value as showing the impression which his preaching had made upon a certain type of mind. It explains also, to a certain extent, the later attitude which *The Nation,* in order to preserve consistency, was forced to adopt toward Talmage even after his acquittal by the Presbytery and by the more overwhelming acquittal which he received from immense multitudes, who in the summer after the trial came first under the spell of his voice and pen. This article was published, while the controversy was in its incipient stage, three months before the beginning of the trial. "The proposed trial—perhaps we should say the pending trial—of Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, for untruthfulness and charlatanry, is an attempt of the church to deal with a growing evil, namely, the tendency to make church-going attractive by a bouffé treatment of religious subjects in the pulpit. It is not likely to succeed, because to put down a bouffé preacher he must be attacked in the very beginning of his career, and none of the existing organizations of the Protestant church ever prosecute a minister at all if they can possibly avoid it, or prosecute him one minute sooner than they can help. All ministers naturally recoil from the task of holding up a brother minister to public odium, and most church-members naturally dislike making a church scandal, if for no other reason, on account of the discredit it is likely to bring on religion itself. Then, bouffé treatment, too, is a thing difficult of definition. In its earlier stages the line which separates it from merely picturesque or warm treatment may be very faint. No preacher becomes markedly bouffé all of a sudden. Consequently he may go on for years grieving the judicious and making the worldlings laugh before there is anything positive enough in his performances to warrant an ecclesiastical court in laying hold of him. By the time it does make up its mind to call him to account he has, by the ordinary process of selection, collected a congregation who like him for his defects, and are prepared to stand by him, come what may, and who, in fact, would not 'sit under him' if he were not guilty of the very offenses with which he is charged. Under these circumstances he is, of course, prepared to defy the constituted authorities, and indeed comes into court not to plead but to rebuke them for annoying him, know-

ing well that their verdict will not be and cannot be followed by any penalty which he will heed. The trial, therefore, is apt to be a farce, in which the culprit plays the leading and popular part, and by which the church organization is made ridiculous." We need hardly point out that the wise editor betrays ignorance of the real charge against Mr. Talmage. There was never the slightest attempt to try him for his picturesque pulpit methods.

We give, however, what the editor has to say on the bouffé tendency of Talmage, not for its bearing on the ecclesiastical case, but because it shows the attitude of the editor's class. "The bouffé tendency is one result of the change in the minister's position wrought by the decay of popular interest in doctrinal theology. When the minister was the trained and duly commissioned exponent of what was accepted as a science, the conclusions of which every man felt bound to ascertain from authorized sources, the poorest preacher could rely with more or less confidence on his subject to secure him a hearing. Those who refused or failed to hear him because he was dull, felt that they did so at their peril. He was really in the position of a physician charged with the cure of souls, and his knowledge was his main qualification, his manner of communicating it a minor consideration. With the decline of interest in dogmas and the growth of doubt about all the principal points of the Christian creed, the minister has become more of a lecturer on morality, and less of an expounder of the law. In other words, he speaks with less authority than he need to speak, and has to rely more than formerly on his natural gifts.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

"This change in his position has been strikingly illustrated by the history of the practice or weakness of sleeping in church. This is distinctly a Protestant weakness. It was unknown before the Reformation, and is unknown now in the Catholic church, where the frequent changes of posture, and the duty of praying himself instead of following the priest, keeps the worshiper's attention aroused. Drowsiness made its appearance in the Protestant church as the accompaniment of long extemporaneous sermons and prayers, which imposed upon the worshiper the simple duty of listen-

ing in one position and at the same time exposed him to that most soporific of all influences—the sound of a steady flow of words, the sense of which does not excite eager attention. The result was that the difficulty of keeping awake in church was for two centuries among Protestants one of the serious questions of a religious life, and all sorts of artificial contrivances were resorted to to combat it, such as standing up, and the application of titillating substances to the mucous membrane like fennel seed or 'meetin' seeds,' lemon-peel, and calamus or 'sweet-flag,' and at a later period pepper lozenges. It furnished, too, the material for a very large proportion of the ecclesiastical *facetiae* of the eighteenth and the earlier part of the present century. What was remarkable about it then, however, was that the blame of it was not thrown on the preacher. It was considered the hearer's duty to stay awake, not the preacher's duty to keep him awake. A minister was not liable to be dismissed for not rousing the attention of the somnolent, and people kept up without faltering their attendance at a church where they knew that as soon as the sermon began sleep would come upon them as a strong man armed. Under these circumstances there was little temptation to pulpit extravagances or oddities of any kind, or to anything like what may be called inflammatory treatment of sacred subjects. The idea that the Gospel could be made an amusing theme never entered any one's head. A minister's main concern was to avoid flaws in his theology and defects of logic in his argument, and sermons had a good many of the characteristics of the oratory listened to by judges sitting in banco.

"In our time, however, a great change has come over the church-goer's spirit. He has thrown away his 'meetin' seed' and pepper lozenges, and has imposed on the preacher the task of keeping him awake. If he finds himself sleepy in church, he either goes off to another or gets up an agitation for the pastor's dismissal on the ground that he 'doesn't interest the young people,' or stays at home altogether. He unconsciously compares him with the popular lecturer on slavery, or on temperance, or on the Holy Land, who has within the last forty years made a practice of visiting him every winter. If he lives in the city, he compares him with his neighbor's pastor,

who has filled all the pews at high rates and set the trustees to talking of building further up town. The consequences are that the pressure on the clergy for popularity of method among us is, at this moment, such as has never been known in any other age or nation. It has converted the churches into competing lyceums, or places of entertainment, and the competition is not confined to particular groups or denominations. Every church, no matter of what denomination, competes with every church of every other denomination because denominational ties now sit so lightly that a Presbyterian has little difficulty in becoming an Episcopalian, Methodist, or Baptist, in order to get the benefit of a more attractive service; and the Episcopalian, Methodist, or Baptist, in his turn, is equally facile. It is but just to the congregations to say that they are very ready to help the minister out in the struggle with costly architecture and music and other external attractions. In fact, nothing is left undone to make the church a place where people shall not only find it easy to stay awake but shall be enlivened and entertained, and have their sensibilities touched by the most efficacious methods.

PULPIT DEVICES.

"Of course this pressure operates very differently in different cases. It has probably made a good deal of change in all preaching. It has made doctrinal sermons, properly so called, very rare, and in fact made nearly all pulpit oratory didactic rather than exegetical. The pulpit's prevailing themes are the duties and temptations of every-day life. It devotes itself mainly now, as has been said, to touching morality with the fire of emotion. It discusses politics a good deal under the name of 'questions of the day.' It has always done so, perhaps a good deal more so formerly than now, but with this difference, that the old preacher discussed politics distinctly as a theologian from the point of view of authority, and judged men and measures a priori by the aid of Scriptural texts. The modern minister, on the other hand, does not hesitate to meet the utilitarian statesmen on their own ground, and to dispute with them over their own tests and standards, and to put temporal happiness in the foreground as the reward of wise legislation.

The amount of preaching of this kind one can hear nowadays is very great. In fact, the most spiritually-minded ministers feel the absolute necessity of supplying a certain amount of it through the year, both as something the congregation looks for, and as part of their own mission. The Rev. Joseph Cooke's 'prelude' or preliminary remarks on current events with which he prefaces his lectures on religious themes, is a curious recognition of the popular requirements on this point. The 'prelude' is evidently intended to put the audience in good humor preparatory to the dryer and more exacting matter which is to follow, and recalls, if one may say so without disrespect, the chromo by which the editor of the religious newspaper induces the new subscriber to listen to him for one year on the solemn themes of life and death and judgment. Other regular ministers have resorted to the same expedient, and treat their congregation to a few minutes of 'secular matter' before beginning the ordinary religious exercises of the day.

"But the roll of a didactic moralist is a very trying one. It is not every man, no matter what his parts or training, who can fill it even moderately well. The rules of right living are few and simple, and are well known. Nothing has been added to them in eighteen hundred years, and the world, in these days of endless iteration, has almost grown weary of them. But the application of them has been rendered increasingly difficult by the immense complexity of modern life, by the wondrous tangle of conflicting rights, and opposing duties and delicately divided interests which constitutes what we call civilized society. To lead even the humblest and simplest through it in safety is a task for which hardly any training but that of an experience of life such as but very few men can boast, will prepare one. Nothing requires a higher order of talent and a more varied acquaintance with trials and temptations, than to make a sermon on the conduct of life strike an average business or professional man in our day 'right on the top of the head,' as we once heard a car-driver describe the way one of Moody's discourses affected him. No college course and no amount of reading can make up to the average preacher for not having seen and suffered much. Nothing can make up for it but genius, for genius has traveled in all lands and lived

in all ages, has wept beside the graves of a household and charged in the forlorn hope in the raw dawn of the winter's morning. But then genius is rare, and the coarse-fibred and ill-equipped man, when he seeks the means of keeping his congregation awake, and paying the church debt and the salaries of the choir, not unnaturally falls into the humorous and grotesque vein, which is almost always successful if pursued with a certain moderation at the outset

A CRITIC'S GREEN SPECTACLES.

"Talmage, for instance, makes no attempt to conceal the fact that bouffé is his specialty. He defended himself one Sunday not long ago, against the charge of unseemly levity by showing that while other churches were, as he said, 'the great dormitories of civilization,' in his church nobody ever slept a wink. In fact he keeps the congregation in a roar or with a twinkle in their eye during the whole service. It is not very long since his invitation—'let us sing a hymn'—brought out a shout of laughter, just as it would have done at the comic opera, owing to the queer collocation in which he produced it. And yet no one can listen to his discourses or examine his mode of stimulating the religious sense without seeing that there is nothing new in his style; that what he has done is simply to go a little further than some others of his popular brethren, who also have been eminently successful in keeping their people awake.

"The main ingredient of pulpit bouffé is, however, essentially the same as that of opera bouffé. It consists in the irreverent treatment of things which people have been in the habit of looking on with reverence. In the first stage of this the shock is too great for laughter; but when people have become a little used to it, it supplies a kind of fun welcomed by those strictly brought up. In the opera bouffé the humor lies in a kind of reversal of the moral order of society. A cowardly colonel who runs away in the field is at once promoted and decorated. A defaulting banker is made State treasurer. The king's privy councillors, grave and elderly men, go out of the royal presence dancing a jig. In the pulpit in like manner there are two essential features in the bouffé method. The first is the presentation

of the Deity as governing the universe justly, but still, on the humorous plan —that is, convicting the sinner by getting the better of him—or in other words, being too smart for him. In fact, the sinner usually appears in the sermons of the School as a person who suffers for his simplicity, and generally cuts a ludicrous figure when his wickedness is brought to light. The second is an appeal to the risibility which always lies concealed in decayed reverence. When there has been a distinct decline in a man's capacity for awe, his sense of the comical is always touched by seeing the old objects of his worship treated with a good-humored disrespect and familiarity. People who have received a religious education, but who have fallen away from their early teaching, are therefore apt to be much tickled by a slightly comic handling of what they once held sacred. The sweetness of laughter of the irreverent religious man at the attempts of his pastor to make the Gospel entertaining to him and present the wicked in the light of greenhorns. The fatal defect in the plan is that to keep it effective a steady broadening of the humor is necessary. The jokes have to become day by day more palpable and the colors to be laid on more deeply as the congregation's sense of decorum declines, and its appetite for amusement grows dull. The result is that a preacher of the Talmage school is condemned by the law of his method to continued progress towards the extreme. If he once begins to make points in order to send a smile round the pews, he cannot stop till his flock begins to watch for jokes in his prayers or greets him now and then in his sermon with the regular theatrical roar."

We believe that we have shown by citations from the words of Talmage that the writer of this opera bouffé article did not know what he was talking about. Talmage did not, like many clergymen, discard the great power of humor in reaching the hearts of men. Neither, for that matter, did Shakespeare or Chaucer or the other great masters of smiles and tears who play on all the emotions of men. What we have seen with our own eyes—the smile and the tear at the same time on the same face among the auditors of Talmage—shows that there was far more there of power over the human heart than the green-spectacled critic could see or feel. The simple people felt it and

their collective judgment we believe to be truer than the carping of an over-educated brain and under-nourished heart such as the writer of the bouffé article betrays. The passage of Talmagean humor, pathos and poetry which we have quoted in this book show that before ever Talmage saw "the Smile of the Sea," or stood on a steamer's deck, or passed to Palestine, he, if any one, "had traveled in all lands and lived in all ages, had wept beside the graves of a household, and charged in the forlorn hope in the raw dawn of the winter's morning."

CHAPTER XVI.

LECTURES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

TALMAGE BECOMES A STAR ON LECTURE PLATFORM—TAKEN TO ENGLAND UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MAJOR J. B. POND—OVERWHELMINGLY WELCOMED BY THE ENGLISH PEOPLE—HIS MANAGER SWAMPED WITH REQUESTS FOR DATES—ESTIMATE OF THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Dr. Talmage entered the lecture field in Philadelphia in 1860. From his first appearance he was in demand as a platform orator. His keen observation, natural aptitude to understand and depict human nature, his enthusiasm for his subject and his wealth of strong Anglo-Saxon words made him an ideal figure on the platform. His fame grew with every appearance until in 1879, he was paid from $400 to $600 for a lecture and could fill as much time as he wished. In fact, he was forced to decline far more of these engagements than he accepted. He had a keen appreciation of the worth of money, but he never allowed any offer no matter how tempting to interfere with his duties as a preacher. He managed to fill about fifty engagements every year, which netted him a nice income and enabled him to speak personally to hundreds of thousands of admirers in America whom he could have met in no other way. During the various seasons of his lecturing days he probably visited every city and town of importance in this country, and at all of them he was most enthusiastically received.

Managers were glad to make terms with an attraction that was so certain to be profitable. His lectures were prepared with great care and with an eye to teaching Christianity and the helpful virtues. These and many of his sermons were reprinted in London by the *Christian Herald and Signs of the Times,* a weekly religious periodical having an immense circulation among the middle and lower classes of Great Britain. In this way he became known to almost as large a congregation on that side of the water as

on this, and when in June, 1879, Major Pond suggested to him a lecturing tour through Great Britain he accepted with the hope that he might add to the worth of his work and at the same time become familiar with that historic ground. Major Pond in his admirable volume *Eccentricities of Genius* had a graphic account of this tour, which follows in part:

WITH DR. POND.

It is rather a one-sided, but interesting light on the character of Dr. Talmage, this article by Major Pond, the noted manager of lecturers, and his rather hysterical confessions that Dr. Talmage got the better of their financial arrangements occasioned considerable amusement among the friends of both parties. The chapter of Major Pond's book devoted to Dr. Talmage is, in part, as follows:

"One morning in early June of 1879 I was passing a news stand in front of the Astor House in New York, and was attracted to a small placard which read: 'Christian Herald and Signs of the Times. Only authorized publication of the Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermons.' I bought the paper and read the attractive headlines and an editorial by its editor, describing the popularity of Dr. Talmage as a preacher and his influence on the religion of Great Britain. I called on Dr. Talmage and found him ready to listen to a proposition to go abroad. He had never crossed the ocean, but had heard that his sermons were extensively published abroad. In fact, the last mail had brought him a letter from the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Leeds, asking him to deliver ten lectures in the larger cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland, for his passage and ten pounds a lecture. The doctor asked me to write a proposition and to call in the morning. I wrote as follows:

" 'Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

" 'Dear Sir: I will give you $10,000 for 100 lectures in Great Britain this summer, paying all the traveling expenses for yourself and Mrs. Talmage from the time you sail from America until you return; settlement to be made weekly. Yours truly, J. B. POND.'

"The following morning I called again and he read me a letter which he had prepared:

" 'J. B. Pond.

" 'Dear Sir: I will deliver 100 lectures for you in Great Britain, beginning within three weeks, for $100 a lecture, you paying the expenses of myself, wife and daughter from the time we sail until we return.

" 'T. DE WITT TALMAGE.'

MAJOR POND GOES TO LONDON.

"The next morning found me on board the City of Berlin, bound for England for the first time. Upon my arrival at Westminster Palace Hotel, in London, I found several gentlemen waiting to see me. They were the editors of religious papers who wanted to secure privileges during the lectures to be given under my direction. I secured $500 from one man for the exclusive right to paste advertisements of his paper on the benches in the halls where Dr. Talmage was to lecture. From another I secured £100 for the exclusive right to publish Dr. and Mrs. Talmage's pictures.

"The afternoon I arrived in London the editor of the *Christian Herald* brought me a paper, fresh from the press, with the announcement that I was to manage Dr. Talmage. Mr. Thorn, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Leeds, wanted the first ten lectures in Great Britain, and offered me £20 each for them. He said this was the highest fee ever paid for a lecture in that country. He asked time to wait upon his associates at Exeter Hall. Upon his return he offered me £50 each for ten lectures to be delivered at Nottingham, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Leeds, Edinburgh, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Bradford, and Sheffield. I closed the contract, fixing the first date in Nottingham, June 18.

"At 8:30 o'clock the next morning, as I was eating breakfast, I was approached by an attendant of the hotel, who said:

" 'The post has just brought your letters; where shall I take them, sir?'

" 'Bring them to me here.'

" 'But I can't. There are several baskets full.'

DELUGED WITH APPLICATIONS FOR LECTURES.

"I accompanied the fellow to the office, and there found between 400 and 500 letters from every part of Ireland, England, and Scotland, and many

telegrams. All were seeking to secure Rev. Dr. Talmage for a lecture. I felt certain that the doctor had no idea of his popularity over there. In addition to the letters, callers flocked in and filled the lobbies of the hotel, waiting answers to their cards. I could not see half of them. With the aid of secretaries and a map, I was soon able to see I could easily fill 500 lecture engagements. I replied to the smaller cities that no proposition to lecture would be considered under £100, and to the larger cities, like London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, etc., that £300 would be required. I received acceptances of propositions to Dublin and Belfast for £200, and to Liverpool, Manchester, and Bristol for £300. Many correspondents were so anxious to secure contracts that they sent checks by return mail. In some instances checks were sent back to me a second time with the assurance that I was held to produce Dr. Talmage, or would have the law applied to force me. Such a scramble for an attraction I had never dreamed of before.

"While the mail was piling up, I accepted an invitation for Dr. Talmage to preach in the Islington Presbyterian Church, Colebrooke road, Beside-the-Angel. He was to have £10 for that.

GIVEN WARM WELCOME.

"I met Dr. and Mrs. Talmage and Miss Jessie Talmage in London safe and well, but very tired. He said he had had a narrow escape with his life; that as soon as the steamer arrived in Queenstown great delegations rushed aboard the boat and down to his stateroom, shouting 'Welcome, Tal-m-o-d-g-e.' (They all gave the broad sound of 'o' to the middle 'a' of his name.) 'Welcome, welcome. God bless you. God bless Mrs. Talmage. God bless Miss Talmage. Where is the doctor?'

"And, rushing into the stateroom, they got hold of Mrs. Talmage's arm, she being in the lower berth, and nearly jerked it out of its socket. They got hold of the doctor before they got through, and pulled him out of his room and shook hands with him, shouting, 'Welcome! God bless you!' all day on the steamer and on the cars to London. I did not see Dr. Talmage the next morning, as he was preparing his sermon for the afternoon.

We drove to Islington Church, seeing a hillside black with thousands of people as we drew near. Soon we were surrounded by an impassable mob, which shouted incessantly, 'Talm-o-d-g-e. God bless Talm-o-d-g-e!' and rushed for us. Some jumped on to the carriage and got hold of his hands and succeeded in keeping them. One succeeded in tearing off Talmage's coat-tail, shouting, 'I want this for a souvenir!' Then they unhooked the horses and hauled the divine through a great jam of humanity and amid uproars and noises which Niagara could hardly have drowned. Finally, the preacher was lifted bodily and carried over the heads of the mob and thrust into the packed church. I was compelled to wait outside in the carriage until the ceremony was over. What took place can best be inferred from the following item, which appeared in the London Daily News of the following day:

"'The public announcement that the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage of Brooklyn, U. S., was to preach, attracted yesterday evening a large number of persons to the outside at least of the Islington Presbyterian Church. The seat-holders and a few others having tickets were enabled to get in sideways, filling all the seats fully two hours before the service commenced. Thousands of persons either went away altogether or remained to take their chances among the public rush at a quarter past 6, the services commencing at half past. The church then quickly became crammed, amid cries and shrieks here and there for help in consequence of the pressure, and a few windows had be be broken to increase the ventilation. Many persons were injured.'

CORDIAL, BUT BOISTEROUS.

"The same performance was gone through with after the service, except that the horses were hitched up. The crowd followed for at least half a mile, shouting praises for 'Talmage' as we drove away. The doctor was very tired. At dinner both he and Mrs. Talmage could talk of nothing but this 'overwhelmingly cordial greeting to an American minister.' 'Major, did you ever hear of such a greeting to a minister?' Dr. Talmage asked me, and I certainly never had.

" 'This is going to be awful; how can I ever live through a succession of ovations like that,' he said.

" 'De Witt, you can never endure it,' said Mrs. Talmage.

"That evening Dr. Talmage and I had our first private business talk. 'How much am I to get out of it?' he asked. 'You get your $100 a night and your expenses,' I replied; 'isn't that our contract?' 'Oh, I can't do that,' he said, 'it would be the ruination of my health; and you would be getting rich and I would have nothing. I can't stand it and must give the whole thing up unless I can have at least $250 a lecture.' 'That's all I get for the first ten lectures,' I said, 'and by that time we don't know whether they will be worth any more. I am ready to do the fair thing, and will certainly make no new contract until I see whether the one we have is any good.' 'Very well,' he said, 'stop it all; I will take Mrs. Talmage and Jessie and go to Paris and get rest, which I need and must have.'

"Thus we sat on the steps of Westminster Abbey until 2 o'clock Monday morning, and the doctor was booked to lecture at Nottingham that night. When we separated he asked me what hour he had better start for Nottingham if he went. I said 9:30. 'I'll see you at breakfast at 8 and tell you finally,' he said.

"As we sat down to breakfast the doctor handed me a note. It read: 'Pay me $200 a lecture and my expenses (not those of my family), and I will go on for 100 lectures. Put this note in your pocket.' I read and replied: 'All right, Dr. Talmage, I accept. Mrs. Talmage, do you know about this?' 'Yes, Major Pond,' she said, 'and I'm so glad you and Dr. Talmage have come to an agreement.'

FILLED THE HOUSE.

"At Nottingham I learned that the people had filled the house early that afternoon, and that no others could get in. The crowd was ready for Dr. Talmage to go on at any time. When he went to the hall there were thousands of the same human strata which had been seen on Sunday, waiting to set eyes on Dr. Talmage, and they were enthusiastic to the verge of insanity. The police had protected a back entrance, so that the speaker,

chairman and mayor could get in. I proceeded to London and began booking the remainder of the engagements. One night I received a telegram from Talmage telling me to stop everything. It was from Birmingham. I told him to finish the Manchester lecture the next night, and that I would meet him there. I arrived at Manchester about 5 p. m. In passing the city hall and public buildings I observed crowds of thousands and thousands of people, and asked my cabby what they were out to see. He said a Yankee minister by the name of Talm-o-d-g-e was to lecture there that night, and the people were trying to see him and get seats in the hall where he was to appear. The crowd was not noisy, but simply made a dash for the door of the hall, burst open the door, and crammed in. Every now and then I could hear some one say, 'I will see Talm-o-d-ge.'

"Dr. Talmage saw me after the lecture. There was very little ceremony. He struck right out from the shoulder. It was business. 'You have got to pay me $350 a lecture or I go home,' he said. 'I cannot stand this tremendous succession of ovations.' I told him if he could do it for $350 he could do it for the price we agreed upon in London. 'I am killing myself and making you or somebody else rich,' he declared, 'and I get nothing for it. Say yes or no.' He was positive, but good natured. I said: 'Dr. Talmage, I am getting $250 each for this series of ten lectures, as you know. I am not making a fortune. I will give you your $250 each for 100 lectures, no more.' Finally he said, 'Well, that's the best you can do, is it?' 'Yes, sir, and if you do this, I will hire an English lawyer to draw up papers that will hold.' 'All right,' he said, 'make your contract and I will sign it.'

CROWDS WERE IMMENSE.

"This had been a long siege. We went together to Liverpool, Glasgow, and other cities in Scotland, and such crowds! The tenth lecture of the tour concluded by contract with the Leeds Y. M. C. A., at $250 a lecture. On them I had made nothing, but during the time I had booked the balance of the lectures, ninety in number, at a very handsome profit, the lowest fee being £80 and the highest £250. His final lecture in England was sold in Liverpool to the Y. M. C. A. for £400. The Leeds Y. M. C. A. made $5,000

on the series of ten lectures, or $500 profit on each lecture. At the low prices paid for admission in England, 1s, 2s 6d, to 3s 6d, it can be seen the crowds must have been enormous.

"Dr. Talmage's lecture on 'The Bright Side of Things' had provoked laughter when many had expected sacred things. I feared a reaction, for in all the crowds I heard expressions of bitter disappointment. When we arrived back in London I found there was quite a feeling against Dr. Talmage on account of the questionable verdict of his ecclesiastical trial by the New York Presbytery. But business began to decline from this time on. It was difficult in many instances to collect the guarantee. Several causes led to the revulsion of feeling and the depreciation of the doctor's value. Chief among these was the disappointment in his religious zeal. The religious lower classes had pictured him as the man of God. With his marvelous insight into the human heart of the nineteenth century he had, through his sermons, touched chords beyond the reach of any other man of his time. He had shown that he knew the burdens, the temptations, the bitterness of the life of men and women who gain their daily bread only by a struggle. With this master key he had unlocked their hearts, and they sought his presence very much in the same spirit that the multitude followed Christ into the wilderness.

MARVELOUS SCENES.

"I believe I witnessed marvelous, unmatched scenes in old England that summer. Such tribute as was laid at Talmage's feet was never paid to any other religious leader, and when these people came to find the lectures more of a secular, not religious, character, their disappointment knew no bounds. His final lecture in Liverpool was a dismal failure. Four responsible men had signed the contract for $2,000. I settled for $500, and if Dr. Talmage had not refunded that amount to the Y. M. C. A. committee I believe he would have been mobbed. But he had made the feeling. If he had only emulated his own teachings instead of using an old American lyceum lecture, he might have had a triumphant home-coming, instead of the one he did have, but he seemed to disregard in every way the wishes of the people

who paid to see and hear him. The result to the management was the loss of time. Dr. Talmage got all that was made on the tour, $17,500. Instead of 100 lectures, he delivered seventy."

The publication of this article by Major Pond created quite a discussion, but people generally laughed at the great manager of lecture attractions because he complained of having let a simple minister of the gospel get the better of him. When one of Talmage's friends spoke of the story the doctor replied:

"Yes, a contract is a contract, but circumstances alter cases. Major Pond is a good fellow." That closed the criticism as far as Talmage was concerned and the incident was soon forgotten in his growing popularity. The fact was that Dr. Talmage preached and lectured ninety-six times in ninety days on this tour, besides writing a series of articles descriptive of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. His power for work is marvelous and the small fortune of $300,000 that he left at his death is a small worldly recompense for the immense amount of his literary work. Men have recently made that much on a very badly-written and altogether wholly misconceived "historical" novel.

Dr. Talmage not only delivered the lectures recounted here, but he preached several times in the leading churches of Great Britain. On June 15 he preached his first sermon in London. It was delivered in the Presbyterian Church, Colebrook Row, Islington. An English newspaper, describing the scene, says: "The members of the congregation and their friends who had obtained tickets of admission, entered at the side door. At 6:15 p. m., notwithstanding the crowded state of the church, the front doors, at which considerable clamor had for some time been heard, were thrown open, and part of the large crowd which had by that time assembled, rushed in. Notwithstanding the edifice was full to overflowing, the crowd continued to press forward into the aisles and the galleries. Immediately began a scene of confusion and uproar, which, we think it is safe to assert, has never been seen in this church before, and amid cries of 'Crush!' 'Crush!' 'No room! no room!' 'We cannot move here!' Dr. Davidson ascended the pulpit and appealed to the people for quiet. Having given out the hymn,

'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,' Dr. Davidson said of Dr. Talmage: 'His inexhaustible originality, his fearless plainness of speech, and his unmatched pictorial power, have not only got around him the largest congregation in America, but have secured in all parts of the world, from week to week through the press, his hundreds of thousands of interested and profited hearers.' "

After the sermon Dr. Talmage went through the basement and out of the back door so as to get to his carriage, unobserved; but no sooner did he step into the carriage, than the people gathered around and thousands shook hands, and as the driver attempted to start, the people lifted the carriage by the wheels, and it was necessary for the police to clear the way.

POPULARITY IN LIVERPOOL.

Dr. Talmage preached in Liverpool on September 14, taking for his subject, Was It Sea-Worthy? The Liverpool *Protestant Standard* says of the occasion: "The scene which presented itself in Hengler's Circus last Sunday evening was one never to be forgotten while memory lasts. From floor to ceiling, every available spot of that vast building was crowded for well-nigh an hour before the time appointed for the commencement of the service, and thousands on thousands had again to be refused admittance for lack of room. Full well is it known to the eternal wealth of tens of thousands of immortal souls who have been brought to Christ through hearing Dr. Talmage preach, or by reading his sermons in the *Protestant Standard* and other journals, that the doctor has received his message direct from his Master, 'Christ,' and in the spirit of his Master he goes forth to tell it, his heart yearning with love for the salvation of souls."

In St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church of Belfast, Ireland, Thursday, September 18, 1879, at 12 o'clock noon, Dr. Talmage delivered a sermon from the thought Is the Bible Right? Clergymen from many of the cities of Ireland were present. The streets, as well as the great church were thronged. Dr. Talmage stood in the carriage and shook hands till exhausted, then went to the railroad station to take the train for Dublin, and meet his last engagement before sailing for America the next day, having delivered ninety-six

addresses in ninety-four days, most of the addresses two hours or nearly two hours long.

ESSAYS ON GREAT BRITAIN.

What good use Dr. Talmage made of his eyes while on this tour can best be understood by reading his essay on *Great Britain Through American Spectacles*. These impressions were penned on the spot and have all the freshness and charm of spontaneous composition. He begins by saying that he wishes to forewarn his readers that after the continued ovations accorded him he cannot help but look at things from a partial standpoint, and that at any moment his heart may run away with his head. "Whatever other kind of ink I use in these sketches," he says, "I will not use blue. If I cannot find anything but blue ink I will not write at all. Rather than that, I would even prefer red ink, for that is the color of the morning. I would not be offended if I am charged with writing with ink verdant or green, for that is a very respectable color, being the same as the palm-leaf, and the rushes, and some parts of the deep sea. I shall paint with the cheeriest color I can find in the studio. If I find a tear I will hold it up till in the light it becomes a globule of melted sunshine.

"England and Scotland have already treated me so magnificently that I am in a mood to be pleased with everything. Shaking hands every day with thousands of people in halls and churches, and at railway stations, till my right hand is disabled and fit only for a sling, because of the stout grips, accompanied by emphatic 'God bless you,' I am swamped for the work of harsh criticism.

"I tell you at the start, I like England, her landscapes, her cities, her government, her common people, and her aristocracy. But I do not want to live on the same street with them in heaven. They will always be singing out of tune, and searching for fractures in the amethyst, and finding fault with the country. Give them a world to themselves where they can have an eternity of pouting, a sky full of drizzle-drozzle, an owl in each tree to hoot away the hours, and a kennel of snarling rat terriers to nip the robe of every angelic intruder.

"After eight days in the Gallia, that queen of Cunarders, we swing into the harbor of Queenstown. It is night, and rockets shot up from the stern of the ship invite the pilot boat and the steam tug to come out to meet us.

"SEA HAS ITS BACK UP."

"The sea has its 'back up,' and the pilot boat makes a dash for our steamer, and misses it; another dash, and misses it again. Then we see the blue and red lights of the tug boat coming out as much as to say, 'I will show you how to catch a steamer!' aims at it, but crosses in front of our prow; aims at it again, but falls behind our stern. We stand on deck in the sopping rain to watch this aquatic game, until wearied we retire to our room for slumber. As we are falling to sleep, there is a sudden charge of stout men into our private apartment.

"What is the matter now? Have the old-time pirates resuscitated their business, and are we to be seized and made to walk the plank? By the dim light from the Hall I see the three men by mistake putting out their hands toward the berth in which sleeps the better half of us. As I look down from the upper berth I hear loud voices saying, 'Welcome to England.' By delegation London, Leeds, and Dublin have looked in upon us. I respond in my shirt sleeves, but I am so surprised at the sudden incursion that the response is not worthy of the occasion, and amounts only to a sudden ejaculation of 'Where did you come from!'

"That scene was only a forerunner of the cordiality and generosity of these people of Great Britain toward strangers. Like Americans, they have been much lied about. They are warm-hearted and genial to the last degree. Their homes, their carriages, their hearts, are all wide open. We have not found what Americans call the 'grouty Englishman.' His digestion is better than that of the American, and hence he can afford to be better natured. If a man has to wrestle with a lamb chop three hours after swallowing it, his good humor is exhausted. The contest in his body leaves him no strength for the battle with the world. Foreign wars are not so destructive as internal. When things sour on a man's stomach they make him sour with all the world. Some of us need not more a 'new heart' according to the Gospel than a 'new liver' according to physiology.

"This season of all others tests an Englishman's spirits. It is unprecedented for rainy weather, and in some of the churches prayers had been offered for a cessation of moisture. We have been in England thirty days, and it has rained some time every day, but this makes us appreciate the sun better when it does come out. The clouds, like a veil to a beautiful face, add to the attractiveness by only occasionally being withdrawn. When the sun in summer shines from morning till night with intense glare we always feel that he is rather overdoing the business.

BEAUTY OF THE CLOUDS.

"There is nothing more exquisite than a cloud when it is richly edged and irradiated. A cloudless sky is a bare wall. A sky hung with clouds in all stages of illumination is a Louvre and Luxembourg. Clouds are pictures drawn in water colors.

"Who knows but that Raphael and Rubens, gone up higher, may sometimes come out and help in the coloring of the canvas of the morning with brush of sunbeam, putting within sight of our eyes the constellated glories belonging to the other side of the Border.

"Now, if in the shadowed weather of this summer Englishmen can be so genial, I would like to know how they are in the usual summer brightness. It is a delusion that Englishmen delight to grumble. As near as I can judge, each community appoints some one to do the grumbling for it, and he becomes the champion grumbler.

"One pulpit will do all the grumbling for all the pulpits in the town; one newspaper all the grumbling for the journalists; one prominent citizen the grumbling for all the citizens. Such an one becomes the pet growler of the community. All the scandal-mongers carry to him forage. They feed him with all the disagreeable things of the community. His capacity for offal is awful. They rub him down with the ragged edge of a slander. Job describes this wild ass of the forest as snuffing up the east wind. Like others of his kind he eats thistles. These champion growlers of English communities do all that kind of work, leaving others nothing to do but to be agreeable. Delightful arrangement! Let us transfer it to America, and

have the fault-finding in church and state done by committee. Take the most powerful 'bear' out of Wall Street and let him do the croaking for all the brokers. Take some ecclesiastic, who has swallowed his religion crosswise and got it stranglingly fast in his wind-pipe, to hunt down all the heresy, real or fancied. Get some one newspaper to do all the work of mauling reputations, exposing domestic infelicities and reporting divorce cases. Let one female 'gad about,' gathering all the gossip, put it up in bottles properly labeled and peddle it about from house to house in small vials for those who could stand only a little, or in large bottles, as it may be required. Let her be known as the championess of tittle-tattle. So men and women might delegate to one or more the disagreeables of the world. And, as at different times America and England have disputed with each other for supremacy with oar, and bat, and rifle, let the champion American growler go forth to dispute with the champion English growler for the belt of the world. Let the day chosen for the contest be a commingling of Scotch mist and English cloudiness and American drizzle.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

"Let them go at each other with threats and annoyances and recriminations. Let all fault-finders the world over stand round the ring watching the fate of the two nations. The Englishman might draw the first blood, but the American will prove a full match for him at the last. The struggle may be long and fearful, and the excitement surpass that of Creedmoor shooting and Ascot and Derby races, but I think neither would gain the victory. Indeed, I would like to see them both go down together in the contest and both slain. Then would perish from the earth the bickerings and the suspicions, the snarlings and the backbitings of the world.

"Bury the two champions in the same grave, their clubs with them, covering them up with a bank of nettles. Read for their funeral service the report of the stock market just after some great failure. Plant at the head of it a little nightshade, and at the foot of it a little nux vomica. For epitaph: 'Here lies complaint and hypercriticism. Born in the year 1; died

in the year 1885. May the resurrection trumpet, that blows others up into the light, blow these miscreants deeper down into oblivion.'

"Speaking of championship reminds me of our American Hanlan's victory at Newcastle-on-Tyne, by which he carries for our country the honor of being the world's greatest rower. I regretted that I could not accept the invitation to go to Manchester last week and distribute the prizes.

"I HONOR MUSCLE."

"I honor muscle. As the world's heart improves, the world's arm will grow stronger. In the millennium, what oars we will paddle, what crickets we will play, what wrestlers we will throw. We are told in that day there are to be 'bells on the horses,' and that means music and innocent gayety, and sleigh rides, and swift teams, and liveliness, and good cheer, and tintinnabulation.

"That there is betting at these athletic contests we deplore, but we cannot stop healthful amusements because people bet on them. There are men who bet on everything. Every time the log was thrown from the stern of the Gallia, there were wagers lost and won. Passengers bet about which foot in the morning the captain would first put out of the door of his office, the right or the left foot. Betting about the kind of soup we should have for dinner. Betting about the hour of our arrival at Queenstown. But all this betting is no reason why we should not take steamers across the Atlantic.

"For the cause of civilization, we will capture the world's oars, and bats, and chess-boards, and rifles. We want sanctified brawn. When the animals passed Adam in Eden to get their names, they did not dare even to growl at that first athlete. Had he been like unto a modern specimen of weak delicacy, instead of his naming them, they might have swallowed him up, giving him their own name of lion or bear.

"We want more Samsons; not to carry off gates, but to hang new ones; not to set foxes' tails on fire, but to put the torch to the world's shams; not to pull down pillars, but to build temples of righteousness; not to slay Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass, but to kill the ass of the world's stupidity and inanition.

"While the schools go on to build the head of the coming man, and the church goes on to build his heart, let our out-door recreations go on to build his body. If that be the coming man, the sooner he comes the better

HOW ENGLAND LOOKS FROM THE BOTTOM.

"We all know something of how England looks on the upper side, but we always had a desire to get under it and look up. So we accepted an invitation to plunge into one of her coal mines, near Sheffield. With the ladies of our party we are at the top of the Nunnery Colliery. We have no pleasant anticipations of the descent into the great depths of the earth. We put on caps and overcoats as protection from the blackness of the coal. Each one is armed with a small lantern. After taking a long breath, in case we should not very soon get another opportunity, we step into what might be called a rough elevator, but which is called 'a cage.' We stand in the center and throw our arms over a bar and hold fast. The sides of the cage are not tightly inclosed, and the only door at the entrance on either side is the body of the guide, who stands there to keep the passengers in their place in case of panic.

"We are to drop six hundred and sixty feet. About the capacity of the machinery to drop us we have no doubt, but the question is about the sudden halt at the bottom of the mine. With steam-power we are lowered, only one rope of steel at the top of the cage deciding whether the three of my party and our two guides shall stop at the foot of the shaft or go on to a landing place in the next world.

"'All right?' asked the man standing on the outside of the cage, with upward inflection of voice.

"'All right,' answered one of the guides, with downward inflection. We had suggested to an attendant that we were in no hurry to get to the bottom, and that there were several trains of cars that could take us in time to our next engagement, and therefore we might as well be dropped a little more deliberately than usual.

"But all that had no effect. The signal given, down we went. We had the sensation of being parted about the waistband. We had fallen from

hay-mows in boyhood and from apple trees, and had been swung higher than we wanted to swing, but this was a compression of all those disagreeable feelings into one wrench of the ribs from the hip-bone. We were told it was only a minute, but it must have been a minute stretched six hundred and sixty feet long.

"Arriving at the bottom we stepped into an arched room and stopped a few minutes to get our eyes and lungs used to the darkness and the atmosphere. Then one guide ahead and one guide behind, and by the dim light of our lanterns we started through the long black corridors. Past us rushed trains of cars laden with coal. Further and further we went into the darkness that seemed the more appalling as it parted for a little at the touch of our lights. Beams of wood keep up the roofs of coal, while the sides look as if any moment large masses might roll down.

"This mine, after being worked twelve years, shows no signs of exhaustion. Seven hundred men are still plunging their crow-bars and pick-axes.

"This is what does so much to make England great. This is a chilly world, and all nations must have coal. The Duke of Norfolk owns these mines, but all England feels the advantage of this indescribable weather hidden in the cellars of the earth.

"Talking with the miners, they all seem cheerful and unharmed by the eternal shadows in which so much of their lives are spent. They pass eight hours in the mine, and then have sixteen hours out. A stout, tall miner by the name of Henry Walters told us that he had been working in the mines forty-five years. There are few men toiling above ground who look as healthy as this man, for near half a century toiling under ground.

"But it is a hard life anyhow you make it. Standing down here amid the foundations of the earth, the memories of colliery accidents at Blantyre, and Risca, and Hartley, come shuddering and groaning through the wilderness of underground night. It will take the stoutest and most resounding blast of archangelic trumpet to fetch up the bodies of the miners from such entombment.

"For four shillings a day, which of us would like this banishment from the sunshine? A sepulcher is not inviting, whether built out of coal or

limestone. Sitting and walking all day long in the light that bathes the streets and fields, or streams through our windows, do we realize sympathetically how many thousands of men spend their lives in the midnight, hewing more midnight from the sides of the caverns?

"But how suggestive that out of these chunks of darkness that tumble to the miners' feet we secure warmth and light for our homes, and momentum for our steamships. The brightest light of this world we chip out of its darkness. Out of our own trials we get warmth of sympathy for others. Our past troubles are the black fuel which we heave into the furnace of future enterprises. As the miners cut the wealth of England out of the caverns, so we may hew out of the midnight caverns of misfortune the brightest treasures of character and usefulness.

"But we must say good-bye to these underground workers. We get into the 'cage,' and prepare for ascent. The guides warn us that as we near the top, and the speed of the 'cage' is slackened, the sensation will be somewhat distressing.

"Sure enough! We get aboard, throw our arms over the iron bar with a stout hug; the signal of 'all ready' being given, we fly upward. Coming near the top, at the slackening speed, it seems as if the rope must have broken, and that we are dropping to the bottom of the mine. A few slight 'ohs,' and the delusion passes, and we are in the sunlight. Bless God for this heavenly mixture! There is nothing like it. No artifice can successfully imitate it. You need to spend a few hours deep down in an English mine to appreciate it. In the contrast it seems more mellow, more golden, more entrancing. You take off your hat and bathe in it. You feel that the world needs more of it. Sunshine for the body. Sunshine for the mind. Sunshine for the soul. Sunshine of earth. Sunshine of heaven.

"In the words of the old philosopher, 'Stand out of my sunshine!' Look here! What do we want any more of these miners' lamps? They might as well be extinguished. Their faint flicker is absurd in the face of the noon-day. They were useful to show us where to tread among the seams of coal. They were good to light up the genial faces of the miners while we talked to them about their wages and their families.

"Lamps are valuable in a mine. But blow them out, now that we stand under the chandelier which at twelve o'clock, at noon, hangs pendent from the frescoed dome of these blue English heavens. So all the tallow dips of earthly joy will be submerged when the old belfry of the next world strikes twelve for celestial noon. Departure from this world for the good will be only getting out of the hard working mine of earthly fatigues into the everlasting radiance of Edenic mid-summer. Come now! Stop moralizing and drop that lantern of the collieries.

HATS OFF TO SACRED RUINS.

"We will take off our hats in the presence of this old ruin of Kirkstall Abbey near Leeds. But what is the use of these Kirkstalls and Melroses and this everlasting round of abbeys and monasteries and ruined churches? Why are they of any more importance than any other heap of stones or bricks? Yoke the ox-team and plow them under. Take iconoclastic hammer, and say dust to dust. Graze the sheep and cattle among the dishonored fragments or among the demolished abbey at Meaux. Caricature Walter Scott's paroxysm of admiration for moonlight on crumbling arch.

"No! no! there is nothing that impresses us like these old ruined abbeys, and many of the occupied churches of to-day are not of so much use. What a perpetual and tremendous attestation of the better aspirations of the human race! They consider no arch too lofty, no tracery too exquisite, no architecture too ponderous, or airy, or elaborate, or expensive, to express the meaning of the soul. In letters of eternal granite they wrote it, and in windows of undying masterpiece they pictured their longing for God and Heaven.

"As we sit down at Kirkstall among the fragments of this ecclesiastical wreck, floated to us from the past centuries, we are overpowered with historical reminiscence, and the abbots of seven and eight hundred years ago come and sit down beside us. The summer air breathing through the deserted sacristy, and interlaced scrolls, and silent nave and choir, and clustered piers makes us dreamy, and perhaps we see more than we could see if wide awake.

"The columns bearing the wounds of centuries, as we look at them, heal into the health of their original proportion. By supernatural pulley the stones rise to their old places. The water of baptism sparkles again in the restored font. The color of the sunlight changing, I look up and see the pictured glass of the thirteenth century. Feeling something cool under my foot, lo, it is the ornamented tile restored from ages vanished.

"I hear a shuffling, and all the aisles are full of the feet of the living of six hundred years ago, in one style of apparel, and the living of eight hundred years ago, and the living of five hundred years ago. And I hear a rumbling of voices, and lo, the monks of all the past are reciting their service. Here are Leonard Windress, and William Lufton, and John Shaw, and Richard Batson. And this is Archbishop Cranmer, come more to look after his property than to join in the religious ceremonies. And those two persons in the south transept are Queen Elizabeth and Peter Asheton, gentleman, to whom she is making over the Abbey. See these pale and nervous souls kneeling in the penitential cell crying over sins committed eight hundred years ago. On the buttress of that tower the two letters 'W' and 'M' seem to call back William Marshall, the old abbot who ordered the inscription, and while we are talking with him and deprecate the folly of a man inscribing his own name on a temple reared to the Almighty, a chime of bells, probably hung there in the fifteenth century, but long ago lost, yet re-hung to-day by invisible hands, ring out first a 'Wedding March' for all the marriages solemnized in that consecrated place, and then strike a dirge for all its burials; and, last of all, rousing themselves to sound the jubilee of all nations, calling to York Minster and St. Paul, and Salisbury, and all the dead abbeys of the past, and all the living cathedrals of the present, to celebrate the Millennium of the world's deliverance, and all the chapels, and sacristies, and choristers, and penitential cells respond Amen! Amen! And then a shaft of light broke through the arched window horizontally, and a shaft of light dropped perpendicularly, and crossed each other, but I noticed that the perpendicular shaft was longer than the horizontal shaft, and lo! and behold! I saw that the old Monastery of Kirkstall was in attitude of worship *crossing itself.*

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

"My guide-book at this point dropped from my hand and woke me, and I found a young artist on a ladder copying the sculptured adornments over the west doorway.

" 'What!' I said to myself, 'must the nineteenth century copy the twelfth?'

"Even so. The highest and most enterprising art of our day cannot crowd past the windows and doors of eight hundred years ago. The ages move in a circle, and it may take the world two thousand years before it can again do the ribbons and skeins of granite in York Minster or Kirkstall Monastery. While that artist hangs to the ladder, taking on his sketch-book the tracery of the doorway, he makes us think of the artist murderer who used to stand in that very place doing the same things—sketching the doorway and stealing the heart of a maiden. He was more desperado than artist.

"By night, with a gang of outlaws, he played the highwayman. A citizen with a large sum of money, passing near the abbey, was robbed and murdered. Mary Clarkson, the maiden, was in the abbey one night, having wandered there with troubled mind. While there she saw a group of men carrying a corpse, which they came and buried in one part of the ruined abbey. The hat of one of the men blew off and rolled to Mary Clarkson's feet, where she sat unobserved. It was found next day to be the hat of her lover whom she had as yet not suspected of evil. William Bedford was approaching the town to claim his bride; but the true character of the villain having been discovered the constable seized him, and Mary of the hat brought to the gallows the artist desperado. So, under one ancient crumbling, transcendent doorway, meet devotion and crime, sin and virtue, the heavenly and the diabolical."

CHAPTER XVII.

THROUGH SCOTLAND AND WALES.

SAILING UP THE TAY—VISITS CHURCH AND GRAVE OF ROBERT MURRAY MCCHEYNE FOR INSPIRATION—BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF SCOTLAND—BEAUTIFUL BANKS OF THE TAY—SERMONS DRAWN FROM RUINED CASTLES—UNPRONOUNCEABLE NAMES OF WALES.

"Pushed at the rate of sixty miles an hour into the capital of Scotland, and set down with the shriek of the steam-whistle—compared with which a sound of an American locomotive is a harpsichord—here we are.

"The sensitive traveler will not sleep the first night in Edinburgh, and will do well if the second night he can be composed. The restlessness may not be ascribed to the lack of comfortable couch, for the art of bed-making has been carried to perfection here. You are not called, as in many an American hotel, to sleep on a promontory of mattresses, not certain on which side you may fall off into the sea. There are no lumps in the bed that take you in the middle of the back, or hardnesses in the pillow that make you dream like Jacob on the stones, barring out the ladder and the angels. The foot-board is not so near the head-board that the sleeper is all the night long reminded of his end. There are no stray points of feathers thrust through the linen to tickle you under the ribs. The covers do not come within just three inches of being large enough when you pull them up, making bare the foot, or when, by the grasp of the 'comfortable' between the large toe and the fatty portion of the foot, you pull them down, exposing the shoulder, so that you fancy, in your disturbed slumber, that you are perishing in a snowbank. But a broad, smooth, affluent couch, on which you may sublimely roll, reckless of covers, and confident that beyond the point at which you stop there is still further expanse of comfort and ease.

"But the restlessness will be accounted for by the fact that in no city under

the sun is there so much to excite the memory and the imagination. It is a stimulant amounting to intoxication. We find gentlemen whose minds have been overworked in this city seeking mental quiet. As well go to Iceland to get warm, or to Borneo to get cool. The Past and the Present jostle each other. The shoulder of modern architecture is set against the arch of the twelfth century. Antiquity says, 'I will furnish the ideas,' and the Present says, 'I will freeze them into stone.' You take in with one glance 'The Abbey,' built by Roman Catholic David the First, which has for seven hundred years sat counting its beads of stone, and that modern structure, 'The Donaldson Hospital,' a palace of charity, crowned with twenty-four turrets, inviting to its blessing the poor children of the city, and launching then on the world every way equipped—knowledge in their heads, grace in their hearts, and money in their pockets. While in one part of the castle you are examining old 'Mons Meg,' the big gun that burst in the time of James the Second, you hear from another part of the castle the merciless bang of Professor Smythe's time-gun, fired off by a wire reaching across the city from the Observatory.

EDINBURGH AND BOSTON COMPARED.

"Edinburgh and Boston have each been called 'the modern Athens.' We shall not here decide between them. They are much alike in literary atmosphere, but at the antipodes in some respects. In Boston, literature has a Unitarian tinge, in Edinburgh, a Presbyterian. In this Scotch capital, religion, politics, science and literature are inextricably mixed. The late Sir James Y. Simpson, M. D., whose face is in all the photographic show-windows of the city and whose life was spent in surgery, recently made an address on '*Dead in Trespasses and Sins,*' and Doctor Brown, a practising physician on Rutledge Street, wrote of '*Paul's Thorn in the Flesh,*' and the collection-boxes of the Scotland Bible Society are set in the railroad stations, and Reverend Doctor Arnot, last Sabbath, at the close of his sermon, turned around and bowed to the judges of the court seated in the gallery, and over a door in 'Lady Stair's Close' is the inscription, 'Fear the Lord and depart from evil.' In this city, acutest analysis could hardly tell where literature or politics ends or theology begins. But since the brain and the heart are

only about a foot and a half apart, I know not why there should be such effort to separate the intellectual from the spiritual. All frank and intense writers on secular themes have given us a glimpse of their higher faith. We know the theology of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Thomas Babington Macaulay and William C. Bryant as well as that of Jonathan Edwards and Archibald Alexander. There is no need that the literati of the world go dodging and skulking about pillars of St. Paul as though ashamed to be found there.

"Reaching from Edinburgh Castle, throned on the rocks, down under the city to the Abbey of Holyrood, there is an underground passage six hundred years old. Queen Victoria, a few years since, offered a large reward to any man who would explore that passage. The poor fellow who undertook it choked to death in the damps and gases, and the Queen withdrew her inducement, lest some one else should perish in the undertaking. I would that the way between the castle of beauty and strength, and the abbey of religion in all ages, were not a dark tunnel difficult of exploration, but a brilliant causeway, and that we all might walk there.

"Let Science and Piety walk with hooked arms in the hall of the university, and ivy climb over the cathedral wall, and every church belfry be an observatory, and learning and goodness be so thoroughly intertwined and interlocked that every man shall be both philosopher and Christian. Then Galileo will not only see that 'the world moves,' but that it moves in the right direction, and the gowned professors of the academy and the surpliced officials of the chapel will unite their strength to shorten the distance between the castle and the abbey.

NO NIGHT IN EDINBURGH.

"At this summer season, Edinburgh sleeps under a very thin covering of shadows. There is no night there. At ten o'clock p. m. I walked up on Calton Hill, and saw the city by daylight. And the evening and the morning were the same day. The American is perplexed as to what time he ought to retire, and at four o'clock in the morning springs out of bed, feeling that he must have overslept, till he looks at his watch. The day and the night are here twin sisters—the one a blonde, the other a brunette. At this season, when tourists are most busy, the curtain does not fall on Edinburgh.

"The city has been compressed into small compass, so that it might be under the defense of the guns of the castle. A house ten stories high is not an unusual thing. There are no 'magnificent distances.' It is but two minutes' walk from the Netherbow to the Canongate. It is only ten minutes' ride from Holyrood to the Castle. In one short saunter you go from examining the Scottish crown in the 'Jewel-room,' on the Hill, down to the museum, in which you see the stool that Jenny Geddes threw at the head of the bishop.

"The city has a superb belt of what the Scot has chosen to call 'hospitals.' They are not places where fractures are splintered or physical diseases assaulted, but are educational institutions. Considering ignorance a horrible disease—the wasting away of a marasmus, the benumbing of a palsy, the sloughing off of a gangrene-public, charity has erected these 'hospitals' for the cure of intellectual malady.

"A printer of the city gave one million fifty thousand dollars for the building and maintenance of one of these institutions, where two hundred and twenty poor children are taught. The structure is vast and imposing, battlemented and towered, and embossed in foliage and flowers—strength in the arms of beauty, without being shorn of any of its locks.

"The John Watson's Hospital, the Orphan Hospital, the Gillespie Hospital, the Merchant Maiden Hospital, the George Heriot Hospital—the surplusage of bequests not yet employed, and seemingly not needed for structures of the same character—show how much the people hate darkness and love light. God gave to Edinburgh, as to Solomon, the choice of riches, honor, or wisdom. She chose wisdom, and the riches and the honor have been thrown in as a bounty. While the antiquarian stands studying the grotesque gargoyles which frown and mow and run out the tongue from the venerable roofs and arches of the city, I see more to admire in the chubby faces of the children.

MONUMENTS TO GENIUS.

"But, while Edinburgh is preparing for a grand future, she is not willing that her dead should fall back into the shadows. With a tight grip of fingers in bronze and stone she holds on to the men of the past. She has for the last thirty years been building monuments, and she will keep on building them.

As she denied the request of the Queen that Dr. Simpson be buried in Westminster Abbey, Edinburgh will not now put on the limits the sculptors who perpetuate him. Walter Scott alive, hobbling along the Grassmarket, made not so much impression on this city as to-day, looking down on Princess Street, from under a canopy of stone, one hundred and ninety feet high, the dog Bevis at his feet, while breaking out in sculpture on the sides are the 'Last Minstrel,' and 'Lady of the Lake,' and Meg Merrilies, the queen of witches, with her long skinny arms seeming to marshal all the apparitions of ghostdom.

"Here dwelt Alexander Smith, destroyed by his own mental activity, the fire of his genius consuming not only the sacrifice but the altar, and Hugh Miller, who with his stone chisel cut his way into the mysteries of the earth and the heart of nations, and Playfair, and Dugald Stewart, and Henry Mackenzie, and Doctor Blair, and Thomas de Quincy. Here Christopher North put on his 'sporting-jacket,' out of the pockets of which he pulled for many of us Windermere and the Highlands, his swarthy figure in bronze, now standing in the East Gardens, his hair looking like the toss of a lion's mane, his eye wild as a stormy night on the moors, his apparel as sloven as his morals.

"But these men were of the past. The harvest of giants has been reaped. Edinburgh has but two or three men of world-wide fame remaining. Doctor John Brown, author of 'Rab and His Friends,' may still be found on Rutledge Street, but he has dropped his royal pen and has no more 'Spare Hours' for the reading public, now that he gives his entire time to his medical profession. If the dogs, whose greatest champion he is, knew that he had abandoned their cause, they would set up a universal howl, and the spirit of 'Rab' would come forth to haunt him, wagging before him that immortal stump of a tail. Though the Doctor has sent his dogs scampering through every American study, and through many a lady's parlor, he has no dog left. His last one, Kent by name, was so much in danger of being contaminated by the more vulgar dogs of the city, that he was sent over to Ireland to be companion and defender to the Doctor's married daughter. A large portrait of 'Kent' hangs over the parlor mantle on Rutledge Street. You would not wonder that all

Doctor Brown's dogs have been so kind and wise and good if you only knew their master.

"It seems that in one case, at least, his plea for unhappy curs has been effectual. Eleven years ago a poor and unknown man was buried in Gray Friars Churchyard. His dog, 'Bobby,' a Scotch terrier, was one of the mourners. Next day he was found lying on the grave, but as nothing but bronze or stone dogs are lawful in such places, Bobby was kicked out of the yard. The second morning he was found there, and was still more emphatically warned to give up his melancholy habits. But when, the third morning, he was found on the grave the old curator had compassion, and ever since the bereft creature has been taken care of. For years he was allowed steaks from an officer of the city. I wish that all the dogs that live on Government were as worthy."

A DAY ON THE RIVER TAY.

Dr. Talmage gives the following characteristic description of a day spent in the company of friends on the river Tay:

"Seven o'clock in the morning at Dundee, looking out of window upon the River Tay, which is the Rhine of Scotland. When the Romans, many centuries ago, first caught sight of it they exclaimed, 'Ecce Tiber!' Within sight of scenery which Walter Scott made immortal in his 'Fair Maid of Perth.' The heather running up the hills to join the morning cloud of the same color, so that you can hardly tell which is heather, and which is cloud, beauty terrestrial and celestial, intertwined, interlocked, interspun, intermarried. The incense of a gentleman's garden burning toward heaven in the fires of the fresh fall, and fringed with ferns; hawthorn in hedges which halt the eye only long enough to admire before it leaps over. At the end of each path a stately yew, trimmed up to the point like a spear, standing sentinel. The kennels under the wall yawning with terriers and fox-hounds.

> "'Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
> Unmatches for courage, breath and speed.'

"The glades, the farmsteads, the copses, the soft plush of the grass, which has reveled in two months of uninterrupted moisture. Seated in an

arm-chair that an ancient king might in vain have wished for, writing on a table that fairly writhes with serpents, and dragons, and gorgons, done in mahogany. What a time and place to take pen and paper for communication with my American readers!

"Before I forget it I must tell you how I baptized a Scotch baby down in the center of England. It was about ten o'clock at night, at the close of a lecture, and in the private parlor of a hotel that a rap was heard at the door. Word came in that a young man was there desiring me to officiate at a baptism. We thought that there must be some mistake about it, and so delayed making our appearance.

A HURRIED BAPTISM.

"About five minutes before the starting of the rail train we came to the door of the private parlor and confronted a young man in a high state of excitement. He said that he had come all the way from Scotland to have us baptize his child. We told him the thing was impossible for the train would go in five minutes. But this only made the man more intense. So we said, 'Where is the baby? We have no time to wait.' The young man rushed down stairs and returned with the mother and child. As she unrolled the boy from her plaid there came to sight the prophecy of a genuine Roderick Dhu. We wanted an hour to baptize a boy like that.

"Scotch all over! What cheek bones and what a fist. Give him plenty of porridge, and the air of Loch Vennachar, and what a man he will make—Chief of Clan Alpine! I asked the mother what she was going to call him, and she said, 'Douglass!' What a name! What a name! Suggestive of victory, defeat, warrior blades, and gates of Stirling Castle

> " 'Ere Douglasses to ruin driven,
> Were exiled from their native Heaven!'

"But it was no time to indulge in Scottish reminiscences. If that infant Highlander was to be baptized by us it must be within the next sixty seconds. We had the father and mother, and the baby and the minister, but no water!

"We hastily scanned all the vases and cups in the room. There was no

liquid in all the place save the cocoa left over from our evening repast. That would not do. We have known people so stupid, and dull, and bilious all their lives you might imagine they had been baptized in cocoa. But we would have no part in such a ceremony.

" 'Get some water in a second!' we demanded. From the next room the anxious father returned in a moment, bringing a glass of it, clear, bright water, fit to christen a Douglass, opaline as though just dipped by Rob Roy from Loch Katrine. 'Douglass!' we called him as the water flashed upon the lad's forehead quick and bright as the gleam of Fitz-James' blade at Inverlochy. We had no time for making out a formal certificate, but only the words, 'Baptism, July 21st,' the name of Douglass, and our own.

"As we darted for the cars, the young man submerged us with thanks, and put in our hands as a baptismal gift the 'Life of Robert McCheyne,' the glorious Scotchman who preached himself to death at thirty years of age, but whose brave and godly words are still resounding clear as a pibroch among the Scotch hills.

"As we had but little time to pray at the baptism we now ejaculate the wish that the subject unrolled that night from the smiling Scotch mother's plaid may have the courage of a John Knox, the romance of a Walter Scott, the naturalness of the Ettrick Shepherd, the self-sacrifice of a High McKail, the physical strength of a Robert McCheyne. In other words, may he be the quintessence of all great Scotchmen.

THRILLED BY SCOTCH CHARACTER.

"There is something about the Scotch character, whether I meet it in New York, or London, or Perth, that thrills me through and through. Perhaps it may be because I have such a strong tide of Scotch blood in my own arteries. Next to my own beloved country give me Scotland for residence and grave. The people are in such downright earnest. There is such a roar in their mirth, like a tempest in 'The Trossacks.'

"Take a Glasgow audience and a speaker must have his feet well planted on the platform or he will be overmastered by the sympathy of the populace. They are not ashamed to cry, with their broad palms wiping away the tears,

and they make no attempt at suppression of glee. They do not simper, or snicker, or chuckle. Throw a joke into a Scotchman's ear and it rolls down to the center of his diaphragm and then spreads out both ways, toward foot and brow, until the emotion becomes volcanic, and from the longest hair on the crown of the head to the tip end of the nail on the big toe there is paroxysm of cachinnation.

"No half and half about the Scotch character. What he hates, he hates; what he likes, he likes. And he lets you know it right away. He goes in for Lord Beaconsfield or William E. Gladstone, and is altogether Liberal or Tory. His politics decided, his religion decided; get him right, and he is magnificently right; get him wrong, and he is awfully wrong.

"A Scotchman seldom changes. By the time he has fairly landed on his feet in this world he has made up his mind, and he keeps it made up. If he dislikes a fiddle in church you cannot smuggle it in under the name of a bass viol.

"We like persistence. Life is so short that a man cannot afford very often to change his mind. If the Israelites in the wilderness had had a few Scotch leaders, instead of wandering about for forty years, they would, in three weeks, have got to the promised land, or somewhere else just as decided.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS FADING AWAY.

"But national characteristics are gradually giving way. The Tweed is drying up. The Atlantic Ocean under steam pressure is becoming a Fulton Ferry. When I asked John Bright the other day if he was ever coming to America, he said: 'No; America comes to me!'

"Besides that, American breadstuffs and American meat must have its effect on European character. All careful observers know that what men eat mightily affects their character. The missionary among the Indians, compelled to live on animal food, gets some of the nature of the aborigines, whether he will or not.

"The Anchor Line of steamers coming to Glasgow bring great cargoes of American meat to Scotland. The meat of animals butchered in America is kept on steamers in a cool draught especially arranged for that purpose, and

the meat market of Scotland is being revolutionized. The Scotchman eating American beef and American mutton and American venison becomes partially American. Englishmen on platforms and in the newspapers deplore the coming in of so much American breadstuffs. Because of the failure of English crops for two or three years this is becoming more and more so.

"The Englishman eating American wheat and American rye and American corn must become in part Americanized. And here is an element of safety which political economists would do well to recognize. The cereals and the meats of one nation becoming the food of other nations, it prophesies assimilation and brotherhood.

"It will be very difficult for American beef to fight American beef, and American mutton to fight American mutton, and American corn to fight American corn, though it may be found on the opposite side of the Atlantic.

"The world is gradually sitting down at one table, and the bread will be made of Michigan wheat, and it will be cut with Sheffield knives. The rice will be brought from Carolina swamps, and cooked with Newcastle coal, and set on the table in Burslem pottery, while the air comes through the window upholstered with Nottingham lace. And Italy will provide the raisins, and Brazil the nuts, and all nations add their part to the universal festivity. What a time of accord when all the world breakfasts and dines and sups together.

THE HIGHLAND SHOW.

"What is that neighing of horses, and bleating of sheep, and barking of dogs now coming to my ears? It is the Highland Show. The best animals of Scotland are in convention a little distance away. Earls and marquises yesterday judged between them.

"Better keep your American cattle, and horses, and sheep, and dogs at home, unless you want them cast into the shade. What a spectacle! I suppose these are the kind of cattle and horses that made up the chief stock in Paradise, before they had been abused of the wicked centuries.

"Examine those which have won distinction and a ribbon: Rear Admiral, Knickerbocker, Prince Alfred and Harold, from Berwick-on-Tweed, among the shorthorns; Liddesdale and Lord Walter among the Galloways; The

Monarch among the polled Angus cattle; Morning Star, King Carthus and Scottish Chief among the Ayrshires. This is the poetry of beef; the 'Iliad,' the 'Odyssey,' the 'Paradise Regained,' of cattledom. Pass on to the horses, and see Conqueror and Luck's All, and Star of the West.

"St. John saw in vision white horses, and bay horses, and black horses, and one might think that some of these in the Highland Show had broken out of the pasture-fields of heaven. One of these might well have stood for Job's photograph, 'his neck clothed with thunder.' What hunters and roadsters!

"Pass on to the sheep and see the wonderful specimens of Cheviots and Dinmonts, some of them so covered with wealthy fleece they can hardly see out, nature having 'pulled the wool over their eyes.'

"Pass on and stir up these fowls, and hear them crow and cackle and cluck. Turkey gobblers, with unbounded resources of strut, and ducks, of unlimited quack, and bantams, full of small fight, and Cochin-Chinas, and Brahmapootras, and Hamburgs, and Dorkings, suggesting the grand possibilities of the world's farm-yard.

"And dogs! I cannot stop to describe the bewitching beauty of the English and Gordon setters, and Dalmatians and retrievers, and pointers, and Scotch terriers, Skye and rat, and that beautiful joke of a dog—the English pug—which I can never see without bursting into laughter, and the collies now becoming the fashionable dogs of Europe, their heads patted by lords and ladies. How I would like to bring to America a whole kennel of them. St. John, in Revelations, put the dogs on the outside of the gate of heaven, saying: 'Without are dogs!'

"If he could have seen these of the Highland Show he would have invited them in. I think they might at least lie down under the king's table.

BEAUTY OF THE TAY.

"We have sailed on the Rhine, the Thames, the Hudson, the St. John, but cut out of all the other days of our life for entrancement is this day when on the steamer Star o' Gowrie, we sail the Tay. Somewhat may depend on our especial mood.

We had passed the night and previous day in one of those castles of beauty, a Scotch gentleman's home, a place that led us to ask the owner, as we stood in the doorway:

"'Do you suppose heaven will be much brighter than this?'

"He said, 'Yes! for there will be no sorrow there.'

"Then we thought can it be possible that sorrow ever looked out of these windows commanding such landscape, or ever set foot amid these royal flower-beds, or rode up this kingly carriage-way?

"We had visited the church of Robert Murray McCheyne, stood in his pulpit, hoping to get some of his inspiration, halted by his grave, and thought how from that comparatively small church (there are twenty larger churches in New York and Brooklyn) there has gone out a celestial spell upon all Christendom. I said to some of those who knew him well:

"'Was he really as good as the books say he was?' The unanimous answer was, 'Yes, yes.' His was goodness set to music, and twined into rhythm.

"The goodness of some people is rough and spiked, and we wish they were less good and more genial. But McCheyne grew pleasant in proportion as he grew holy. And there are his old church and his unprententious grave a charm for the centuries.

"We had also passed under the gate on which Wishart stood and preached to the people outside the wall during the plague, and from the text, 'He sent His word and healed them;' an assassin with dagger drawn waiting to stab him when he came down, the murderous intention defeated by Wishart's putting his hand on his shoulder affectionately; and when the excited populace rushed on to destroy the assassin, were hindered by Wishart's defense of the desperado, as the clergyman said, 'He who slays this man will first have to slay me.'

"We have been at the table with and heard the post-prandial talk of Dundee's clergymen, bankers, and literati. We have been in the parlors with the beautiful women of Scotland—the high color of the cheek, the purity of their complexion, the elegance of their manners, the brilliancy of their repartee, and the religious fervor of their conversation making up an attractiveness

peculiar to their nationality. There are no brighter homes on earth than in Scotland.

"In the mood which all these scenes had induced we stepped on board the Star o' Gowrie for a sail on the Tay. Whether we did not pay it sufficient deference by tipping our hat to it as we started, or what was the reason, we will not guess; but the wind lifted our hat for us, and away it went into the Tay, never to be recovered, and would have left us in an awkward plight, for people only laugh at a man who has lost his hat, but we happened to have a surplus, and so were immediately refitted.

"We passed under the Tay Bridge, the longest bridge across a tidal river in the world; but the whole heaven that day was an arch bridge, but tressed with broken storm-cloud, mighty enough to let all the armies of Heaven cross over, and indeed it seemed as if they were crossing—plumes of cloud, and wheels of cloud, and horses of cloud, troop after troop, battalion after battalion.

HEAVENS ON PARADE.

"There are some days when the heavens seem to turn out on parade. But there is no danger that this suspension-bridge from horizon to horizon will break, for if here and there a crystal should shiver under celestial foot, the cavalcades are winged, and the fracture of sapphire would be repaired by one stroke of the trowel of sunshine.

"The banks of the Tay seem laved with a supernatural richness. The verdure and foliage seem to have dripped off heights celestial. The hills on either side run down to pay obeisance to the queenly river, and then run up to the sky to report they have done so. Abbeys and castles stand on either shore, telling of the devotions and the courage of dead centuries. If you had time to stop and mount one of the casements of Elcho Castle, that old ruin on the south bank of the Tay, and should call the roll of the heroes departed, Bruce and Wallace, and Thomas de Longueville, calling loud enough, you might in the echoes hear the neighing of the war chargers, the clash of claymores, and the battle cry of Clan Chattan responded to by Clan Inhele, and all the other clans.

"'Bold and true
In bonnet blue.'

"On this side the Tay is the ruin of Lindore's Abbey, with its great stone coffins, about the contents of which generations have been surmising, and about which Dean Stanley remarked one day to a friend—that, considering the size of the coffins, the people occupying them must have been *broad* churchmen.

INTEREST IN OLD CASTLES.

"And yonder is the ruin of Balnabreich Castle. A few straggling stones only tell the place which once was the retreat of the mighty. Near by it the battlefield of Black Ironside, and the stream where Wallace and his thirsty men found refreshment.

"'Drank first himself, and said in sober mood,
The wine of France I ne'er thought half so good.'

"But say some—'we have no interest in these old castles and abbeys.'

"That displays your own ignorance. We notice that people who have no interest in such places are unacquainted with history, and no wonder to them Kenilworth Castle is of less interest than a fallen down smoke-house. Alas for those who feel no thrill amid these scenes of decayed architecture. Such ruins are the places where the past ages come and sit beside us, show us their leathern doublet, bend their keen-tempered blade, sing us the old songs, and halting the centuries in their solemn march bid them turn round and for a little while march the other way.

"We are apt to think, while looking upon these old ruins of barbaric times, how much the world has advanced. Yes, but not in all things for the better. Is our century which drops a bombshell able to kill twenty men any better than the century with falchion that killed one man? Are Waterloo and Sedan with their tens of thousands of slain better than the North Inch at Perth, near which we are now landing in this Scotch afternoon, the North Inch where thirty men of one clan, and thirty men of another clan, picked from their nation as champions, fought, until all were slain, or wounded, or dishonored, or drowned in the Tay?

"Is murder on an immense scale better than murder on a small scale? Was Napoleon despoiling nations so much better than Robin Hood despoiling a wayfarer? Is Sin Brobdignagian more admirable than Sin Liliputian? Is Springfield Armory better in God's sight than Balnabreich Castle? But before we get the questions answered our steamer touches the wharf, and we disembark with a farewell to the beautiful Tay, which seems to answer, as we part:

"'Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever,
I go on forever,
I go on forever.'

THE THREE ARISTOCRACIES.

"We Republicans and Democrats in America have been brought up on the theory that the aristocracy of England and Scotland live a fictitious and stilted life in aim, and meaningless. My own ideas on the subject have been reconstructed by my present visit. There are in the world three kinds of aristocracy—the aristocracy of wealth, the aristocracy of birth, the aristocracy of goodness. The last will yet come to the ascendency, and men will be judged, not according to the number of dollars they have gathered, nor the fame of their ancestors. But if we must choose between the aristocracy of wealth and the aristocracy of birth, we choose the latter. We find that those who have been born to high position wear their honors with more ease and less ostentation than those who come suddenly upon distinguished place.

"The man with a stable of fifty horses and a kennel of fifty hounds may be as humble as the man who goes afoot and has no dog to follow him. So far as we have this summer seen the homes and habits of the aristocracy of England, we find them plain in their manners, highly cultured as to their minds, and many of them intensely Christian in their feelings.

"There is more strut and pretension of manner in many an American constable, or alderman, or legislator, than you will find in the halls and castles of the lords and earls of England. One great reason for this is that a man born to great position in Great Britain is not afraid of losing it. He got it from his father, and his father from his grandfather, and after the present occupant

is done with his estate, his child will get it and then his grandchild and so on perpetually.

"It is the man who has had distinguished place only two or three years and may lose it to-morrow, who is especially anxious to impress you with his exaltation. His reign is so short he wants to make the most of it.

"Even the men who come up from the masses in England to political power are more like to keep it than in America, for the member of the House of Commons may represent any part of England that desires to compliment his services instead of being compelled to contest with twenty small men in his own district, as in America. It makes no difference to John Bright whether Birmingham wants to send him to Parliament or not.

"There are plenty of counties that do want to send him. Some of the most unpretentious men of England are the most highly honored. Gladstone is not afraid of losing his honors while with coat off he swings his ax against the forest trees at Hawarden, near Chester. His genteel visitors may, with gilt-edged book in hand, prefer to recline among geraniums and hawthorns of this country residence, but as Mr. Gladstone has so much during session of Parliament to do in the way of chopping at the present administration, and hacking and hewing at political antagonists, during recess while at Hawarden Castle he keeps his hand in by cutting down trees.

GLADSTONE'S FEARLESS CHARACTER.

"In a picnic of working people assembled on his lawn one summer day, Mr. Gladstone, while making a little speech, said:

" 'We are very proud of our trees and are therefore getting anxious as the beech has already shown symptoms of decay. We set great store by our trees.'

" 'Why, then,' shouted one of his rough hearers, 'do you cut them down as you do?'

" 'We cut down that we may improve. We remove rottenness that we may restore health by letting in air and light. As a good Liberal you ought to understand that.'

"So Mr. Gladstone, though holding the strongest political pen in England,

is easily accessible, and is not afraid of being contaminated by contact with inferiors.

"A citizen of Rochdale, in reply to my question about Mr. Bright, said: 'We do not know *Mr.* Bright! He is *John* Bright.'

"Indeed from my delightful interview with this eloquent and magnetic Englishman I could understand this familiarity with his name. His genial and transcendent nature looking at you through the blue eyes, and speaking from the fine head, now white as the blossoms of the almond tree, and without any reserve putting himself into familiar conversations on all the great questions of the day, you easily see how, while the masses shout at his appearance on the platform, the Queen of England sends word that when he approaches her he may, according to his Quaker habits and belief, keep his hat on.

"This unostentation seen among those who have done their own climbing, is true also of those who are at the top without climbing at all.

"The Marquis of Townshend, who presided at our lecture at the Crystal Palace, has the simplicity of a child, and meeting him among other men you would not suspect either his wealth or his honors.

"The Earl of Shaftesbury is like a good old grandfather from whom it requires no art to evoke either a tear or a laugh.

"The family of Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, is like any other Christian home which has high art and culture to adorn it.

"Among the pleasantest and most unaffected of people are duchesses and 'right honorable' ladies. The most completely gospelized man we have met this summer was the Earl of Kintore. Seated at his table he said: 'Do not forget our journey next Sabbath night.'

"It was useless to tell us not to forget that which we had so ardently anticipated. At six o'clock his lordship called at the Westminster Palace Hotel, not with carriage, for we were going where it was best for us to go afoot. With his servant to carry his coat and Bible and psalm-book we sauntered forth.

"We were out to see some of the evening and midnight charities of London. First of all we went into the charity lodging-houses of London, the places where outcast men who would otherwise have to lodge on the

banks of the Thames or under the arch bridges may come in and find gratuitous shelter.

"These men, as we went in, sat around in all stages of poverty and wretchedness. As soon as the earl entered they all knew him.

"With some he shook hands, which in some cases was a big undertaking. It is pleasant to shake hands, with the clean, but a trial to shake hands with the untidy. Lord Kintore did not stop to see whether these men had attended to proper ablution.

"They were in sin and trouble, and needed help, and that was enough to invoke all his sympathies. He addressed them as 'gentlemen' in a short religious address and promised them a treat 'about Christmas,' telling them how many pounds he would send; and accommodating himself to their capacity, he said, 'it would be a regular blow out.'

"He told me that he had no faith in trying to do their souls good unless he sympathized practically with their physical necessities. His address was earnest, helpful and looked toward two worlds—this and the next. In midsummer a large fire was burning in the grate. Turning to those forlorn wretches, Lord Kintore said: 'That is a splendid fire. I don't believe they have a better fire than that in Buckingham Palace.'

"From this charity lodging-house, which the inmates call the 'House of Lords,' we went to one of inferior quality, which the inmates call the 'House of Commons.' There were different grades of squalor, different degrees of rags, different stages of malodor.

MISSIONS AND OUTDOOR MEETINGS.

"From there we went to missions, and outdoor meetings, and benevolent rooms, where coffee and chocolate are crowding out ale and spirits. Ready with prayer and exhortation himself, his lordship expected everybody with him to be ready, and, although he had promised to do the talking himself, he had a sudden and irresistible way of tumbling others into religious addresses; so that, at the close of this Sunday, which we had set apart for entire quiet, we found we had made five addresses.

"But it was one of the most refreshing and instructive days of all our

lives. As we parted that night on the streets of London, I felt I had been with one of the best men of the age.

"While the Duke of Beaufort is shooting pheasants in the copse at Badminton, and is distinguished for Southdown sheep, and a cabinet set with gems that cost £50,000, and an estate of incalculable value, most men will have more admiration for such dukes and lords and noblemen as are celebrated for what they are doing for the betterment of the world's condition. Lord Congleton, missionary to Bagdad before he got his title, but now making himself felt as oriental scholar and religious teacher; Lord Cavan the stirring evangelist; Lord Radstock, not ashamed to carry the gospel to the Russian nobility, and Lord Kintore, who is always ready to take platform or pulpit, when there is anything good to be done, or walk through the haunts of destitution and crime, for temporal and spiritual rescue.

"I write this at the Deanery of Canon Wilberforce, the son of Bishop Wilberforce, who, by the fall of a horse in 1873, lost his life while riding with Lord Granville. Our host is also the grandson of Wilberforce, the Christian statesman and philanthropist, honored for all time.

"So in England there are whole generations on the right side. While for pretention and hereditary sham we wish a speedy overthrow.

"We pray God for the welfare and continuance of a self-sacrificing, intelligent, virtuous and Christian aristocracy.

UNPRONOUNCEABLE NAMES OF WALES.

"We have been in the land of unpronounceable names, and for the first time in our life seen a Welsh audience. They are the most genial and hearty of all people. When they laugh they laugh, when they cry they cry, and when they cheer they cheer, and there is no half-way work about it.

"Their language is said to be only second in sweetness and rhythm, but the English tongue seems to be crowding it out. The melody of the Welsh vernacular we must, however, take on faith. We give our readers an opportunity of practicing the music of the names of some of the Welsh valleys, such as Llangollen, Maentwrog and Ystwyth; of some of the Welsh medicinal springs, such as Llanwrtyd, Trefriw and Llandrindod; of some of the Welsh

mountains, such as Pencwmcerwyn and Aanfawddwy. If you are at all puzzled with the pronunciation of these names, you will please get one of the Welsh dictionaries, entitled: 'Dymchweliad allor uchel y Pab.' And if then you cannot succeed you will perhaps stop, and be as ignorant as I am of a language which the Welsh say has in it capacities for tenderness, and nice shades of meaning, and pathos, and thunderings of power beside which our English is insipid.

"Within a comparatively few years the English Government has found Wales to be her most valuable treasure house. She has the largest coal fields in Europe, and in vertical thickness the strata surpass the world. Her iron, and lead, and copper, and zinc, and silver, and gold, must yet command the attention of all nations. Her minerals, unlike those of most countries, are within fifteen or twenty miles of the sea, and easily transported.

"Considering the fact that the language is spoken by less than a million people, the literature of the Welsh is incomparable for extent.

"The first book was published in 1531, and consisted of twenty-one leaves. Four years after, another book. Eleven years after, another book which they strangely called 'The Bible,' containing the alphabet, an almanac, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and something about their national games.

"An astounding 'Bible' that was. Eighteen years after this another book appeared. The slow advancement was because the prominent men of the English nation wanted the Welsh language to die out, on the supposition that these people would be more loyal to the throne if they all spoke the English language. But, afterward, the printing press of Wales got into full swing, and now books and periodicals by the hundreds of thousands of copies are printed and circulated in the Welsh language. But, excepting a few ballads of an immoral nature, corrupt literature dies as soon as it touches this region.

DEATH TO BAD NOVELS.

"Many bad English novels that blight other countries cannot live a month in the pure atmosphere of these mountains. The fact is, that the Welsh are an intensely religious people, and one of their foremost men declares that in all their literature there is not one book atheistic or infidel.

"The grandest pulpit eloquence of the centuries has sounded through these gorges. I asked an intelligent Welsh lady if there were any people living who remembered the great Welsh divine, Christian Evans. She replied, 'Yes! I remember him—that is, I remember the excitement. I was a child in church, and sat in a pew, and could not see him for the crowd, but the scene made on me an indelible impression.'

"For consecrated fire, the Welsh preachers are the most effective in the world.

"Taken all in all, there are no people in Europe that more favorably impress me than the Welsh.

"The namby pamby traveler, afraid of getting his shoes tarnished, and who loves to shake hands with the tips of the fingers, and desires conversation in a whisper, would be disgusted with Wales. But they who have nothing of the fastidious in their temperaments, and who admire strength of voice, strength of arm, strength of purpose, and strength of character, will find among the Welsh illimitable entertainment.

MADMAN IN A COACH.

"On my way from Wales I met with one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. We were in a rail train going at a terrific velocity. There are two or three locomotives in England celebrated for speed; one they call the Flying Dutchman, another they call the Yorkshire Devil. We were flying ahead at about sixty miles the hour. There were five of us, four gentlemen and a lady, in an English car, which is a different thing, as most people know, from an American car, the former holding comfortably only about eight persons, four of them may occupy one seat, facing four on the other seat. We halted at the 'station,' as they say in England, or at the 'depot,' as we say in America. A gentleman came to the door and stood a moment, as if not knowing whether to come in or stay out. The conductor compelling him to decide immediately, he got in. He was finely gloved, and every way well dressed.

"Seated, he took out his knife and began the attempt of splitting a sheet of paper edgewise, and at this sat intensely engaged for perhaps an hour.

The suspicion of all in the car was aroused in regard to him, when suddenly he arose, and looked around at his fellow-passengers, and the fact was revealed by his eye and manner that he was a maniac. The lady in the car (she was traveling unaccompanied) became frenzied with fright, and rushed to the door as if about to jump out. Planting my foot against the door, I made this death-leap impossible. A look of horror was on all the faces, and the question with each was, 'What will the madman do next?'

"A madman unarmed is alarming, but a madman with an open knife is terrific. In the demoniac strength that comes to such an one he might make sad havoc in that flying rail-train, or he might spring out of the door as once or twice he attempted. It was a question between retaining the foaming fury in our company, or letting him dash his life out on the rocks.

"So it might be a question between his life and the life of one or more in the train. Our own safety said, 'Let him go!' Our humanity said, 'Keep him back from instant death!' and humanity triumphed. The bell-rope reaching to the locomotive in the English rail-trains is on the outside of the car, and near the roof, and difficult to reach. I gave it two or three stout pulls, but there was no slackening of speed. Another passenger repeated the attempt without getting any recognition. We might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind by pulling a boy's kite-string.

"When an English engineer starts his train he stops for nothing short of a collision, and the bell-rope along the outside edges of the car is only to make passengers feel comfortable at the idea that they can stop the train if they want to, and as it is not once in a thousand times any one is willing to risk his arm and reach out of the window long enough to work the rope, the delusion is seldom broken. To rid ourselves of our ghostly associate seemed impossible.

"Then there came a struggle as to who should have the supremacy of that car, right reason or dementia. The demoniac moved around the car as though it belonged to him, and all the rest of us were intruders. Then he dropped in convulsions across the lap of one of the passengers.

"At this moment, when we thought the horror had climacterated the tragedy was intensified. We plunged into the midnight darkness of one of those

long tunnels for which English railway travel is celebrated. The minutes seemed hours. Can you imagine a worse position than to be fastened in a railway carriage eight feet by six, in a tunnel of complete darkness, with a maniac? May the occurrence never be repeated! We knew not what moment he might dash upon us or in what way.

"We waited for the light, and waited while the hair lifted upon the scalp, and the blood ran cold. When at last the light looked in through the windows we found the afflicted man lying almost helpless. When the train halted he was carried out, and we changed carriages, for we did not want to be in the place where such a revolting scene had been enacted.

"Thank God for healthful possession of the mental faculties. For that great blessing how little appreciation we have. From cradle to grave we move on under this light, not realizing how easy it would be to have it snuffed out.

PITY FOR THE INSANE.

"God pity the insane. For all who have been wrecked on that barren coast, let our deepest sympathies be awakened. Nothing more powerfully stirred the heart of the 'Man of sorrow,' than the demoniac of Gadara, and what relief when the devil came out of him and the desperate patient, who had cut himself among the tombs, sat clothed and in his right mind.

"Until that encounter in the mail train we were in doubt as to whether we preferred English or American railroading, as each has its advantages. But since then we cast our vote in favor of American travel. We cannot equal the English in speed. Their tracks are more solidly built, and hence greater velocity is possible without peril. But the arrangements for 'baggage' as we say, or 'luggage' as they say, is far inferior. No getting of a trunk checked for five hundred or a thousand miles without again having to look at it. Nothing to show for your baggage, and only a label put on the lid announcing its destination; you are almost sure to lose it unless at every change of cars you go out and supervise the transportation. Beside that it is impossible to stop the train, however great the necessity. A prolonged scene like that which I have just now sketched in an American railway would have been an impossibility. What though occasionally a weak man may impose on the

convenient bell-rope and stop the train without sufficient cause, there ought to be a certain and immediate way of halting a train in case of such a wild, appalling and tremendous exigency.

WORDS ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

"It is well for every one crossing the ocean to know beforehand the difference between the use of certain words in England and America.

"The American says 'depot,' the Englishman says 'station.' The American says 'ticket office,' the Englishman say 'booking office.' The American says 'baggage,' the Englishman says 'luggage.' The American says ' I guess,' the Englishman says 'I fancy.' The American says 'crackers,' the Englishman says 'biscuit.' The American says 'checkers,' the Englishman says 'draughts.' The American says 'yeast,' the Englishman says 'barm.' The American calls the close of the meal 'dessert,' the Englishman calls it 'sweets.' The American says 'sexton,' the Englishman says 'doorkeeper.' The American uses the word 'clever' to describe geniality and kindness, the Englishman uses the word 'clever' to describe sharpness and talent.

"There are many more differences, but as education advances and intercommunication between England and America becomes still more frequent, there will be only one tongue, and all words will mean the same on this and the other side of the Atlantic.

ENGLISH WATERING PLACES.

"I have this summer seen much of the English watering places. They are now in full tide, September in this respect corresponding with our August. Brighton is like Long Branch. Weymouth is like Cape May. Scarborough is like Saratoga. Isle of Wight is like heaven.

"Brighton being within an hour and a half of London, the great masses pour out to its beach, and take a dip in the sea. But Scarborough is the place where the high prices shut out those of slender purse. It combines more of natural and artificial beauty than any place I ever saw. It is built on terraces. Its gardens rise in galleries. Two great arms of land reach out into the sea, and hundreds of gay sailing craft float in. A castle seven hundred years old straggles its ruins out to the very precipice.

"The air is tonic and the spectacle bewitching. Lords, and ladies, and gentry come here for a few weeks. The place is cool in summer, and warm in winter. In December, the thermometer hovers about the fifties, and the people breakfast with open windows, while others are skating at London.

"Of all the summer watering-places we have ever seen, in some respects Scarborough is the most brilliant, and is appropriately called the 'Queen of English Resorts.' But the prices are enormous, and not many could meet them. Brighton is best known to American theologians as the scene of the late Frederick Robertson's ministry.

"We attended his little church, which would hold perhaps six or eight hundred people, but from whose pulpit he preached after death to thousands of clergymen in Europe and America, those strange, powerful, original and melancholy sermons. What a life of pain he lived, sleeping many of his nights on the floor with the back of his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could sleep no other way without torture, his wife a still worse torment.

"Some of the English clergy have had wives celebrated in the wrong direction, but more of them have homes decorated and memorable with all conjugal affabilities. In the evening of the Sabbath, we worshiped in Robertson's church. We went into 'the extramural cemetery' to see his grave. Though dead twenty-six years, his tomb bears all the mark of fresh affection.

"On all sides vines and flowers in highest culture. Two bronze medallions, one by his congregation, the other by the working people who almost idolized him. On the one medallion his church have inscribed 'Honored as a minister, beloved as a man, he awakened the holiest feelings in poor and rich, in ignorant and learned; therefore is he lamented as their guide and comforter, by many who, in the bond of brotherhood and in grateful remembrance have erected this monument.' On the other medallion the working people, whose practical friend he proved himself to be, preferred the inscription, 'To the Reverend F. Robertson, M. A. In grateful remembrance of his sympathy and in deep sorrow for their loss the members of the Mechanics' Institution and the workingmen of Brighton, have placed this medallion on their benefactor's tomb.' How independent of time and death an earnest man lives on.

INSIGNIFICANT CHURCHES.

"That is a poor life which breaks down at the cemetery. Many of these illustrious English preachers had insignificant-looking churches. We went at Bristol to see Robert Hall's chapel.

"The present sexton remembered the great Baptist orator and preacher. The church in Robert Hall's day would not hold more than six hundred auditors, but there he preached discourses that have rung round the world and will ring through the ages.

"The size of a man's shop is not of so much importance as the style of work he turns out. Ole Bull could play the 'Hallelujah Chorus' on a corn-stalk fiddle. Blessed are all they who do their best whether in sphere resounding or insignificance.

"But the Isle of Wight, as already hinted, has a supernal beauty. If a poet, you will go there and see Tennyson's summer residence, and find him sauntering among the copses with his inevitable pipe as celebrated as the cigar of the American general.

"If you are an invalid, you will go there to bless your lungs with the soft atmosphere of its valleys. If you are fond of royalty, you will either get into the queen's castle at Osborne, or see her equipage on its daily 'outing.'

"If you are a Christian, you will go to the village which Dean Richmond has made immortal. Stop at the inn called the Hare and Hounds, and visit the grave at the northeast of the church, reading on the tombstone:

" 'Sacred to the Memory of
ELIZABETH WALBRIDGE,
The Dairyman's Daughter,
who died May 30th, 1801,
Aged 31 Years.
She being dead, yet speaketh.'

Or the tomb of the schoolmaster and church-clerk, whose epitaph I should think had been written by some lad who had felt the switch of the pedagogue, and took *post mortem* vengeance:

" 'In yonder sacred pile his voice was wont to sound,
And now his body rests beneath the hallowed ground.
He taught the peasant boy to read and use the pen;
His earthly toils are *o'er*—he's cried his last *Amen!*'

"Or, if you are fond of antiquities, you will go to Carisbrook Castle and see the room where Princess Elizabeth, her heart broken at the imprisonment and death of her father, Charles I., was found dead with her head on the open Bible at the text—'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Or, if fond of tragedy, you will stand on the bank at Sandown and look off upon the water where, a year or two ago, the Eurydice sank, with all on board, under a sudden squall. A gentleman described to me the scene and how the bodies looked as they were brought up the beach.

THE WONDERFUL ISLE OF WIGHT.

"Oh, how wonderful for all styles of interests is this Isle of Wight—the bays, the yachts, the hills, the mansions, the arbors, the bridges, the 72,000 souls augmented by the temporary population from the sweltering cities! Ventnor and Undercliff and Shanklinchine and Blackgarg!

"The isle, twenty-three miles long by thirteen wide, is one great dream of beauty.

"What trees arch it! What streams silver it! What flowers emboss it! What memories haunt it!

" 'The sparkling streamlet, joyous bright and free,
Leaps through the rocky chine to kiss the sea.'

"Memorable among my wanderings of the summer of 1879, will be the day spent on the Isle of Wight. The long storm of weeks lifted that morning, and there were gardens above as well as gardens beneath, groined roof of cloud over tesselated pavements and field. Fleets sailing the sea, fleets sailing the sky. Boats racing in the bay, and regattas of cloud on the sky. The scene seemed let down out of heaven on two crimson pulleys of sunrise and sunset.

"If you want to mingle with the jolly masses of England, let loose for a holiday, go to Brighton. If you want to see the highest fashion of the realm,

and relieve the plethora of an apoplectic pocketbook, go to Scarborough. But if you want to dream of eternal woods, and eternal waters, and eternal sunshine, make your pillow somewhere on the blissful and enchanting Isle of Wight.

"Our hearts overflow with gratitude to God and the English people. I do not think any American ever had so good an opportunity of seeing this country as I have had. I have been from one end of it to the other, and seen its vast population by day and by night, at work and in assemblage.

"Among other places I have been to Nottingham, the city of lace; Birmingham, the city of metals; Manchester, the city of cotton manufactory; Liverpool, the city of international communication; Edinburgh, the city of universities; Glasgow, the city of ship carpentry; Newcastle-on-Tyne, the city of coals; Sheffield, the city of sharp knives; Bristol, the city of West India produce; Luton, the city of straw hats; Northampton, the city of leather; Hull, the city of big hearts and large shipping; York, the city of cathedral grandeur; Henley, the city of pottery; Perth, the city of Walter Scottish memories; Dundee, the city of Robert McCheyne; Paisley, the city of shawls; Aberdeen, the city of granite; Brighton, the city of summer play; Rochdale, the city of John Bright; Chester, the city of antiquities; London, the city of everything grand, glorious, indescribable—stupendous London! May she stand in peace and prosperity till the archangel's trumpet splits open the granite of Westminster Abbey, and lets up all her mighty dead from the kings of five centuries ago to Sir Rowland Hill, the author of penny postage.

"By all this journey I am impressed with the fact that England is overcrowded, and must have relief. America is the country that will yet save England.

"A cool and cautious Englishman who thoroughly understands his country said to me:

A PLAN FOR POPULATING AMERICA.

" 'We want to send five million people to America before Christmas, and then five million more.'

"It is not because the crops have failed this year, but because, by natural increase, the population have not room to live on this island.

"Many prominent people beg me to urge upon the United States Government to help in the transportation of this surplus population to the lands of the Far West of America. The movement seems to me grandly practical. Our United States Government gives western lands for a mere nothing to those who will go and settle upon them. But there are millions of industrious Englishmen who would gladly go and settle there if they had the means of transportation. An act of Congress providing for such transportation to these unsettled lands, the lands to remain in the title of the government till the new settler should, by his own sweat, earn the property for his own home, would be the enrichment of America and the salvation of England.

"There are not enough ships on the Atlantic to carry the people who would go; and these people are not made of the idle or vagabond, or vicious classes, but moral, intelligent and hard-working when they can get anything to do. Get our western lands tilled, and the school-house and the church in full work, and the days of universal garden are here. Heaven will probably be an English garden on an American hillside.

"But now I am going to show you something you have never dreamed of.

BURIED CITY OF UVICANIUM.

"A grave is being opened in England that overtops all other things in stirring interest. Not the grave of a prince or a king, but the grave of a whole city, the buried city of Uvicanium. Riding out from Shrewsbury or Wellington for five miles you see the soil getting black, and along on the banks of the Severn you find the site of an ancient city built by the Romans, a city seventeen hundred years old. For many centuries it has lain under ground save a fragment of wall. Fifteen hundred years ago England was covered with these Roman towns and cities. Being far from the seat of government at Rome, these distant people broke away from the home government and formed independent principalities, and these principalities finally became jealous and quarrelsome and destroyed each other.

"So this city of Uvicanium perished. Charcoal in the remains of the city show that it was destroyed by fire, and the skeletons found in the cellars, some crouching and some prostrate, show that the ruin was sudden and accompanied with horrible massacre.

"This buried city is on the estate of the Duke of Cleveland, who is an old man and grouty and has no interest in the exhumation. The Queen and the Prince of Wales offer to contribute to the entire uncovering of this dead city, provided the title of the ground be put in a shape that will secure its permanent possession as a place of public interest. Although but a small part has been exhumed, enough has been exposed to make the place worthy of a visit by every traveler.

"Here is the blacksmith-shop with a stone anvil where they made plows and battle-axes. Here is the bath-room with floor beautifully tesselated, showing that those citizens admired cleanliness and art. Here is the heating apparatus by which the whole house was warmed seventeen hundred years ago.

"There is the masonry wonderful in the fact that the mortar has never since been equaled, for it is harder than the stone, in some places where the stone has crumbled the mortar standing firm.

"Capitals and bases and shafts show that the second century was not a whit behind the nineteenth in some things.

"Here is where the form of a female was found, and there the skull of an old man with one hundred and thirty-two pieces of coin near him, and a few heads of nails and some decomposed wood showing that the money was in a box.

"The old man, no doubt, at the time of the taking of the city, crawled in here to save his life and his treasure. The heads on the coins were those of Constantine, Valens, Julian, Theodore, and Tetricus.

"Here are the store-room and some specimens of burnt wheat. The houses had no upper stories and no staircases. In places you can see where the stones have been worn away by the feet of seventeen centuries ago.

"Here is a room which must have belonged to some mechanic, a worker in bone. Here are the skeletons of horses and oxen of sixteen hundred years past.

"We pick up and put in our pocket a few specimens of teeth that ached fourteen hundred years ago.

"Here is a receptacle in which the inhabitant used to sweep the rubbish of the household, hair pins, bone needles, nails, oyster shells, and broken pottery.

"The hair pins were made of bone, and thicker in the middle so as not to slip out from the coil of hair which adorned the females.

"Out of these ruins have been taken steelyards, a strigil for scraping the skin in the baths, artists' palettes, a horse-shoe, and medicine stamps.

"It seems the inhabitants were troubled with weak eyes, and all the medicine stamps indicate treatment for that disorder.

"The name of one of the enterprising doctors of the city is thus preserved. Tiberius Claudius was the physician's name. But they are all gone, and Dr. Claudius has overtaken his patients. There are urns containing human ashes. There is the grave of a soldier by the name of Caius Mannius.

"Most of the skulls of the inhabitants are, eleven out of nineteen, deformed skulls, and one might suppose that it had been a city of deformed people, but it has been found that the pressure of the ground and the action of certain acids in the vegetable mold changes the shape of the skull, and so the people of that age and that city may have been as well formed as the inhabitants of our modern cities.

"Place of interest untold! For ages the ruins were untouched. The ancients believed that these ruins were devil-haunted, and no man had the bravery to touch the spot.

STORY OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

"The following story about the place was told to William the Conqueror. Although the place was thoroughly given over to evil spirits, one Peverel armed himself with shield of gold and a cross of azure, and with fifteen knights and others went in and took lodging. The night came on full of thunder and lightning, and all fell flat on the ground in terror. But Peverel implored God and the Virgin Mary to defend him from the devil. Then the arch fiend approached, enough fire and brimstone pouring from his mouth to light up the whole region. Peverel signed himself with the sign of the cross, and attacked the champion of hell.

"When Satan saw the cross in the hand of Peverel he trembled and got weak, and surrendered. Then Peverel fell upon him, and cried:

" 'Tell me, you foul creature, who you are, and what you do in this town. I conjure you in the name of God and of the Holy Cross!'

"So the devil was defeated and driven out of the dead city of Uvicanium.

"In this legend we may get intimation of how the fell spirit may be driven out of our living cities.

"He makes as fearful a fight now as when in thunder and lightning he dropped on Peverel and his brave knights in Uvicanium.

"But when Peverel lifted the cross his Satanic majesty got weak in the knees, and surrendered the city he had held so long. Not by sword or gun, or police club, or ecclesiastical anathema will the Satanic powers be expelled from New York, or Brooklyn, or London, but by the same weapon which Peverel carried.

"Lift it firmly, lift it high, lift it perpetually, the cross, the holy cross, the triumphant cross of the Christian religion. One flash of that will send consternation upon all the battalions diabolic.

"Thus may the boastful and proud cities of our time learn salutary lesson from the twilight and midnight legends of the dead city of the dead centuries.

"As soon as you arrive in Liverpool for sight-seeing, make inquiry for the best way of getting to Uvicanium."

CHAPTER XVIII.

TALMAGE SUCCORS IRELAND AND RUSSIA.

THE LAND OF GOLDSMITH, GRATTAN, BURKE AND O'CONNELL—IF ORATORS WERE DEMANDED, THEY WOULD SPRING FROM THE PEAT BEDS—OPPRESSION GIVES BIRTH TO GREAT SOULS—GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN IRELAND—HELP FOR THE FAMINE-STRICKEN OF IRELAND AND RUSSIA.

When Talmage came into Ireland he seems to have fallen deeply in love with the country. Its romantic history, the country of oratory and the home of the shamrock, was familiar to him. In his memoirs of this visit he shows remarkable familiarity with the men and events of Irish record. He sympathizes with the race as a man of his sentiments must have done. "This is the country that grew Oliver Goldsmith!" he exclaims, "and Henry Grattan! and Edmund Burke! and Daniel O'Connell! Some people here remember this last giant, and how as an Italian writer says, that when O'Connell applauded, or cursed, or wept, or laughed, all Ireland applauded, or cursed, or wept, or laughed with him. His manner must have been overwhelmingly magnetic. A gentleman who heard him described to me O'Connell's wonderful adaptation to the style of his audience. Appearing before a rough, out-of-door crowd one day, he began his address by saying: 'How are you boys? And how are the women who own ye?'

"There are no Irishmen now as prominent as were the great men mentioned above, but if the time should come that demands the service of such men, they would spring up from the peat beds, and out of the pavements of Limerick, and Ballycastle, all armed with pen, or sword, or speech for the emergency.

"The Lord does not sharpen His weapons till He wants to use them. No oppression, no Robert Emmet; no struggle for independence, no Patrick Henry; no Austrian outrage, no Louis Kossuth; no American revolution, no

Washington; no Waterloo, no Wellington; no Warren Hastings' despoliation, no Edmund Burke's nine day speech; no Catholic emancipation, no fiery Daniel O'Connell. It is absurd to think that all the patriotism and courage of the world have died out with the heroes of the last generation. Tread on them, abuse them, maltreat them, drive them to the wall, and see if the Irish of 1885 will not fight as well as their illustrious ancestry.

"This island has for me a complete fascination. Most travelers writing of it give their chief time to describing its destitution; but they would tell a different story if they would only compare the Ireland of to-day with the Ireland of one hundred years ago.

IMPROVEMENTS IN IRELAND.

"Ireland of to-day is a paradise compared with what it once displayed of drunkenness, dueling, gambling, and public violence. Not only the students of colleges went into bloody encounters, but professors.

"Hutchinson, the provost of a college, challenged and fought Doyle, a master in chancery, and the provost's son fought Lord Mountmorris. Dueling clubs were established—no one allowed to be a member until he had killed some one, or tried to do so. At hotels weapons were kept for guests, in case they wanted to amuse themselves by killing each other. On one occasion while two were in duel, some one said, 'For God's sake part them!' 'No,' said the other, 'let them fight it out; one will probably be killed and the other hanged for the murder, and society will get rid of two pests.'

"A gentleman seated at a table had a covered dish passed to him from a gentleman at another table. The cover lifted from the dish revealed smoking potatoes. After a while another dish was handed on; the cover lifted, it revealed a loaded pistol, and the dinner-hour ended in manslaughter.

"All this fondness for dueling has passed, and in Ireland those who save life are more admired than those who take it. It is less than a century ago when ruffianism rode dominant. If there were a fair daughter in a household, there was not a moment of domestic safety.

"Companies of bandits would attack the mansion and carry off the female prize, and if in accomplishing this it were necessary to kill the father and

brother the achievement was considered all the more brilliant, and the courts were slow to punish. While there were penalties threatened against such theft of household treasures, the law was evaded by putting the female on the horse of the bandit, and he rode behind so that it might be said she took him instead of his taking her.

"In this way the mansions and the castles of the princely were dishonored, and the men foremost in such outrages were greeted and admired as heroes, and walked about in pretentious uniform—top boots and red waistcoats, lined with lace. Such men now would find short pilgrimage to the prisons of Ireland.

"A century ago Ireland's literature was depraved to the last degree of indecency. The most popular song of the day was descriptive of a prison scene the night previous to public hanging, and was entitled 'The night afore Larry was stretched.' Now each city of Ireland has its eminent authors. Many of the newspapers and magazines are administrative of elevated literary and moral taste. A Belfast or Dublin short-hand writer can take down a speech as rapidly as the stenographer of a London or New York paper.

"A century ago the amusements of the Irish people were cruel and barbarous. Bull-baiting was in high favor, the crowds looking on approvingly while the bull, fastened to a ring with a rope furnished by 'the mayor of the ring,' would be teased by the dogs, and they in turn bruised and tormented until sometimes a broken leg of the dog would have to be cut off so that, with the three remaining legs, it might, unimpeded, go on with the savagery.

"The public executions were one of the popular amusements. The hangman would appear in grotesque apparel, a mask on his face and a huge hump on his back.

A DROLL HANGMAN.

"One of these hangmen, Tom Galvin by name, was particularly celebrated for his hanging drollery. Nothing affronted him so much as the pardon of a criminal whom he expected to have the privilege of hanging.

He would indignantly exclaim: 'It is a hard thing to be taking the bread out of the mouth of an old man like me.'

"Tom Galvin, the hangman, lived until recently, and when called upon by curious people would take the old rope with which he used to hang prisoners and put it slyly around the neck of the unsuspecting visitor, giving it a sudden pull that would, by way of a joke, turn the visitor black in the face.

"All these styles of amusement have left Ireland, and crowded concert-halls, and costly picture galleries, and jaunting cars carrying the people out into the country for 'an airing,' suggest that while Ireland may not be as good and happy as we would wish, it is far better and happier than in olden times.

"Ireland of a century ago had a character which illustrated the villainy of his time. 'Tiger Roche,' as he was called, was as bad as he was brave, and as mean as he was generous. Indeed he was a mixture of impossibilities. He attracted Lord Chesterfield by his suavity, and frightened the mountaineers with his ferocity. He was spoiled by the caresses of the great, and instead of availing himself of the grand opportunities opened before him, went to work to see how much infamy he could achieve.

"He crossed to Canada and joined the Indians in their warfare against the white population, was charged with stealing a rifle, and utterly disgraced. Then he gave his life to wreaking vengeance on the heads of his slanderers. He returned to Ireland, where he was being restored to favor, when the slander of the stolen rifle reached the 'Emerald Isle.' But the thief who stole the rifle died, and in his dying moments confessed himself the criminal. Soon 'Tiger Roche' becomes leader in the attempt to put down Dublin ruffianism. The law breaker becomes the law executor. Then he aspires to the hand of an heiress with a very large income, but before the day of marriage, because of his large expenditures of money he is thrown into prison. He falls under the crushing misfortune, but rises again till he gets the nomination for Parliament, but he declines the nomination. He becomes fascinated with another heiress, gets her property and spends it till she and her mother have to retire in penury.

"He sailed for India, but on shipboard quarreled with the captain and so was turned in to mess with the common sailors. Getting on shore, he watched for the captain with murderous intent, and the captain was found one morning dead with nine stabs in his left side.

" 'Tiger Roche' fled to the Cape. Pursued there, he fled to Bombay. There he was caught, taken back to England and, through some technicality of the law, acquitted. After all he died a natural death, although every day for three-fourths of his life was a robbery of the gallows.

LAW AND ORDER IN IRELAND.

"We can hardly imagine such a character in Ireland to-day. He was applauded and imitated. But law and order are as thorough to-day in Ireland as in any nation under the sun. The Presbyterians of the North and the Catholics of the South hate each other with a complete hatred, but the only war is a war of words.

"Grievous wrongs is Ireland suffering, but her wrongs will be righted. Better than she was in the past, she will be far better in the future. An Irishman holds the highest legal position in England to-day. The voice of Ireland is potent in the councils of Great Britain. There will be revolution (I pray God not by sword, but by legislation). Her desolations will be furrowed into harvests of civilization and Christian prosperity.

"Peace upon Ireland! May her wounds be healed, and her hunger fed, and her woes alleviated!

"Leaving to other articles the stories of her mountains and cities as they now are, we conclude with the poet's apostrophe:

" 'Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea!'

BELFAST THE CHICAGO OF IRELAND.

"The Irish channel treated us better than it treats most people. It lay down quietly till we got over it. In the calm, bright moon we landed. But your first step in Ireland reminds you of her sufferings. Within sight of where you land to take the cars for Belfast is the place where the Catholics

were driven into the sea by their persecutors, and where nine hundred monks were murdered by the Danes.

"No country has ever endured more wrongs than Ireland. But as you roll into Belfast you are cheered by a scene of prosperity.

"Belfast is the Chicago of Ireland. This city, presented by James I. to Sir Arthur Chichester as an 'insignificant village,' now has 212,000 inhabitants, and all sails set for further progress. She makes enough linen to provide table coverings and surplices and under-garments for all the world.

"By an expenditure of $1,250,000 she has made her harbor easy of access to immense shipping.

"The thrift of the city, with the exception of occasional depressions, is unprecedented in Ireland. The people are kind, hospitable, enthusiastic, and moral. Her multitude of churches and religious institutions has had its evident effect on the population. Her monuments, banks, colleges, and bridges absorb the traveler's attention.

" 'Spanning the Lagan now we have in view
The great Long Bridge with arches twenty-two.'

"Belfast has an array of very talented preachers. Her pulpit is second to no city under the sun. The churches are large and thronged. Her literary institutions have the ablest professorships, and the longest roll of students. If I wanted to live in Ireland, and had my choice, I would live in Belfast.

"Thence you will run up to Londonderry—a walled city, historical down to its last brick. You feel, as you enter the city, that you have passed out of this century into the seventeenth century, and you hear the guns of siege thundering against the walls. For one hundred and five days the assault lasted, till cats and dogs were attractive food to the starving inhabitants. Walker, the minister of the place, proved himself a patriot, and harangued the people to courage and endurance. A high monument has been raised to perpetuate his memory. Two thousand three hundred people died from the siege. So that the glory of the city is the glory of its majestic and Christian suffering. Ay! ay! it is always so. Nothing is won by man, or church, or community, or nation, but through fire.

"In the outskirts of this city was the famous agricultural school, and on arriving I immediately asked for Templemoyle. Thackeray describes it as the most wonderful school in all the world. He liked it better than Eton. He said, after writing 'Templemoyle,' thirty-seven years ago: 'There are at this present writing five hundred boys at Eton, kicked, and licked, and bullied by another hundred, scrubbing shoes, running errands and making false concords, and still calling it education!'

"Then he describes how superior this agricultural school was to all that, the doctor's bill for seventy pupils amounting to thirty-five shillings per year. The boys were to rise at 5:30 o'clock a. m., and to have for breakfast eleven ounces of oatmeal made in stirabout, and one pint of sweet milk. The bill of fare was printed at the beginning of the session, and it makes me hungry to think of the sparseness of it.

"When I asked about the school, one man told me it had 'gone down,' and another that it had 'gone up.' But all agreed in the fact that it had *gone*. I suppose that school, like many other institutions, had been killed by too many rules. Templemoyle is in private hands, and a mere matter of history.

"Walking around the ramparts of the city, you can look off into the far past, and see the apprentice boys driving back King James, making themselves immortal, for the roll of their courage is handed down from age to age—William Crookshanks, Alexander Irving, James Stewart, Robert Morrison, John Coningham, William Cairns, Samuel Harvey, and others. A man dies well when he dies in defense of his home, city, or country.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

"You take a short run by cars and reach the strangest place on earth—the Giant's Causeway. The rocks here are cut as by mathematical calculation. A man is a fool who can look at these rocks and not realize that the world had a design and Designer. Was it nothing but chance that made them octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal?

"There are 35,000 columns of rock more wonderful than all the sculptors and architects of the ages could have hewn them.

"There are rocks called the Chimney Tops, which the Spanish armada in the fog took for the towers of Dunluce castle, and blazed away at, but got no answering cannonade save the echo of the everlasting hills.

"Here is what is called the 'Giant's Organ,' because the rocks resemble the pipes of that monarch of musical instruments.

"I would like to stand by this Giant's Organ during a thunderstorm and hear the elements play on it the oratorio of the creation.

"Here also is the 'Giant's Amphitheater,' the benches of rock extending round in galleries above each other, suggesting a fit audience room for the gathering of the Judgment Day.

"We got into a boat, and with six oarsmen rowed out on the sea and hence into two of the caverns where the ocean rolls with a grandeur indescribable. The roof of the Dunkerry Cave is pictured, and frescoed, and emblazoned by the hand of God. It is sixty feet high above high-water mark.

"As the boat surges into this cavern you look round, wondering whether there are enough oarsmen to manage it.

"A man fires a pistol that we may hear the report as loud in that cavern as the heaviest crash of an August thunderstorm.

"You swing round for a few moments in that strange temple and then come forth with an impression that you will carry forever.

"There can be no power in time or eternity to efface that stupendous memory. The rustic guides talk to you with the ease of a geologist about felspar and hornblende, and basalt, and trap rock.

"Before you die you must see the Giant's Causeway. You go to look at a celebrated lake, but you have seen other lakes. You go to look at a high mountain, but you have seen other mountains. You go to see a great city, but you have seen other cities. You go to see a famous tree, yet you have seen other trees. But there is nothing like the Giant's Causeway. It stands alone and aside from all geological wonders.

"The painter tries to sketch it and gives it a ten-pin alley appearance, the ten-pins just set up.

"There is no canvas high enough, no pencil skillful enough, no genius mighty enough to adequately present this curiosity.

"Ireland might well have been built, if for nothing but to hold the Giant's Causeway.

"How do they account for this causeway? It seems that a Scotch giant was in quarrel with an Irish giant, and the Scotch giant told the Irishman that he would come over and give him a severe trouncing if it were not for getting his feet wet in the sea.

"The Irish giant was spoiling for a fight, and so built a road across to Scotland. Then the Scotchman crossed over, and the Irishman punished him for his impudence with a shillalah. As time went by the High Road across the sea sank, leaving only the present remains, called the Giant's Causeway.

"But instead of this tradition, which says the road was built to let two belligerents cross over and meet each other in combat, I think it was built for the purpose of allowing the human mind to cross over from earth to heaven.

"It lifts us among the sublimities. I imagine that this is the last pillar of the earth that will give way. After the roof of the world has fallen in, and the capitals of the mountains shall have crumbled, and the foundation of the earth has sunk, these gray columns shall run their grandeur across the desolation, and these organ pipes of basalt sound forth the dirge of a dead and departed world.

SYMPATHY FOR STRICKEN IRELAND.

Dr. Talmage showed his sympathy for the Irish people when in 1880 that island was suffering from a great famine. His sermon for the purpose of raising funds to help the starving people of that most unfortunate country is one of the strongest and most eloquent appeals to the charity of the world ever uttered. He pleads for the Irish as though they were indeed his brothers in blood and their sufferings were his own. After enumerating the reasons why those who have been blessed with prosperity should hurry tc relieve those from whom fortune has withheld her favors he said: "Famine is a

monster that has at some time put its paw on almost every nation, with hot tongue lapping up the fevered blood of the starving; and this morning it is howling for its prey, and its voice comes shuddering across the Atlantic. Last Tuesday I received a cablegram from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, saying: 'Famine is inevitable; aid needed.' Last Sabbath I received a cablegram from Lord James Butler, of Dublin, who said: 'Fuel and food needed in the west of Ireland,' while at the same time in the telegram he deprecated political agitation, as, in his opinion, doing great damage. I have received this week also a cablegram from the Earl of Kintore, the great Scottish philanthropist, who confirms all these tidings; so it is very certain in my mind that this is not a political dodge, as some had protested; it is not even a quarrel between landlord and tenant; it is an unmistakable, agonizing, overwhelming, stunning, million-voiced shriek for bread.

FAMINES IN IRELAND.

"Ireland once had plenty. In the seventeenth century she had a superfluity of grain fields, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep straying through her valleys and up and down her mountain sides. Prolonged wars, but plenty to eat. The tale of woe of Irish famine began in the eighteenth century, in 1727, and hundreds perished that year; in 1741, and four hundred thousand perished of the famine; in 1756, and a writer of that day says: 'Two-thirds of our population are starving;' in 1826, when a writer says: 'Ireland is the land of anomalies—the greatest destitution on the richest soil. The greatest wretchedness in all the world is here. The complexion of the people blue, or green, according as they have been compelled to devour weeds, decided by the color of the weeds they devour.' Famine in 1846, which some of you remember—in 1846 when the Government of the United States sent five hundred thousand dollars to relieve the famine in Ireland, and that great gift on the part of our country was met by ten million pounds, or the fifty million dollars, voted by the English Parliament for the relief of the famine in Ireland. Beneficence in New York responding to the ten thousand dollars given by Queen Victoria out of her own private purse, that the hunger of Ireland might be fed. Persia, China, Egypt, India, joining Christian nations in char-

itable crusade; yet hundreds of thousands of people perishing, many of them as heroic as the Irish woman who said to her husband, 'Come here, let us all die together rather than touch that which belongs to another.' A famine so terrible that the remembrance of it, in nineteen years, sent three million six hundred and fifty-nine thousand of Irish people to this country.

BREAD, NOT BULLETS.

"And now the famine of 1880. I knew it would come. I saw the deluge in England, Ireland, and Scotland last summer. I saw the harvest that had been partially gathered float away on the floods. I heard prominent citizens in the streets of Belfast and Dublin and Londonderry say: 'We shall have famine; it is inevitable.' And it has come, but with this alleviation, that whereas in 1846 it took the news two weeks to come by steamer, and then the reply two weeks to travel back, now, thanks to the heroes of ocean telegraphy, the cry comes in a flash, and the answer goes back in a flash, so that in the morning Ireland cries 'Hungry!' and before nightfall America responds: 'The bread is on the way.'

"Do you know that famine in Ireland is especially distressing because, as a nation, the Irish are peculiarly affectionate, and it is a little harder for that nation than almost any other nation to see their families suffering and dying? Who doubts this who has noticed that the Irish serving-maids of this country, at the greatest sacrifice, have for the last twenty or thirty years been sending back all the money they could spare to Ireland to buy food and pay rent, and finally to transport their loved ones to this land, many of them giving every penny not absolutely necessary for their expenses—a story of filial and fraternal and sisterly affection unsurpassed save by the matchless love of God. Now, I say, it is among that class of people, so strong, peculiarly strong, in their affections, that famine has come; and now, while I speak, great populations are surging up and down the Irish cities carrying the black flag; and the way to put down these riots is by giving them bread, not a policeman's club—bread, not armed soldiery.

STARVING AMID BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

"I have to tell you, my friends, that this famine in Ireland is especially distressing because it is surrounded by such brilliant scenery. Destitution

never so ghastly as when crouching at the foot of such hills, and looking into the mirror of such lakes, and begging at the gate of such castles. I do not believe God has crowded into so small a space so much beautiful landscape in all the earth as there is to be found in that one small island—an island only about two hundred and thirty miles long by one hundred and ten miles broad —rhomboid in shape, its rocks showing more of the skill of the divine architect than any rocks on earth. Witness the octagonal, the hexagonal, and the pentagonal of her granite, and the forty thousand columns of her Giant's Causeway, some of them set up like the pillars of the king of musical instruments, so that they are called the organ, and as I stood looking on them I thought that it would be fit to play upon that organ the grand march of the last judgment, God's thunders trampling the pedals. An island indented with ninety-two harbors, as beautiful Galway, and Donegal, and Kingstown, and Valentia. Her coasts illuminated by night with sixty-two lighthouses. More than two hundred fairy islands sprinkling the edges of Ireland with magical brightness. Loughs Erne, Corrib and Mask, and that strip of landscape flung out of heaven, the Killarneys.

A LAND OF LOVELINESS.

"What silvery glee of Rivers Shannon, and Boyne, and Foyle, and Bann, and Blackwater, and other rivers rich with salmon and pike and trout. What floral strewing marvelous ferns among the Kerries, and Alpine plants in Antrim, and seaweed, a very bewichment of beauty, so that you come away with your hands and your arms and your mind and your immortal soul full of it. The scenery, adorned with glorious old ruins like St. Dunluce, and Loughmore Castle, and Blarney Castle, and Athenry Castle, each moss-covered stone a lyric. Amid that matchless beauty sits famine and starvation, the more ghastly by its surroundings. The mineral and agricultural capacity of Ireland not developed makes the famine the more appalling. Soil waiting to yield to the acre more harvest than in the same space can be yielded in Russia or America. Loam of the richest fertility. Flax harvest the forerunner of richer flax, and hemp enough to hang all the traitors to liberty and justice all around the world. Mineral wealth of iron and lead and copper

and silver and gold which have already hinted their presence. Agricultural capacity which, if developed, would make famine impossible, and fills the hands of Ireland with charity for other nations, for the time is yet to come when Ireland, instead of being a mendicant, will be a benefactor.

A RIGHT TO CALL UPON AMERICA.

"The Irish are generous, they are generous to a fault. If you are in trouble the Irishman will go halves with you, and if that will not bring you out, then he will give you all he has and borrow something from the neighbors! But the squalor and the suffering, aggravated now by the mineral and the agricultural capacity of that country which is undeveloped!

"O, sirs, Ireland in the day of her sorrow has a right to call upon America. She has always been our friend. Benjamin Franklin, at the close of the last century, wrote to this country, saying: 'The Irish people are the friends of the American people.' So it was proved in 1776; so it was proved in 1812; so it was proved two centuries ago, when there was famine in New England, and a shipload of breadstuffs came from Ireland to Boston; so it was proved in 1861, when our national troubles broke out, and in the front rank of armed courage flashed the Irishman's bayonet, and from the first conflict to the last was heard the Irishman's battle shout. Some of you know the name of Thomas Francis Meagher, and what he did at Malvern Hills and Cold Harbor. Did the Irishman prove himself self-sacrificing and brave and true to the flag under which he had come to live in our days of civil strife? Let Chickamauga and Antietam and South Mountain and Gettysburg answer!

IRISH PATRIOTISM AN INSPIRATION.

"Moreover, the patriotism and eloquence of Ireland have been inspiration to orators and heroes all the world over, and Ireland has in that way brought all nations to obligation. In how many crises of our national history have our great men got inspiration from the names of Grattan and Edmund Burke and Erskine and Daniel O'Connell, called by many the Washington of Europe? Why, sirs, there is in one passage of Robert Emmet's dying speech enough eloquence to kindle the eloquence of a century. The day

before he was first hung and then beheaded in Ireland for the sake of his principles—the day before, on the road to the scaffold, he waved a last adieu to Sarah Curran—of whose broken heart Washington Irving wrote so wonderfully—she in a carriage along the road waving back the farewell as he went out to die—the day before the execution, a young man only twenty-five years of age, Robert Emmet uttered a speech as he looked into the face of an indignant court, a speech so full of patriotism and power and eloquence, it has hardly been equalled.

"Oh, the brave words and the brave deeds in Ireland that have been inspiration to all the world. I do not know any passage in history more thrilling than that when the men of O'Brien, wounded in the hospital, unable to rise, when they heard the battle was going against them begged that stakes might be driven in the ground and they might be brought out and lashed fast to the stakes, so they could stand up, then with the right arm fight for their country. And so it was done, and these wounded men were carried out on couches, and the stakes were driven, and these men were fastened to the stakes, while with the right arm they fought for Ireland, and fought until they died.

MAGNETIC IRISHMEN IN AMERICA.

"But Ireland has sent her magnetic men to this shore. There are many here who remember the oratorical charm that thrilled the court-room when James T. Brady bowed and said, 'May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury.' And there may be here and there one who remembers so far back as the day of Thomas Addis Emmet, who closed his career as an advocate in Ireland by pleading for a client who must die because of a political oath he had taken—closing his speech by seizing the Bible and pressing it to his lips and saying: 'I go down with my client; I take the same oath.' Then coming to this land to become the compeer of William Wirt and John Randolph, rising higher and higher in his influence at the forum, until falling dead in apoplectic fit in the court-house at Snug Harbor, and all the Supreme Court rooms of the land went into mourning, and learned eulogists declared that for purity of life, and greatness of soul, and magnificence of eloquence,

Thomas Addis Emmet was unrivaled. By heroic deeds and heroic words Ireland has brought all lands under obligation. Now she sits in the shadow of death, the scenes of 1846 about to be repeated unless relief comes speedily.

SHAMROCK ENTWINES THE CROSS.

"Famine in Ireland. O Protestants and Catholics of America! I implore you that, forgetting all ecclesiastical distinctions, and with a faith in God so mighty that it shall disregard even the orange and the green, that you put your shoulders together for the relief of famishing Ireland. Merciful God! shall it be that with our barns and our storehouses crowded with food we shall be heartless and unresponsive? No, it shall not be. For, as this day I entwine the shamrock around the cross, I hear a voice louder than the groan of famished Ireland—a voice of tears and blood and sacrifice, exclaiming, 'I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat.'

MASTERLY APPEAL FOR SUCCOR.

"By the empty bread tray of the Irish cabin, by the exhausted sack of oatmeal, by the blasted harvest fields, by the blanched cheeks of women and children crying for help, by the four hundred thousand graves of those who perished in the Irish famine of 1741, and by the vaster number of graves of those who perished in 1846, I implore you not only to be generous but to be quick. I gather up the plaint of helpless childhood all over Ireland, and the sobbing of mothers whose children are dying on their breasts because the fountains of life are dried up, and the groans of men who can fight back no longer the wolf from the cabin, and by the wailing of uncounted multitudes of the starving—I gather them all up, and I intone them into one heart-rending cry for help. I am sure you will be faithful. Then, when your day of distress comes, you will have a right to expect swift relief. 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.' Then, when the last great day of assize comes, and the whole world shall receive its doom, the great Judge will bend smilingly to you in memory of this day and say, 'I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was hungry, and ye fed me; inasmuch as ye did this to poor, starving Ireland, ye did it unto Me!'"

At the close of this appeal to generosity a large collection was taken for the relief of Ireland.

SUCCOR FOR RUSSIA.

Dr. Talmage was as quick to act when other countries were suffering as he was in this case. He who never did anything by halves, managed, as editor of the *Christian Herald,* to raise $35,000 for the relief of the districts of Russia that were famine-stricken in 1892. The steamship Leo was chartered and Dr. Talmage became his own supercargo and sailed to St. Petersburg with a shipload of flour. The Czar, the Czarina and the entire imperial family welcomed Talmage, and the Czar talked with him for a long time on religious, social and political questions. What most struck Dr. Talmage and what he commented on most frequently when talking of his meeting with the Czar was that the bomb-threatened autocrat seemed to be entirely without fear.

"Perhaps he is used to the thought of being assassinated," suggested one of Dr. Talmage's friends.

"Ah, no," said the preacher. "But he is ready, and when a man is always ready to die, why should he be afraid of the form in which death may come? A finer, nobler fellow than the Czar of Russia I never met. We chatted for a long time on religious, social and political questions."

The Czar was undoubtedly of the opinion, from the circumstances of Dr. Talmage's visit, as well as from the newspaper publicity bestowed on the preacher, that Dr. Talmage stood high in the councils of the American nation.

Such was the kindly nature of Dr. Talmage. When poverty and famine struck at the lives of people he did not pause to consider their nationality, or their religious beliefs. He acted at once with all the force of his nature and always with great results.

CHAPTER XIX.

LETTERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

PLEASING DISSERTATIONS ON EDUCATION, GROWTH, DEVELOPMENT—THE FOLLY OF FLIRTATION—THE USEFUL FRIEND—MODESTY A NECESSARY ACCOMPLISHMENT—DISSERTATION ON DRESS—HONESTY AN ACTIVE PRINCIPLE.

Dr. Talmage was never satisfied with the size of his congregation, as he was pleased to call all those that heard or read his sermons in the different publications of the country. He knew his virile preaching attracted mature minds from all stations of life, but he feared he was not reaching the young people in numbers at all commensurate with the adult admirers of his strenuous religion. Having reached this conclusion he set out to write a series of addresses on subjects that should appeal directly to the growing generation, to be published in the papers that reached the largest number of homes. These he entitled *Letters to Young People.* He adopted a conversational style in these addresses and sought to treat such subjects as would be most likely to catch the fancy of youths and maidens about to enter on the more serious duties of life. His attempt was most successful. Talmage was soon quoted from one end of the country to the other on such subjects as love, marriage, divorce, home-keeping, courting, behavior in society, the choice of a wife, the choice of a husband, the folly of flirtation, unequal matches, a young woman's education, a young man's company, accomplishments, dress, and in fact almost every phase of domestic life. That he did this with an earnest desire to help smooth the way for those whose experience of the world was yet in a great part to be gained no one can doubt who reads these entertaining, if somewhat didactic little lectures.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

He starts out with this characteristic utterance: "It is absurd to think all men ought to be married. Some of them are so cross-grained that an angel from heaven could not in their companionship be able to preserve equanimity. You might as well put on your clerical bands and unite in wedlock fire and gunpowder. The altar and the wedding party would be picked up in fragments some distance away. There are antagonisms that can never be overcome. You occasionally find a man who spreads himself so widely over the path of life that there is no room for any one to walk beside him. He is not the one blade of a scissors, incomplete without the other blade. He is a chisel, made to cut his way through life alone; or a file, full of roughness, made to be drawn across society, without any affinity for other files. His disposition is a life-long protest against marriage. Others are so married to their occupation or profession that the taking of any other bride is a case of bigamy. There are men as severely tied to their literary work as was Chatterton, whose essay was not printed because of the death of the lord mayor. Chatterton made out the following account:

Lost by the lord mayor's death in this essay.....		£1 11s 6d
Gained in elegies.....£2 2s od		
Gained in essays.....	3 3 0	5 5 0
Am glad he is dead by.....		£3 13s 6d

"When a man is as hopelessly literary as that, he ought to be a perpetual celibate. His library, his laboratory, his pictures are all the companionship needed! Indeed, some of the mightiest men this world ever saw have not patronized matrimony. Cowper, Pope, Newton, Swift, Locke, Walpole, Gibbon, Hume, Arbuthnot, were single. Some of these marriage would have helped. The right kind of a wife would have cured Cowper's gloom, and given to Newton more practicability, and been a relief to Locke's overtaxed brain. A Christian wife might have converted Hume and Gibbon to a belief in Christianity. But Dean Swift, the old brute of a minister, did not deserve a wife, judging from the way in which he broke the heart of Jane Waryng

first, and Esther Johnson afterward, and last of all, Vanessa. The great wit of his day, he was outwitted by his own cruelties. Admitting the fact that many men ought not to be married, we declare that the great majority ought religiously to seek a wife.

MOST MARRIAGES DIVINELY ARRANGED.

"The fact that most of the marriages are, taking all things into consideration, fit to be made, convinces us that they are divinely arranged. Almost every cradle has an affinity toward some other cradle. They may be on the opposite sides of the earth. But one child gets out of this cradle and another child gets out of that cradle, and with their first steps they start for each other. They may diverge from the straight path, going toward the north or south or east or west. They may fall down, but the two rise facing each other. They are approaching all through infancy. The one all through the years of boyhood is going to meet the one who is coming through all the years of girlhood to meet him. The decision of parents as to what is best concerning them, and the changes of fortune may for a time seem to arrest the two journeys. But on they go. They may never have seen each other. They may never have heard of each other, but the two pilgrimages which started at the two cradles are nearing. After eighteen or twenty or thirty years the two come within sight. At first glance they may feel a dislike, and they may slacken their step. Yet something that the world calls fate, or that religion calls Providence, urges them on and on. They must meet. They come near enough to join hands in social acquaintance, after awhile to join hands in friendship, after awhile to join hearts. The delegate from the one cradle comes up the east aisle of the church with her father, the delegate from the other cradle comes up the west aisle of the church. The two long journeys end at the snow-drift of the bridal veil. The two chains made out of many years are forged together by the gold link which the groom puts upon the third finger of the left hand. One on earth! May they be one in heaven!

HORRORS OF BEING UNHAPPILY "YOKED."

"Do you call this fatality? I have only described the general arrangement. There are cases where the boy gets out of the wrong side of the cradle, and

forever he seems to have lost his way. Here is where the much-laughed-at idea of Martin Tupper comes in. Many who twenty-five years ago thought the counsel of this English poet concerning prayer on the matrimonial subject preposterous, now think it wise. Some who laughed then on one side of their mouths, are now, because of their rejection of the good advice, laughing on the other side of their mouths. The worst predicament possible is to be unhappily yoked. You see it is impossible to break the yoke. The more you pull apart the more galling the yoke. The minister might bring you up again, and in your presence read the marriage ceremony backward, might put you on the opposite sides of the altar from where you were when you were united, might take the ring off the finger, might rend the wedding veil asunder, might tear out the marriage-leaf from the family Bible record, but all that would fail to unmarry you.

"It is better not to make the mistake, than to attempt its correction. But men and women do not reveal all their characteristics till after marriage, and how are you to avoid committing the fatal blunder?

"Take Martin Tupper's direction. There is only one Being in the universe who can tell you whom to choose, and that is the Lord of Paradise. He made Eve for Adam, and Adam for Eve, and both for each other. Adam had not a large group of women from whom to select his wife, and it was fortunate, judging from some mistakes which he had made, that it was Eve or nothing. There is in all the world some one made for you as certainly as Eve was made for Adam.

"All sorts of mistakes occur, because Eve was made out of a rib from Adam's side. Nobody knows which of his twenty-four ribs was taken for the nucleus. If you depend entirely upon yourself in the selection of a wife; there are twenty-three chances to one that you will select the wrong rib.

SOME WICKED WIVES.

"By the fate of Job whose wife coaxed him to swear; by the fate of Ahab whose wife induced him to steal; by the fate of John Wesley, whose wife was a jealous fool; by the fate of Macbeth, whose wife pushed him into massacre; by the fate of Frederick Robertson whose wife mocked his distresses while

writhing on the floor in spinal disease; by the fate of James Ferguson the philosopher, whose wife entered the room while he was lecturing, and willfully upset his astronomical apparatus, so that he turned to the audience and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman;' by the fate of Bulwer the novelist, whose wife's temper was so 'incompatible,' he furnished her a beautiful house near London and withdrew from her company, leaving her with the one dozen dogs whom she entertained as pets; by the fate of John Milton, who married a termagant, after he was blind, and when some one called her a rose, the poet said, 'I am no judge of colors, and it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily;' by the fate of an Englishman, whose wife was so determined to dance on his grave that he was buried in the sea; by the fate of the village minister whom I knew whose wife threw a cup of hot tea across the table because they differed in sentiment —by all these scenes of disquietude and domestic calamity we implore you to be cautious and prayerful before you enter upon the connubial state which decides whether a man shall have two heavens or two hells, a heaven here and heaven forever, or a hell now and a hell hereafter. By the bliss of Pliny whose wife, when her husband was pleading in court, had messengers coming and going to inform her what impression he was making; by the joy of Grotius whose wife delivered him from prison under the pretense of having books carried out lest they be injurious to his health, she sending out her husband unobserved in one of the book cases; by the good fortune of Roland in Louis' time, his wife translating and composing for her husband while secretary of the interior—talented, heroic, wonderful Madame Roland; by the happiness of many a man who has made intelligent choice of one capable of being prime counselor and companion, in brightness and in grief, pray to Almighty God morning, noon and night that at the right time and in the right way He will send you a good, honest, loving, sympathetic wife; or if she is not sent to you, that you may be sent to her.

"Adam's wife came to him while he was sound asleep, but the probability is that you will overtake yours when wide awake. Decide not so important a matter by the color of a bright cheek. As well purchase a farm for the dahlias in the door yard.

THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

"It is easier for a man to find a good wife than for a woman to find a good husband. This is a matter of arithmetic. There are very many more women than men. Statistics show that in Massachusetts and New York States women have a majority of hundreds of thousands. Why this is we leave others to surmise. It would seem that woman is a favorite with the Lord, and that therefore He has made more of that kind.

"From the order of the creation in Paradise it is evident that woman is an improved edition of man. But whatever be the reason for it, the fact is certain that she who selects a husband has a smaller number of people to select from than he who selects a wife. Therefore woman ought to be especially careful in her choice of life-time companionship. She cannot afford to make a mistake. If a man err in his selection he can spend his evenings at the club; and dull his sensibilities by tobacco smoke; but woman has no club-room for refuge, and would find it difficult to habituate herself to cigars.

"If a woman make a bad job of marital selection the probability is nothing but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love-letters of a married couple are poor reading for those who write them.

FABLE OF THE DOG AND THE CAT.

"A dog and a cat were once married. But they had lived in wedlock only a little while when they began to scratch and bite each other until all the dogs and cats of the neighborhood felt scandalized. The cat was advised by some of her friends, convened, we might say, on the roof of a neighboring wood-house, to sue for a divorce in the law courts. Three dogs were on the judges' bench—a Newfoundland, a shepherd dog, and a rat-terrier, but the Newfoundland presided. The case was called up. The galleries were crowded. It seemed that the family difficulty arose about what is the chief aim of life; the dog thought the hunting of foxes, and the cat the hunting of rats. While the trial was going on all the dogs and cats of the community neglected their work, and the foxes destroyed the chickens, and the rats despoiled the pantries.

"A large amount of correspondence between the two litigants was pro-

duced and read. Private matters became public property. The daily papers had extra sale. The whole town laughed, and was demoralized. Both cat and dog were ruined in reputation. The jury, made up of six dogs and six cats who had not expressed any opinion on the subject previous to the trial, were charged by the great Newfoundland that if they found the dog guilty they must bring in a verdict for the cat; but if, on the other hand, they found the cat guilty they must bring in a verdict for the dog. After being in a room together, in which the jury fought like cats and dogs, they brought in a verdict that because of disparity in temper and incompatibility of disposition cats and dogs ought never to be married.

MARRIAGE NOT A REFORMATORY.

"Our advice in the selection of a husband is never to marry a man with the idea of reforming him. If now, under the restraint of courtship, he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it; you might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be schooner and ship will be destroyed together. The alms-house could tell the story of a hundred women who married men to reform them. If by twenty-five years of age a man has been grappled by intoxicants he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up a track with a wheelbarrow to stop a Hudson River express train.

"What you call an inebriate nowadays is not a victim of wine or whisky, but of logwood and strychnine and nux vomica. All these poisons have kindled their fires in his tongue and brain, and all the tears of a wife's weeping cannot extinguish the flames.

"Instead of marrying a man to reform him, let him reform first, and then give him time to see whether the reform is to be permanent. Let him understand that if he cannot do without his bad habits for two years, he must do without you forever.

"We advise also that you marry a man who has a fortune in himself. Houses, lands, and large inheritance are well enough, but the wheel of for-

tune turns so rapidly that through some investment all these in a few years may be gone.

RICHES THAT ARE IMPERISHABLE.

"There are some things, however, that are a perpetual fortune. Good manners, geniality of soul, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, courage, perseverance, industry and whole-heartedness. Marry such an one and you have married a fortune, whether he have an income now of fifty thousand dollars a year or of one thousand. A bank is secure according to its capital stock, and not to be judged by the deposits for a day or a week. A man is rich according to his sterling qualities, and not according to the vacillation of circumstances, which may leave with him a large amount of resources to-day, and withdraw them to-morrow.

"If a man is worth nothing but money, he is poor indeed. If a man have upright character he is rich. Property may come and go; he is independent of the markets. Nothing can buy him out. Nothing can sell him out. He may have more money one year than another, but his better fortunes never vacillate.

"We counsel you not to marry a perfect man. If you find one without any faults, incapable of mistakes, never having guessed wrongly, his patience never having been perturbed, immaculate in speech, in temper, in habits, in life, do not marry him. Why? Because you would enact a swindle. What would you do with a perfect man? You are not perfect yourself, and how dare you hitch your imperfection fast on such supernatural excellence?

NOT COMPANIONS FOR ANGELS.

"What a companion you would make for an angel! He would not stay an angel long. You would some day make him lose his patience, and then his faultlessness would vanish. In other words there are no perfect men. Never was but one perfect pair and they slipped down the banks of Paradise together. We occasionally find a man who says he never sins. We know he lies when he says it. We have had financial dealings with two or three perfect men, and they cheated us. Do not, therefore, look for an immaculate hus-

band, for you will not find him. While you are thinking he is perfect he will some day, while in a great hurry to meet an engagement, find a shirt-button off and your delusion concerning him will break, or he will find that one of the children has been sharpening slate-pencils with his razor.

"Let me tell women that there are no perfect men. We have been much among men and understand the whole tribe. On a clear morning when they are well-dressed, and the road is clean they look admirably, but none of them enjoy having a passing vehicle splash mud on their newly-blackened boots. None of them look amiable when a tobacco-chewer spits against the wind and the yellow expectoration blows on their clean linen. None of them look placid when some one treads on their sore corns.

"If you want to find out that no man is perfect just marry him. But I think that the two sexes, laying all sentimentalism aside, are about equal. If you secure for life the companionship of some one about as good as yourself you are to be congratulated.

"Better have the two blades of a scissors as near as possible alike. Get married, but with your eyes wide open. Remember the old proverb: 'You have tied a knot with your tongue you cannot undo with your teeth.'

THE HONEYMOON.

"The bride at first turns pale, and then a lovely blush colors her cheeks. It is very becoming. Tears moisten her downcast eyes, but they are quickly chased by smiles. *'I will'* is uttered in a reverential voice, and lo! her new name is written. Where?—in heaven, or in the sand?

"Father and mother, and brothers and sisters, gather around her to say good-bye, feeling that now her fate is sealed, and that she is going away forever—for nevermore will she be the same to them—going away with a look of hope and timid joy upon her youthful face to spend the honeymoon—that period which is supposed to be of unalloyed joy, unmitigated sweetness.

"The honeymoon is defined as the first month after marriage. This is the literal interpretation of it, but another rendering might be given.

"The cheerful yielding to each other's foibles; the glowing appreciation of each other's virtues; the holy commingling of the hearts of husband and wife, make the honeymoon of married life. And thus the orange blossoms

may long retain their fragrance and purity, and diffuse a heavenly odor through the house.

"Love promises much in its early spring! In the billing and cooing time —during the honeymoon—everything is *couleur de rose*. There is no display of ill-temper, no sulks, no contradictions. Indeed no! *She* is an angel, and where *she* is is paradise; *he* is her protector to cling to, her God to worship. The lover is not yet lost in the husband—the fascinating girl in the wife; the little acts of politeness and kindness, the sweet words and glances of love, that made up courtship still continue.

"Unselfishness is no more a burden to the husband than to the lover; and to please is no greater effort to the wife than to the 'bewitching girl.' *He* does not forget his wooing ways; *she* does not forget her winsome smiles. There is not a single offensive 'I *will*,' or 'I *will not*'—all is concord and confidence.

"What a blessed thing it is for you, young wife, that this delightful state of things is not necessarily limited to time!

"Why, if the honey sweet were only to last but for one fleeting moon, you might well despair.

"Even Love has its laws; and the newly married wife is wise who is governed by them—who is content 'to let *well enough* alone,' and not expect too much.

"Love's flame is almost too delicate for a perpetual household lamp—it will burn dim, and finally go out, if not skillfully trimmed.

"It does not require a long honeymoon to distinguish between a mere fancy—born of accident or the strong necessity of loving—and a deeply rooted affection. 'Faults are thick where love is thin,' and Love's perceptions are as quick as lightning.

"The little winged Cupids are well enough—on valentines—but they do no every-day work. Human hands must do that; and if young people would remember some of the old proverbs, such as 'Before you marry have where to tarry,' etc., there would be fewer unhappy honeymoons.

"Young lovers, pray do not imagine that when you marry your happiness is secured for life.

"'As well expect eternal sunshine, cloudless skies.'

"The real 'hard pan' facts are that you will find your trials *doubled.* But do not be discouraged, for it will depend entirely upon yourselves whether your joys are increased.

"It is therefore a matter of the utmost importance that you should know the best way to secure a continuance of the honeymoon. The girl's period of courtship is generally a delightful one. Why? Because there is a consciousness of mutual love and esteem.

TO RETAIN HUSBAND'S LOVE.

"Now, it is comparatively easy for a pretty girl to win a lover, but it is much more difficult to retain his affections when he is merged into a husband.

"What *sensible* fellow will fall in love with a sour, sulky girl, even if she happens to have a Grecian profile, knowing her to be such? It is the opposite qualities which he sees, or thinks that he sees, which determine his choice.

"Therefore, girls, be careful not to give your Apollo the least chance of changing his mind about you—or awake from a blissful dream of future happiness, of which you are the sun and center—because he has discovered some disagreeable traits of character which had formerly escaped his observation.

"Be prudent or cunning enough to hide your faults, or, better still, give them up altogether—and take a new and high standard—for it is pretty certain that the happiness of after years depends upon your conduct during the honeymoon. Never fear—you can do it, too—and what more appropriate time could you have?

"It is said that 'woman has a fiber more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain than man'—but her penetration is intuitive. By a glance of her eye, she will form a just and deep conclusion.

"Ask her *how* she formed it, and probably she cannot answer the question. Therefore, she must soon perceive the faults and follies of her young husband, long before the honeymoon is supposed to be over, and if she is wise, she will strive against *disenchantment,* by reflecting that there is no one perfect, and that she took him for 'better or for worse.'

"Moreover, she will do well to remember that reproaches will only confirm him in error, and that *his* affection for her will not be increased by *her* knowledge of his peccadilloes.

"And so the *true,* loyal, loving young wife will early conform herself to circumstances, and no amount of sacrifice on her part will be too great to *indelibly fix* the too often fleeting delights of the honeymoon.

"But it must not be supposed that the young wife must make *all,* and the husband no sacrifice to promote conjugal felicity. He must not ignore or forget the fact that she has left all, and followed him through evil or good report. He is to point to heaven, and lead the way.

"What a dull plodder he must be who indulges in no castle-building or romance—who does not wish his honeymoon to go on *ad infinitum,* or who does not feel that

" 'She is mine own,
And I am rich in having such a jewel.'

"But, young husband, please do not fancy thine 'other self' a pretty toy to be carelessly thrown aside after the honeymoon. She is yours in the divinely appointed way, of 'earthly good, the best,' and it is your duty as well as privilege to cherish her as 'bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh,' and if during the happy honeymoon,

" 'All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro—
And ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
The murmured melody of pleasant thoughts,'

it is yours to try, at least, to keep your bird singing joyous melodies, to cheer your path through life, which at the best will be rugged enough, heaven knows.

"Let both husband and wife remember that there is much in the poetry of life, and that a daily attention to slight courtesies, a cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, an habitual respect to opinions, an unwavering attention to each other's comfort at home or abroad, and, above all, propriety of con-

versation and manner in private as in public, is the secret talisman, which, if faithfully practiced, will make wedded life one long, happy, golden honeymoon.

HOUSEKEEPING.

"The honeymoon supposed to be over, and high-flown sentimentality having been succeeded by a calm content, the newly-married couple usually settle down to housekeeping.

"The young husband has by this time found that he has married a woman of the ordinary type,

" 'Not *too* good for human nature's daily food,'

and the young wife, too, is dimly suspicious that her Adonis needs 'managing,' for verily, in the familiarity of home-life, the soul is in *dishabille.*

"It now becomes their bounden *duty* to find out the great secret of married life, how to keep their affection for each other, not only *alive,* but green and thrifty.

"SHALL WE BOARD OR KEEP HOUSE?"

"Shall we board or keep house? is a question often discussed nowadays.

"It is a natural instinct of humanity to wish for a *home*—one's own, and not another's. We desire our child to have pleasant reminiscences of a comfortable home-nest, just as we enjoyed ours, in the halcyon days of boyhood or girlhood.

"Milton tells us, and of course he knew, that Adam and Eve had very little wherewith to begin housekeeping; they had room enough, to be sure, but in our day, in cities that must necessarily be limited—still a *home,* in its widest, holiest sense, may be founded by an *earnest* young couple, even if it is begun in a 'flat.'

"Keeping the house properly and systematically embraces a wide range for consideration; but the chief point is to have the home comfortable and attractive to the bread-winner, and at the same time give the busy house-wife time for needed rest and recreation, so that it will not become an 'elephant,' mighty for drudgery.

"To accomplish this successfully, the inexperienced wife must not be

ashamed to *learn,* even in the humblest way—the old colored washer-woman, the baker or grocer's wife—any one experienced in the details of domestic life may become her teacher, and doubtless she will be surprised to find how much is to be learned outside of books.

"It is a deplorable fact that school or shop girls, or even overmuch indulged daughters just launched into matrimony, are quite helpless as regards house-wifery duties, and it is rarely that one of them can cook an appetizing beefsteak, or boil a potato properly.

"It is essential then that the young wife learn how best to keep alive her husband's esteem by catering to his stomach in the most approved manner. Let her not be discouraged by a few failures—experience cures all mistakes, and willing hands soon acquire the knack of turning out good bakes, boils, and stews.

"In the management of household affairs, it is wise to combine health, economy and taste. If the meat is cooked to a nicety, and the pudding toothsome, do not forget the details of the table furniture, for a soiled cloth and an untidy, ill-arranged table is a disgrace to any housekeeper, and for sweet health's sake, remember that a *single* dish served with skill and taste is worth a dozen badly cooked.

"Taste also should play an important part in the *role* of the young housewife. Refinement is *not* luxury—it is always closely united with simplicity, and a tasteful employment of *the means at command.*

"Every wife is called to the ministry, with a Divine call too, and it is not a narrow nor limited one, even with a husband for its object.

"Herself a learner, she also has a mission to teach, and our word for it, such an one will not be a dawdler through life, all who enter her doors will *see* that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' that 'she looketh well to her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.'

"We read of floods of rosy light glancing upon rich curtains and gilded picture frames, and falling like a sunset gleam upon the damask tablecloth spread for supper, with its array of fine china and sparkling glass—this is luxuriance suggesting comfort of a kind that all are not fortunate enough to possess. Yet we dare affirm that not one who reads these pages but can

make home attractive to her 'gude man,' however humble it may be, for it may at least be kept in a delightful state of odorous cleanliness, not by 'fits and starts,' but every day of the week. There are but few wives in middling circumstances who cannot adorn and brighten their houses with inexpensive elegances of home manufacture, knick-knacks combining the useful and the ornamental.

ECONOMY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

"The subject of economy in the household is almost endless.

"A wise young husband once said to his mother, 'You have had a varied experience—tell me—how can I manage to save something for a rainy day? So much is needed that even with economy my salary is insufficient to supply our wants.'

" 'Then supply your *needs* and not your *wants,*' said she. 'When you receive your monthly wages, confer with your wife, this is your duty and her right. Make up your account for rent, food and fuel. Then find out what she *needs,* then what is *necessary* for yourself, the surplus, be it little or much, put by for a rainy day.'

"He followed her advice strictly, and thus they lived within their means and prospered. His wife knew just how much she could afford to spend for personal comfort and adornment, and being a sensible woman, she made the best and the most of it—and doubtless there was a vast amount of worry and mutual recrimination saved, as well.

"We are told that the home is a typical heaven. Perhaps the bright eyes of some pretty young housekeeper may linger admiringly upon Tom Moore's lines, when he says:

> " 'And when anger—for e'en in the tranquilest climes
> The breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
> The short passing anger but seemed to awaken
> New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.'

"This is poetry, but the sentiment is all 'bosh.' If you believe that there is any beauty whatever in a fit of spunk or sulks, just look in the mirror the next time you 'get mad' with your John.

"The Good Book says, 'Anger resteth in the bosom of fools'—and even if your particular darling never even heard of that text, he knows as much about it as Solomon did—so don't give him a chance to think that *you* are a fool; remember that,

" 'A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or roughly taken—
Oh! love that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.'

WISE AS SOLOMON.

"But what has this to do with housekeeping? one says. Everything for housekeeping means something *more* than getting up dinners, washing dishes and sweeping—it means social converse as well—and habitual ill-temper spoils this, for it is an effectual damper to cheerfulness, and the poor victim knows not when or how the spirit of evil may burst forth, and it is a terrible strain to be always watching, lest it come unawares.

"Any man of common sense prefers a sweet long-suffering patience, in the queen of his household, to mere personal beauty—beauty soon fades with the wear and tear of life—but the 'ornament of a quiet spirit' is above price."

Surely there is the wisdom of Solomon in these suggestions. How tame and unprofitable the usual essays on "How to Make Home Happy" beside these real vital truths. Talmage knew the human heart as few men have known it and wrote and spoke directly to it, no matter what his subject. These views on domestic life are among the best of his utterances, for here he is a simple, earnest human being, studying the here and to-day, rather than the yonder and the to-morrow. There is happiness in following his teachings on the subject of living happiness at hand. It don't need to be waited for in some mystic heaven, however glorious the vision of that may be.

In another essay he deals with the feeling of the father for his first born. How tender and gentle it is. He says:

THE FIRST BABY.

"Observe that young husband as he goes down town to begin his daily routine of duties. He meets a poorly clad woman carrying a small bundle—

is it a bachelor's clothes for the wash? No. *He* knows better—*he* knows that wrapped up in that old shawl so carefully, is a mite of humanity—a baby—and he looks at the mother kindly.

"There is a softened expression in his eyes, and a certain elasticity in his tread as he walks on, and there is also a self-conscious 'congratulate me' sort of a manner in his cheery greetings that particular morning.

"Oh! it is plain that he is the happy father of a 'first baby.'

"The hours seem leaden winged, so impatient is he to return to the nest. At last he reaches home—that little world over which he is monarch. He bounds up the stairs—two steps at a time, but he misses the accustomed kiss—for this time he is met by his mother-in-law advancing on tiptoe, and wearing an anxious expression, and a slight frown, as she puts her finger on her lips, as a cautionary signal, whispering:

" 'Hush! hush! Baby's asleep!'

" 'Who does the baby look like?'

"This is the first question asked by the uncles, aunts and cousins.

"Some people think that all babies look alike—old bachelors and old maids, perhaps, but the parents know better—they are of the opinion that *their* darling is 'too handsome for anything,' and would take the first prize at any baby show in creation.

GREAT DEAL IN A NAME.

" 'What's in a name?' some one aptly says. A great deal for a baby. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego are very well for Christian martyrs in 'ye olden time,' but not one of them would do for a baby-show—they could not by any means be twisted into pet names.

"The little 'tootsy-wootsy' must have endearing titles—to be laid aside, however, as the years roll on.

"Names are generally given in memory of some one gone before, or to perpetuate the particular family name.

"Baby's first exploit—after creeping—is to climb up by a chair and push it before him—and with what an air of triumph the little toddler, after repeated failures, and sundry troubles, succeeds in walking by its help—and,

growing bolder, at last starts off alone, and unsupported, on the long voyage of life.

"Courage, little one! Thou must meet with many a fall by the way, but press on; God helping thee, thou mayest win.

"*The first tooth!* Poor baby. Through much tribulation, those little 'toothies,' which cause a mother so much anxiety—are given thee. Not all at once, but, mercifully, at intervals. And oh! it is a blessed rest time both for baby and her, when those troublesome white molars are ready for 'strong meat.'

"Babies sometimes talk before they walk, but it is said that it is only *girls* who do this! The baby dialect is generally unintelligible; father and mother however, quickly learn it, and then the endearing pet names and baby talk commence. Happy is the young husband and wife who are privileged enough to understand and appreciate the prattle of their first 'baby.'

"Generally, father prefers a boy, mother a girl, grandmother gratefully accepts this 'gift from heaven,' and forthwith proceeds to spoil it.

"Why? Ah! This is a problem. Having cuffed and whipped baby's papa and mamma to her heart's content, she is now disposed to petting, she has probably grown wiser and more patient. To her the new-comer represents her own first-born, of the long time ago, and she loves it almost as fondly.

"It has been said that 'a baby in the home is a well-spring of joy.' True, at its advent there must be no more slamming of doors, no more inopportune coughing, and even a sneeze must be suppressed at all hazards, and the impressible bit of clay becomes a veritable household tyrant. Even the 'cunningest' baby in the world will assert his rights loudly and persistently, and pull hair and whiskers with impunity. What then? Does any one wish to resent it? No! on the contrary, the little cherub is almost smothered with kisses.

" 'Tis well that the first baby brings love with it; the tender mother love best of all, and the sympathy that is excited by its very helplessness. The house containing a live baby is necessarily a wide-awake house, for its inmates are enlisted in its service, and their energies are taxed to the utmost; for the care of a cross, crying baby is no sinecure, but the mother never tires

in her labor of love. Oh! who can measure it in the weary vigils, in the anxious hours spent in battling with measles, whooping cough, and the numerous ills peculiar to babydom, that fall to *her* share in that blessed, blessed baby!

"And oh! proud father, you too must bow before the household idol; you too must share the responsibility. What! expect an unbroken night's rest, and calm and peaceful slumbers, expect *not* to hear the midnight music of the little one! Fatal delusion! Uneasy lies the head who owns a baby, so be ready, like a good soldier, to turn out at a moment's notice, and do not ingloriously shirk—well—anything in that line of duty.

"What matter if you *seem* to be number two, and are a bit jealous because baby monopolizes too much attention? What are you going to do about it? Why; love it all the more, to be sure, and do not be ashamed to let folks know that you do! Why should you not? You are the richer, for it furnishes an additional incentive to toil, and bright hopes, and charming pictures of home comfort, and future activities cluster around the pretty occupant of the new cradle.

" 'A babe is a blessing,' says the Good Book; all are not thus blessed, and not a few will envy you your treasure.

"A baby is an educator too; it teaches the young husband and wife how like to children they should be, how pure in heart, how simple and sincere; their souls receiving new strength from this bond of sympathy, they will love themselves *last*. They will be more forbearing to each other, more ready to sacrifice, more loving, tender and true. Oh, there is *one* affection which no stain of earth can ever darken—a mother's love for her first baby."

THE SAME OLD WORLD.

Dr. Talmage declared that the mistakes of young people just entering upon the active duties of life generally proceed from ignorance and thoughtlessness—the fashionable daughter as well as the toiling shop girl—needing a friendly jog on the elbow, and a helping hand to point out the rough places on the journey.

"We have been given some charming pictures of the past, to remind us

that all down through the ages human nature has been the same, indulging in day-dreams, hoping, loving, and erring. Rebecca at the well, Rachel smiling on her lover as he labored for love of her in her father's fields, and Ruth sitting at sunset with the reapers, and taking the parched corn from the hand of Boaz. Yes, this is the same beautiful world that they enjoyed, with innumerable bits of brightness in it to be had for the seeking."

Dr. Talmage closes this significant essay with a warning to both young men and women to choose mates from those who are possessed of those "qualities which were," and to learn that a calm friendship based on esteem is more to be depended upon than rhapsodies and passionate vows which soon burn out in their own flame. And then that no one may misunderstand him, he says: "There is nothing truer than that beautiful thought of the poet:

" 'He liveth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small.' "

THE FOLLY OF FLIRTATION.

"Beware of the pretty and modest coquette," cries the wise doctor to the young man, "or you will be bewitched before you know it. Be wide awake or she will fool you. The swift motion of a deep stream, moving without a perceptible ripple, is not more delusive than the captivating smiles and honeyed words of the lovely swindler.

"When you thought that you had touched a chord in another's heart, which had never before thrilled to love's music, when the dear lips, though mute, were yet eloquent, when the sweet, earnest words of love were trembling on your lips. Then to be rudely awakened, to find that your holiest affections had been trifled with, that you had been scorned, deceived and jilted. Oh! what bitter mortification and pain were yours.

"A friend kindly whispers to you, 'What woman is so fair that another may not be as fair?' But you refuse to be comforted, you rail at the whole sex, they are all alike—every one, you will never again be bamboozled by the deceitful creatures and thus you remain a miserable woman-hater.

"But as time rolls on, nature—or another woman—works a cure. The scars of the hard-fought battle may remain, but, grown wiser, you exclaim:

" 'When I see
Love givin' to rove,
To two, or three,
Then good-bye, Love,
If Love can sigh
For *one* alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.'

"Alas! it does not always follow that a cure is effectual; the wound of that 'pretty trifling' often strikes deeper, and the unhappy victim never recovers from it, for love scorned 'doth work madness in the brain.'

"Oh, the folly of flirtation.

" 'Such is your cold *coquette,* who can't say "no,"
And won't say "yes," and keeps you on and offing
On a lee shore, till it begins to blow;
Then sees your heart wrecked with an inward scoffing.
This works a world of sentimental woe,
And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin.'

"But what sort of a being is this formidable coquette, who thus trifles with the best feelings of a man's heart, who drives him into dissipation, and even to suicide, and then calls it *innocent* flirtation?

A COQUETTE DEFINED.

"A coquette is defined by the best authorities, as a vain, airy, trifling girl, who endeavors to attract admiration from a desire to gratify vanity, and then rejects her lover.

"She treats him with an *appearance* of favor, but with a *design* to deceive. She knows her power over him, and delights to exercise it. In the world's parlance she 'leads him on.'

"Sometimes a systematic flirt is caught in her own cunning device. She learns to love, and is slighted in her turn by the object of it. She may flirt, too, with a worthy object, and place her affections upon an unworthy one."

Dr. Talmage has discovered that there are male, as well as female flirts, and is quite as severe on them. "Male flirts? Yea, verily.

" 'By all the vows that lover ever broke
In numbers more that woman ever spoke!' "

But as long as the trifling danglers are smiled upon and encouraged by honorable young men, just so long they will continue to be the pests of society, and wickedly break confiding hearts.

Dr. Talmage believed in the cultivation of the mind through actual exertion for the purpose of giving material form to some creation of the brain. His idea seemed to be that "thoughts unexpressed must fall back dead;" that unless words were spoken or penned, inventions modeled and put in action, they were as if they had never been. In his essay on "A Young Woman's Education" he says: "A girl is apt to imagine that her education is finished when she leaves school, when, in fact, it has just begun. Schooling is but the foundation. As the busy bee seeks honey from every opening flower, so a wise girl will improve every opportunity to gain knowledge, for education includes many things outside of what is taught in schools." A young woman's calling is not the limited one that narrow minds conceive it to be. Life is full of noble opportunities for her, and it is her bounden duty to educate herself to meet them and not allow herself to drift into an aimless existence. The maiden whose horizon is bounded by 'the coming man' can have a purpose in life whether she ever meets him or not. 'A young woman is not thoroughly educated unless she can sew. She may be an adept at music and dancing, and understand many languages, but if her fingers cannot put together a garment deftly, or if they have no skill for fine touches with the needle, she is indeed sadly deficient."

TALMAGE ON EDUCATION.

Dr. Talmage said that every young woman, as well as every young man, should have an education that would make her self-sustaining. "She should have some educated talent, or trade, if you please, at her bidding to fall back upon in case of emergency, for in our day of push and hurry fortunes are made and lost quickly, and possibly she may become a burden on some one, and then, to avoid this, may marry unadvisedly to better herself."

He advised every one to cultivate assiduously whatever they had a de-

cided liking for. Young women living in some style and much social enjoyment, refined daughters of families in middling circumstances, had been instructed in dressmaking and millinery and were thus enabled to make their own dresses and bonnets, relieving them of the necessity of employing a modiste, and being forced to "pinch" in other quarters. He believed that young women should be required absolutely and unconditionally to know something of physiology, and especially of hygiene, or the art of preserving and prolonging life. She should have a general knowledge of medical science in her capacity of daughter, wife and mother, and to help her fulfill her various duties as a responsible member of society.

Dr. Talmage had great respect for readiness. Presence of mind he held to be a necessary adjunct to a young woman's training. "Not to be ready at the moment of emergency or trial," he says, "to be but dimly conscious of one's own faculties, to be too timid or too nervous to call them into requisition when wanted, when perhaps a life is trembling in the balance, will cause a future of self-accusation and repining, while a neglect to educate one's self to this kind of self-control cannot be too severely censured.

"Cooking has become one of the fine arts. There are but few Juliet Corsons, but every young woman can learn the best methods of preparing wholesome food. She can be taught in this particular branch of womanly duty—not to guess at weights and measures, nor to mix at haphazard—but to work intelligently; to know the why and wherefores of her doing.

"Some knowledge of the details of business, hitherto deemed a man's prerogative, will be useful to a woman, either as maiden, wife or widow; happily there is a growing desire to be taught in this direction.

"The golden opportunities which girls have for reading, for securing the best thoughts of the best minds, are seldom appreciated until it is too late to repair the error. Utilizing the knowledge to be derived from books, while the memory is active, and before the cares of life press too heavily, will prove a girl to be possessed of sound and common sense.

"The words that fall broadcast from the mother's lips should be pure, simple words, so that her daughters can gather them up for a life's use. It is painful to listen to the conversation of some young women, mixed as it is

with slang phrases, ungrammatical expressions and numberless superlatives.

"Wherever a young girl is *there* should be a sweet, wholesome atmosphere of purity, love and truth, pervading, influencing and educating the entire circle in which she moves.

"Never think that your education is finished, or even near being so, my dear girl; one is never too old to learn. To be sure, all are not 'cut out' for great deeds; some must creep where others fly, and some people's 'fingers are all thumbs,' but *you can live for something*. There are abundant opportunities for self culture, for social enjoyment, and for charitable effort, if you so ordain.

"The signs of the times in regard to the education of young women are full of cheer. They give promise of a more generous culture, larger views, and more kindly tolerance in the future among all classes of society."

A YOUNG MAN'S EDUCATION.

Dr. Talmage knew that many young men were obliged to leave school too soon—earlier than a son and heir of wealth—in order to learn a trade, or follow some humble calling.

"Your stock of ideas is small to begin with," he says, "a mere rudimentary knowledge; you know but little of life—less of yourself; your heart is full of various impulses and restless cravings for some imaginary good or evil, and even though you have left school, your education is but just begun.

"It makes no difference what your station or calling in life is, you need an education; even if it happen to be of the lowest grade, you had better be educated, for intelligence elevates every calling—even that of street sweeping. Bear in mind at the start that *ignorance is disreputable!* Nay, it is a crime almost in our day of grand opportunities. Ignorance, depravity and vulgarity are three birds of ill omen that flock together.

"It is a mistake to suppose that knowledge is the prerogative of wealth or leisure, or even of the professions; every young man may educate himself. Think of the noble army of self-made men, scattered broadcast over the world, who have in the workshop snatched precious moments to hoard precious thoughts—who have devoted their spare hours to close study—who

have, even in slave life, stolen away, although in fear of punishment, to trace the letters of the alphabet, with no better pencil than a rough stick—of those, who thus gaining knowledge step by step, have at last enriched the world. Does not your heart leap and your pulses thrill with a noble ambition to emulate such earnest endeavor?

"To be sure, not every young man is a genius, with a superior intellect; but even genius needs industry to develop it, and it is a fatal mistake to trust to that lazy man's refuge—luck!

"No! In order to bring out talent one must be perseveringly industrious. To derive benefit from books needs industry, and there is an infinite variety of ways of making a man of you, but all need painstaking industry, and may well be included in your education.

"Perhaps you have already been puzzling your brain as to the best methods of attaining to a noble manhood, and there has been a croak from a favorite companion lest you should no longer be a 'good fellow,' and perhaps sneers and ridicule, too, at your idea of elevating yourself. A companion of this sort would in one-half hour undo the education of years.

"CONSENT THOU NOT."

"A boy of fifteen once asked his mother to give him a motto or text that would be of practical service through life, one that he could associate with herself, bind upon his heart and write upon the palms of his hands, ready for use at a moment's emergency.

" 'I know of none better for a talisman than this,' she replied: ' "My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not." '

"The first step leads to the last, and there come words of warning to you, rolling down from the past, just as true as when first uttered, and you can quote them to your croaking, sneering companion if you like.

" 'There is a way which seemeth right to man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death.'

"Truly, it is a desirable thing to be able to look every one full in the face, not with unblushing effrontery but with a consciousness of rectitude.' "

Dr. Talmage believed that a young man should educate himself to obe-

dience to natural laws, should learn to know how to use himself, and the best method of developing robust health. "The idea that none but medical men should know anything about physical health has long ago been exploded —gone to the moles and bats.

"Profane swearing is to a young man what superlatives are to a girl. It is a mere superficial habit—the sooner gotten rid of the better.

"What would be thought of a gentleman who should rudely and intentionally tread heavily upon another's corns?

"So the profane swearer hurts some one's sensitive feelings, and is guilty of impoliteness, to say nothing of the irreverence and lowering of the mind's moral tone.

"Cursing is many degrees worse, for it involves evil or harm to some one; of course, the evil does not necessarily follow, and the old saying has it that 'curses come home to roost;' but this branch of a young man's education may be easily neglected.

"Loafing on the street corners leads to a near acquaintance with vice of many kinds; it leads to late hours, which involves a great loss to a worker of nature's restorer, sleep; it introduces you to dangerous company, those who sneer at purity, who loan you pernicious books, who instruct you in wickedness, who use you for wrong-doing, and then leave you to bear the consequences alone."

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN.

Dr. Talmage on success for endeavor:

"The young man of our times is highly favored," he says. "He is not obliged to remain in a low or narrow position, if force of circumstances has placed him there; he can educate himself out of it. His own acts will, in a great measure, determine his course in life; happily he can elect to aim high and then strike a bee-line for it—he can, at least, be a man, even if he cannot become a great one.

" 'When I marry,' said a beautiful young lady, 'it shall be to a gentleman.'

"What is a gentleman?

"Washington Irving has given us his idea of one—and he was good authority.

"'A conscientiousness in regard to duties, an open truthfulness, and absence of all low propensities and sensual indulgences, a reverence for sacred things, a freedom from selfishness, and a prompt disposition to oblige—and, with all these, a gayety of spirits flowing from an uncorrupted heart.'

"It is to be hoped that the 'coming sweetheart' may find these admirable qualities in *you!*

"We must not forget that to the young there *is* beauty in vice, and in infinite variety, too. Gambling with its fascinations; intemperance with its glib sociability; dishonesty in making haste to be rich; we might go on *ad infinitum* with the list of temptations that will beset a young man—some of them, at least, if not all. They will come to him, not in all their terrible deformity, not with the full shining light of experience, but hidden by the blooming flowers which grow so luxuriantly over the lava of sin. We cannot shut his eyes, nor close his ears; we cannot force him to be good; we can only utter a heartcry of warning; for he is free to choose, he is free to educate himself!

"A young man's education should comprise a provision for old age. This seems a long way ahead; but time is remorseless, and he will need something tangible to fall back upon. If the first steps lead to virtue the last are likely to be in the same direction.

YOUNG MEN SHOULD CHOOSE THEIR COMPANY

"Every young man should remember that the character which he is to sustain through life, and which is to sustain him, is to be formed *now*—in youth—for the habits, principles and manners of the youth are essentially those of the man; hence knowing a man by his company is a truth universally received.

"Thinking, not growth alone, makes manhood. There are some who, though they have done growing, are still only boys; they may be excellent gymnasts, or winners at a walking match, but they do not *think*—they drift—like a rudderless vessel; and are thus at the mercy of bad companions. And what a host of them there are—ready to meet every emergency in a young man's life whose mind is vacant.

"'I do not intend to be led by the nose,' says one.

"Of course you think so; a man ought to be able to say no, as well as a woman; and not to have a will of one's own renders one ridiculous, even to the very persons who lead us.

"Do not trust to your *intentions* of rectitude. You will either approve or disapprove of bad companions. If you *approve,* you will imitate them. You will become one of them!

"You must and will have society and friends, but your *voluntary* choice of them proves your own disposition of mind. How vital it is, then, to get your mind into proper training to choose wisely—how important it is for you to think.

"The surest guarantee to success is decision of character; and no one ever attained to this enviable characteristic without acquiring the habit of acting upon fixed principles; surely, then, the choice of companions must not be left to chance or caprice.

POTENCY OF RIDICULE.

"Of all the arts that will be used to allure you, none will be more potent than ridicule. Evil companions never call things by their right names. Debauchery, prodigality and drunkenness they define as 'living like a gentleman,' while economy and sobriety are meanness and 'want of spirit.'

"Now, it must be conceded that great fortitude is required to remain firm in integrity during an onslaught of raillery—and here is a grand opportunity to show your courage and good sense under this formidable fire of ridicule. If you do not at once fall into this trap and cry, 'Hail fellow, well met—I'm with you,' they will dub you a coward, and return to the charge with greater temptations—and there is danger that by becoming familiar with evil courses you will cease to regard them as evil, and by thus ceasing to hate them you will soon learn to *endure,* love and practice them.

"An habitual loafer, who yet *appears* respectable, is not a fit companion—he is generally ready to pounce upon you from a street corner, to coax you on to ruin. In keeping his company you must necessarily loaf also—and this will seriously affect your prospects in life, even if you mean well, for an observant, prudent man would hardly expect to find an habitual lounger

trustworthy. This kind of companion usually lives by his wits; by borrowing, begging, or getting *somehow*—and the 'somehow' often leads to the gallows.

"Perhaps some young man has already commenced 'seeing life' under the guidance of a rollicking companion; he is being initiated, and he rather likes it; he seems to be walking in straight and verdant paths strewn with flowers —perfumed—melodious with the warbling of birds, and overhung with luscious fruit. Let him beware! He is on the devil's highway. And the idle, loafing kind of a life leads to lying, obscene conversation, falsely called lively sallies of humor—*double entendres,* which pass for wit—delight in villainous pictures, gambling, drunkenness, swindling schemes, defaulting, burglary, revenge and murder, besides those which are unfit even to mention here. The reaping of all this sowing is remorse.

"But we hope better things of you who heed our warning. There is happily a brighter side to the relations which a young man may have with his companions. Although environed with terrible temptations, you may lead an honorable, virtuous life. Take heart, then, for much is expected of you. The state needs you; society needs you, and some young woman, a helpmate, is waiting for you.

"If your calling in life is coarse, low or unremunerative, it is not vulgar simply because of it; if your externals are humble, make it up inside, and if possible associate with your superiors.

"Seek for the companionship of a disinterested friend. A friend upon whose fidelity and counsel you can safely rely in all your difficulties, who will console, delight and help you. Be honest.

"Cultivate, moderately, the society of well-educated young ladies, whose genial, refined influence will incline you to goodness and propriety, and value their friendship as a privilege.

"Right living gives a clear conscience, sound health and manliness, which is only another name for nobility of soul.

"Deserving companions minister to your self-respect, they develop the good in you, and there is no after pain in the pleasures to which they lead you. 'Tell me your company and I'll tell you what you are!' "

CHAPTER XX.

TALMAGE IN THE HOLY LAND.

HIS PURPOSE IN GOING TO WRITE A LIFE OF CHRIST—THE JOURNEY—ATHENS —TALMAGE PREACHES ON MARS' HILL, WHERE PAUL ONCE PREACHED— HOW AND WHERE TALMAGE WROTE "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"—HE BAPTIZES AN AMERICAN IN THE RIVER JORDAN.

"Others might write a life of Christ without seeing the Holy Land," says Dr. Talmage, "but I could not." In October, 1889, therefore, he embarked for the sacred country accompanied by his wife, daughter and friends, "determined," he says, "to see with my own eyes, and press with my own feet many of the memorable places connected with the life of the patriarchs and the ministrations of our Lord."

The Doctor had crossed the Atlantic eight times before, but found this the smoothest and most sunshiny of all his voyages—all the way to Egypt.

The Talmage party landed in Patras, Greece, in a small boat "pitching till it threatened to capsize," and took the rail train for Corinth and Athens.

Writing briefly but enthusiastically of Greece, its poets, essayists and orators, Talmage reveals a sympathy with classical education which one hearing his sermons would not suspect him of having. That sympathy did not appear on his platform because it could not aid him in reaching those "masses" which he defines as consisting of nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand. "What an opportunity," he exclaimed, "if at the close of a college course and before entering a profession, every young man could take a journey to see the places vividly associated with the birth, life and the writings of the classic writers! May some philanthropist of large means see the opportunity and embrace it for hundreds and thousands of young students!"

For hundreds it has indeed been embraced since the time of Talmage's

visit by means of the American School of Archeology at Athens. The more far-reaching plan of Talmage does not seem so Utopian as it did when he conceived it, for since then Cecil Rhodes has died and in his will bequeathed millions for a not dissimilar project in providing for the education of American youth in the English University of Oxford. It is certain that many a devout young student of the classics entertains at graduation the ardent desire to see

> "The sprinkled isles,
> Lily on lily that o'erlace the sea,
> And laugh their pride where the light wave lisps Greece!"

To Talmage naturally the regions in which Paul traveled and sojourned, "the Pauline places," as he calls them, were interesting as a fitting introduction to "the Christly places" of Palestine. "The secular classic of the Acropolis," says he, "did not move me like the Gospel classic of Mars' Hill. What a bold man was Paul to stand there on those tumbled rocks and say what he did! I suppose he could have been heard across to the Acropolis, which was covered with temples to heathen gods and goddesses." Dr. Talmage himself preached on Mars' Hill—the place where Paul had preached. He was not oblivious to the picturesqueness of the fact, and records that as he stood there his emotion caused the pages of his Bible to flutter—pages upon which were written the words of Paul, spoken eighteen hundred years before upon that very spot.

Such intensely dramatic situations as this came naturally into the life of Talmage, because his nature was dramatic. People who have nothing dramatic in their own souls are seldom placed in a dramatic situation. The Doctor obtained a stone from Mars' Hill to be sent to Brooklyn for the pulpit table in the Tabernacle which was being for the second time rebuilt, after the fire of 1889.

Another most dramatic episode of Talmage's travels in the Holy Land has been alluded to in another place, but here we will let him tell the story in his own words:

"Yesterday on horseback we left Jericho, and having dipped in the Dead

Sea, we came with a feeling we cannot describe upon the Jordan, a river which more people have desired to see than any other. On our way we overtook an American who requested me to baptize him by immersion in the river Jordan. We dismounted at the place where Joshua and his host crossed the river dry-shod. We were near a turn in the river and not far off from where rocks and sands are piled up in shape of cathedrals, domes and battlements. We pitched our tent, and after proper examination of the candidate for baptism, I selected portions of Scripture appropriate. One of our Arab attendants has a garment not unlike a baptismal robe. With that garment girdled around me, I led the candidate down under the trees on the bank, while near by were groups of friends and some strangers who happened to be there. After a prayer, I read of Christ's baptism in the Jordan, and the commission, 'Go teach all nations, baptizing them.' The people on the bank then joined in singing to the familiar tune that soul-stirring song, 'On Jordan's stormy bank I stand.' With the candidate's hand in mine, we waded deep into the Jordan, and I then declared, 'In this historical river, where the Israelites crossed, and Naaman plunged seven times for the cure of his leprosy, and Christ was baptized, and which has been used in all ages as a symbol of the dividing line between earth and heaven, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.' As the candidate went down under the waves and then rose, I felt a solemnity that no other scene could have inspired. As the ordinance was observed under the direction of no particular denomination of Christians, and no particular church could be responsible for it, I feel it my duty to report what I did to the Church Universal."

For so reporting it we have already said that Talmage was criticised and ridiculed by his enemies. We leave each reader to decide from the words of the man himself whether or not there was in his act something more than a spirit of sensational self-advertisement. There are now no other data than these words for determining the question.

A description of the road to the birthplace of Christ is rendered more interesting by being written upon the very road. To enter fully into the spirit of the passage one must imagine the traveler sitting with busy pencil

by the wayside "at nine o'clock this crisp December morning, for there was a sharp frost last night," writes he. "I am afoot on the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem; I have just crossed the valley of Hinnom. It is deep and impressive, a wall of rock on one side and a steep hill on the other, mounting toward the Holy City, a few olive trees on the way up as though they had climbed as far as they could, and then halted." The comparison is evidently that of a man with wearied limbs. "I pass the plain," he continues, "where Absalom marshalled troops against his father David, and the Hill of Evil Council, where Judas planned for the capture of Christ. I am on the road where the wise men went to find Christ at the order of Herod, men wise enough not to make report to the cruel monster. It is the road which marks the distance between the birthplace and the deathplace of Jesus."

In the preface of his book, *From the Pyramids to the Acropolis,* Talmage says: "Every day of my journey amid these scenes of Gospel classics, I felt regret that I had not seen them many years before, but it was a satisfaction to me to find that early in life I had been enabled to form mental pictures of them so adequate as to prevent mistakes in my attempts to describe them. How much more graphic could I have been, however, had my actual observation of them been accomplished at an early period in my ministry! I hope earnestly that the time may come when a visit to Athens will be made a part of collegiate education, and a visit to Egypt and the Holy Land a part of theological education. Both culture and religion would be large gainers by such addition to the means of preparation for a useful life." In the sketch of his journey entitled "To, Through, and From the Christ-Lands," he repeats this idea.

THE NEW TESTAMENT HIS GUIDE BOOK.

Talmage found the New Testament the one indispensable guide in his visit to the sacred places of the East. "What Bradshaw's Guide is to European travelers," he says, "the New Testament is to those who would walk or sail the places connected with events Paulinian, Johannian, and Christly. A prevalent mistake is, that the sacred places are interesting only

because they are Biblical. So far from this being the case, if Moses had never led Israel out of Egypt, and if Paul had never been shipwrecked, and if John had never been exiled from Patmos, all the places mentioned in this book would be absorbing, or inspiring, or solemnizing, or in some way mightily suggestive. Such rivers, such seas, such rocks, such archipelagoes! But when you add to their natural attractions the holy reminiscences which they excite, those places hold you with a power that will never relax."

Talmage says that there were circumstances which made him peculiarly receptive of sacred impressions at the time of his visit to the Biblical regions. "A burning church occupied my mind," he says, "yea, two burning churches, for we had seen two churches in conflagration. My imagination was filled with a third church, the ground for which I had broken the last thing before taking ship. The vivid memory of two destroyed churches, and the uncertainties concerning the building of a third church in the same city and under the same pastorate, possessed me, and put me in that emotional frame of mind the most favorable to religious observation and reflection. What I saw and felt I can never fully tell, but this book reproduces vivid memories and experiences as I have found my best ability to relate them."

He somewhat naively asks the prayers of all who know how to pray, for the practical usefulness of his work, "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis." "No one can foretell what will be the life of a book," he says, "any more than what will be the life of an individual." He alludes to the popularity of his previously printed work as follows: "As there is no cessation of the generous interest with which the public receive my productions and as there seems to be indeed a marvelously increased kindness toward what I write and say, I keep on, and now add this little volume to the works which, by the goodness of God and the encouragement of the public, I have been enabled to send out."

COMPOSITION OF "FROM MANGER TO THRONE."

Concerning the composition of the "Life of Christ," alluded to in the opening of this chapter, he gives the following account: "In my American home, on the Atlantic, on the Mediterranean, on camel's back, on mule's

back, on horse-back, under chandelier, by dim candle in tent, on Lake Galilee, in convent, at Bethel where Jacob's pillow was stuffed with dreams, and the angels of the ladder landed, at the brook Elah, from which little David picked up the ammunition of five smooth stones, four more than were needed for crushing like an egg-shell the skull of Goliath, in the valley of Ajalon, over which, at Joshua's command, Astronomy halted, on the plain of Esdraelon, the battlefield of ages, its long red flowers suggestive of the blood dashed to the bits of the horses' bridles, amid the shattered masonry of Jericho, in Jerusalem that overshadows all other cities in reminiscence, at Cana where plain water became festival beverage, on Calvary whose aslant and ruptured rocks still show the effects of the earthquake at the awful hemorrhage of the five wounds that purchased the world's rescue, and with my hand mittened from the storm, or wet from the Jordan, or bared to the sun, or gliding over smooth table, this book has been written." This method of dashing it off red-hot gave it a certain spontaneity which is lacking in more polished periods. It explains also how Talmage was able to preach sometimes a sermon a day and at the same time write traveler's essays about England, Paris, or the Holy Land. His fecundity was enormous. The ideal that he proposed for himself was expressed by a stranger on the steamer "City of Paris," on which Talmage crossed on his way to the Holy Land. Knowing that he was going to write a life of Christ, this man said: "I hope Doctor Talmage will write a Life of Christ which a business man, getting home at eight o'clock at night, may profitably take up and in the few minutes before he starts and after he returns, read in snatches and understand." The remark came to Talmage's ear and he resolved to write the Life with that end in view.

PRAISE OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

His resolution to write in English only calls forth a great word in praise of his mother-tongue. "Not a word of Latin or Greek in all the book," says he, "unless it be translated. We shall tell the story in Anglo-Saxon, the language in which John Bunyan dreamed and William Shakespeare dramatized, and Longfellow romanced, and John Milton sang, and

George Whitfield thundered. What is the use of dragging the dead languages into the service of such a book? Sailing on the Atlantic ocean I asked where did all this water come from and answered it by saying, 'The Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Amazon, the Seine, the Tagus, the Guadalquivir.' And so I thought all the rivers of language, freighted with the thought of all lands and all ages, have emptied into the ocean of Anglo-Saxonism. Blessed to me was the hour when my mother taught me how to frame the first sentence out of it, and my last word on earth shall be a draught upon its inexhaustible treasury." That last word is now spoken. The words, "Of course I know you, Maud," rise now with a strange pathos when we read this passage prophetic of the end.

Talmage tells us how he thought of the title of his Life of Christ, saying: "I hope the title of the book will be suggestive of its contents. There are so many Lives of Christ that I wished to get a name not yet employed. On the rail-train from St. Louis to New York and while arriving at Alliance, Ohio, it flashed upon me—'From Manger to Throne.' "

As far as his own mind is concerned, the chief result of his travel in the Holy Land is expressed by him when he says:

"Indeed, I have found a new Bible. I found it in the Holy Land and the Grecian Archipelago. A new Book of Genesis, since I saw where Abraham and Lot separated, and Joseph was buried. A new Book of Exodus, since I saw where the Israelites crossed the desert. A new Book of Revelation, since I read the Divine message to Smyrna at Smyrna, and to Ephesus at Ephesus. A new Book of John, since I saw Jacob's well and Sychar and Samaria. A new Book of Luke, since I read its twenty-third chapter on the bluff of Golgotha, at the place where there is room for but three crosses. The Bible can never be to me what it was. It is fresher, truer, lovelier, grander, mightier!

AN OPEN-AIR RELIGION.

"What I saw of the Christly and apostolic regions on this journey leads me to say that it was an open-air religion that Jesus founded. Indeed, the religion of the Old Testament and New was an out-of-door inauguration.

Foreseeing that the whole tendency of the human race would be toward a religion of tabernacles and temples and synagogues and churches, the two greatest things ever written, namely the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, were delivered in the open air. No depreciation of consecrated edifices, but all places consecrated where a good word is spoken or a merciful deed done. What were Christ's pulpits? Deck of ship, pebbly beach of sea, black basalt of volcanic region, mouth of cavern, where mad man was undevilled, crystallized wave, strong enough to uphold the storm-tamer, split sarcophagus, where death had been undone, the wilderness, where a boy became the commissary or provider for a whole army of improvidents. You see the world needed a portable religion, one that the business man could take along the street, the farmer to the field, and the mechanic to the house-scaffolding, and the soldier in the long march and the sailor in the ratlines, a religion for the sheaf-binding and the corn-husking, for the plow, for the adze, for the pick-axe, for the hammer. What a rebuke to the man who worships in the church and cheats in the store, serving God one day in the week and the devil six. On Sunday night he leaves his religion in the pew and shuts the pew-door, saying, 'Good-bye, Religion, I will be back next Sunday.' A religion that you do not take with you wherever you go is not the open-air religion of which our Lord was the founder."

The very essence of Talmage's teaching and that element in it which is most valuable appears in that setting free of the spirit of religion from its merely formal aspects in church buildings and visible forms.

THE VALUE OF TRADITION.

As he travels through the places of Palestine and Syria and the Mediterranean isles, he asks if these are indeed "the genuine places of Christly, patriarchal and apostolic association?" answers that many of them are, and says: "We have no sympathy with the bedwarfing of tradition. There are traditions contradicted by their absurdity, but if for several generations a sensible tradition goes on in regard to events connected with certain places, I am as certain of the localities as though pen and document had fixed them.

Indeed, sometimes tradition is more to be depended on than written communication. A writer may, for bad purposes, misrepresent, misconstrue, misstate, but reasonable traditions concerning places connected with great events are apt to be true. I have no more doubt concerning the place on which Christ was crucified, or in which Christ was buried, than I have about the fact that our Lord was slain and entombed. But suppose traditions contradict each other? Then try them, test them, compare them as you do documents. It is no more difficult to separate traditions, true and false, than apocryphal books from inspired books. Do not use the word tradition as a synonym for delusion. There is a surplus of Christian infidels traveling the Holy Land who are from scalp to heel surcharged with unbeliefs. A tradition may be as much divinely inspired as a book. The scenery of Palestine is interjoined, intertwisted and interlocked with the Scriptural occurrences. The learned Ritter, who has never been charged with any weakness of incredulity, writes, 'No one can trace without joy and wonder the verification which geography pays to the history of the Holy Land.'"

QUOTATION FROM RENAN.

Talmage's citation of Ritter is all straight and fair, but concerning Renan he conveys, intentionally or not, a false impression. He says: "When the brilliant Renan went to Palestine he was stuffed with enough incredulity to make a dozen Thomas Paines, and yet he gives the following experience: 'The marvelous harmony of the Evangelical picture with the country which serves as its frame, were to me a revelation. I had before my eyes a fifth gospel, mutilated but still legible, and ever afterwards in the recitals of Matthew and Mark, instead of an abstract being that one would say had never existed, I saw a wonderful human figure live and move.' So said an unbeliever." The words of Renan, with their comment here, are subtly twisted into giving the impression that Renan is an unwilling witness. As a matter of fact Renan's whole purpose in going to Palestine and the master idea of his life was to make men feel in reading of Christ that he was "a wonderful human figure living and moving." Renan believed that all the miraculous part of the Christ-story would sooner or later fall before the growing

conviction of men that Nature's laws are never violated by the direct interposition of God, that Nature is herself God's body and Nature's law God's law. By revealing Jesus of Nazareth as a man, Renan hoped to make the wonderful and all-important philosophy of the Galilean attractive to men who, like himself, did not accept the miraculous part of the Christ-story, and yet felt that there in Palestine lived a man whose thought would save the world. For this reason Renan saw not the abstract being but the living man. Further, the marvelous correspondence between the Evangelical picture and the country which served as its frame was to Renan, the scientist, of precisely that correspondence which exists between an animal and its habitat. It was Taine's idea, derived at last from physical science, that any spiritual work, any statue, any poem, must suit and fit and reflect the spirit of the land and time that gave it birth, as surely as the giraffe's long neck suits and was produced in a country where food was hung high in the air on trees which the long-necked animals reached—and therefore lived and transmitted their kind, while short-necked animals died.

In other words, the ancient writers of Palestine reflect the landscape and spirit of their country just as modern American writers reflect the spirit of theirs.

THE LANDSCAPE A COMMENTARY.

Talmage goes on to say that in his visit to Palestine in 1889-90 he found the landscape a commentary. "The rivers, the mountains, the valleys, the lakes, the rocks, the trees, the costumes of the Holy Land," says he, "agree with Matthew and Mark and Luke and John. The geography and topography are the background of the gospel pictures. They carry a different part of the same song. Admit Palestine and you admit the New Testament. A distinguished man, years ago, came here and returned and wrote, 'I went to Palestine an infidel, and came home a Christian.' My testimony will be, that I came to Palestine a firm believer in the Bible, and return a thousandfold more confirmed in the divinity of the Holy Scriptures."

A characteristic bit of Talmage, showing his quick transition from imaginative and poetic vision to a sudden perception of the ludicrous—how American he is, by the way—is this: "On a camel's back on the way to

Memphis, Egypt, I am writing this. How many millions have crossed the desert on this style of beast! Proud, mysterious, solemn, ancient, ungainly, majestic and ridiculous shape, stalking out of the past. The driver with his whip taps the camel on the fore-leg and he kneels to take you. But when he rises, hold fast, or you will first fall off backward as he puts his forefeet in standing position, and then you will fall off in front as his back legs take their place."

AMERICAN HUMOR.

The same all-devouring American humor of Talmage (who, unlike some clergymen, was honest enough to be humorous when he felt like it), is compressed into his caption, "All aboard for Jerusalem." The phrase irreverently brings the "Holy City" sharply out of its hallowed and remote romance and picturesqueness and symbolic poetry into contact with Chicago and the modern world of prose. Talmage says:

"Glad that we came now instead of some years hence, when much of the religious romance will have been banished forever. A banker of Joppa, assisted by others, is about to begin to build a railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem. When this railroad is done, the steam whistle will be heard at Joppa, and the conductors' cry, 'All aboard for Jerusalem!' Then branch roads will be built and the cry will be 'Twenty minutes for dinner at Nazareth,' 'Change cars for Damascus,' 'All out for the Grand Trunk to Ninevah,' and camel and mule and dragoman will go their way, and lightning wheel will be substituted for hoof and diligence!" Too bad that those places, at least, cannot be preserved from the all-leveling roller of modern commercial progress!

We feel the express-train spirit in the way the narrative of Talmage jerks us into Egypt. "Now we enter Africa," writes he, under the caption, "A Trip Through Egypt," "and though a curse was of old pronounced upon those who went down into Egypt for help, it cannot be that the malediction was intended for those who go down into Egypt for help in writing a life of Christ. So I went. Some of our Lord's most important years were spent in Africa. What a morning was the 25th of November, 1889, for new and thrilling experiences, for then I first saw Egypt. I landed at Alexandria

amid a babel of voices, the boatman clamoring for our luggage, the Pasha, with his five wives, descending the ladder on the side of the steamer, the custom house officers on the alert, friends rushing aboard to greet friends, Europeans, Asiatics, and Africans commingling. After a few hours' wandering about, and looking at Pompey's pillar, which has stood as the sentinel of twenty-six centuries, and through the gardens of the Khedive, and through streets filled with people of strange visage and costume, we sleep an hour to regain equilibrium before taking the train for Cairo.

ALONG THE NILE.

"Now the train is rolling on through regions watered by canals and ditches that make the Nile the mightiest of aquatic blessings, through a country that otherwise would not yield food for one hungry man in all the land. We find here by irrigation the luxuriance of an American farm just after a spring shower. These Egyptian lands without a drop of water direct from the heavens, have been drinking until they can drink no more. Thank God for water, canals of it, rivers of it, lakes of it, oceans of it, all the cups of the earth and all the bottles of the sky at times overflowing! We meet processions of men and beasts on the way home from the day's work. Camels, dromedaries, mules and cattle discharged of their burdens. But alas! for the homes to which the poor inhabitants are going. For the most part, hovels of mud. But there is something in the scene that thoroughly enlists me. It is a novelty of wretchedness, a scene of picturesque rags. For thousands of years this land has been under a very damnation of taxes. Nothing but Christian civilization will ever roll back the influences which are 'spoiling the Egyptians.' There are gardens and palaces, but they belong to the rulers. This is the land in which Joseph and Mary and Christ were fugitives."

FAREWELL TO PALESTINE.

We close this chapter fittingly with Talmage's Farewell to Palestine. "Farewell," cries he, "to its mountains, its lakes, its valleys. I feel myself worn with the emotions of this journey in the Holy Land. One cannot live over the most exciting scenes of eighteen hundred or four thousand

years, without feeling the result in every nerve in his body. Besides that, it is a very arduous journey. Six and seven hours of horseback in a country which is one great rock, split and shattered and ground into fragments, some of them as large as a mountain and some of them as small as the sand of the sea. This afternoon we are caught in a tempest that drenches the mountain. One of the horses falls and we halt amid blinding rain. It is freezing cold. Fingers and feet like ice. Two hours and three-quarters before encampment. We ride on in silence, longing for the terminus of to-day's pilgrimage. It is, through the awful inclemency of the weather, the only dangerous day of the journey. Slip and slide and stumble and climb and descend we must, sometimes on the horse and sometimes off, until at last we halt at a hovel of the village, and instead of entering camp for the night, we are glad to find this retreat from the storm. It is a house of one story, built out of mud. A feeble fire in mid-floor, but no chimney. It is the best house in the village. Arabs, old and young, stand round in wonderment as to why we come. There is no window in the room where I write, but two little openings, one over the door and the other in the wall, through which latter outlook I occasionally find an Arab face thrust to see how I am progressing. But the door is open and so I have light. This is an afternoon and a night never to be forgotten for its exposures and acquaintance with the hardships which an Arab considers a luxurious apartment. We have passed from Palestine to Syria, and are spending the last night out before reaching Damascus. To-morrow we shall have a forced march and do two days in one, and by having carriages sent some twenty miles out to meet us, we shall be able to leave stirrup and saddle, and by accelerated mode reach Damascus at six or seven o'clock in the evening. Let only those in robust health attempt to take the length of Palestine on horse-back. I do not think that it is because of the unhealthiness of the climate in the Holy Land that so many have sickened and died while here, or afterwards, but because of the fatigues. The number of miles gives no indication of the exhaustions of the way. A hundred and fifty miles in Palestine and Syria on horseback demand as much physical strength as four hundred miles on horseback in regions of easy travel. I am to-night in good health, notwith-

standing the terrible journey, and seated by a fire, the smoke of which, finding no appropriate place of escape, takes lodgment in my nostrils and eyes. For the first time in my life I realize that chimneys are a luxury but not a necessity. The only adornments in this room are representations of two tree branches in the mud of the wall, a circle supposed to mean a star, a bottle hung from the ceiling, and about twelve indentations in the wall, to be used as mantels, for anything that may be placed there. This storm is not a surprise, for through pessimistic prophets we have expected that at this season we should have rain and snow and hail throughout our journey.

"For the most part it has been a bright and tonic atmosphere, and not a moment has our journey been hindered. Gratitude to God is to-night the prominent emotion. 'Bless the Lord, O our souls, who redeemeth our lives from destruction.' "

CHAPTER XXI.

FAREWELL TO BROOKLYN.

DECISION NOT TO REBUILD THE TABERNACLE AFTER THE FIRE OF 1894—DR. TALMAGE CALLED TO WASHINGTON—CELEBRATION OF HIS SILVER JUBILEE IN BROOKLYN—HIS CONNECTION WITH THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF WASHINGTON—RETIRES FROM MINISTRY—EDITOR OF RELIGIOUS WEEKLIES.

After twenty-five years of service in the Brooklyn pastorate, Dr. Talmage startled his congregation, on January 21, 1894, by announcing his resignation. Being weighted down by cares, and the pressure of a large church debt which it seemed was not to be lifted, he determined to take a long vacation. His resignation came at the end of a sermon of unusual eloquence, through which had run a sorrowful vein. His text was: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." After he had finished his sermon proper he said: "This coming spring I will have been pastor of this church twenty-five years, and a quarter of a century is long enough for any minister to preach in one place. At that anniversary I will resign this pulpit to be occupied by such persons as you may select. Though the work has been arduous because of the unparalleled necessity of building three great churches, two of them being destroyed by fire, the field has been delightfully blessed of God. No other congregation has ever been called to build three churches, and I hope no other pastor will ever be called to such a fearful undertaking. My plans after resignation have not been developed, but I shall preach both by voice and newspaper press so long as my life and health are continued.

"From first to last we have been a united people, and my fervent thanks are to all the boards of trustees and elders, whether of the present or past, and to all the congregation, and to Brooklyn. I have no vocabulary

intense enough to express my gratitude to the newspaper press of these cities for the generous manner in which they have treated me and augmented my work for this quarter of a century. After such a long pastorate it is a painful thing to break the ties of affection, but I hope our friendship will be renewed in heaven."

SADNESS CAUSED BY RESIGNATION.

The announcement of his resignation came like a thunderclap out of a clear sky. The congregation left the edifice in melancholy silence, but resolved fully to make the quarter-century celebration of their pastor's service a silver jubilee indeed. They proposed to make it an international event. A mass meeting of the leading citizens of Brooklyn took the matter into their own hands and wrote thus to Dr. Talmage:

"Brooklyn, March 30, 1894.

"Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.,

"Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle, Brooklyn, New York:

"Rev. and Dear Sir: The forthcoming completion of the twenty-fifth year of your pastorate at the Brooklyn Tabernacle offers a convenient and welcome opportunity to appropriately testify to our high appreciation of your distinguished services for God and humanity, and by public demonstration to emphasize our endorsement of the great and good work you have done for our city, our nation and the world.

"We therefore respectfully request you to appoint a day when you will meet such of your fellow-citizens as may feel disposed to join in honoring one who, for a quarter of a century, has held so prominent a place among the public teachers of the age, and with the assurance of our profound esteem, we are, very sincerely yours,

"Charles A. Schieren, Mayor.

"B. F. Tracy, Ex-Secretary of the Navy, and Others."

To this Dr. Talmage made the following reply:

"To His Honor, Mayor Schieren, and the Reception Committee—Dear Friends: I feel more gratitude than I can express for your generous letter

inviting me to appoint a time and place where some kind expression can be made concerning my twenty-five years of service in Brooklyn. The invitation is the more impressive because it is signed by friends of all professions and occupations, and in all denominations of religion. I accept your invitation and suggest that the meeting proposed be held the second week of May in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, if such time and place are convenient.

"Again thanking you for this evidence of friendship and good neighborhood, I am, yours heartily, T. DeWITT TALMAGE."

THE SILVER JUBILEE.

The celebration was one that will never be forgotten. The great building was splendidly and elaborately decorated within and without. The celebration began May 10. It will be always remembered by those who had the good fortune to participate. This is, in part, what Dr. Talmage said on that occasion:

"Dear Mr. Mayor, and friends before me, and friends behind me, and friends all around me, and friends hovering over me, and the friends in this room and the adjoining rooms and the friends indoors and out of doors—forever photographed upon my mind and heart is this scene of May 10, 1894. The lights, the flags, the decorations, the flowers, the music, the illumined faces will remain with me while earthly life lasts, and be a cause of thanksgiving after I have passed into the great beyond. To-night I think that the heavens above us are full of pure white blessings. My twenty-five years in Brooklyn have been happy years. Hard work, of course. This is the fourth church in which I have preached since coming to Brooklyn. This church had its mother and its grandmother and its great-grandmother. I could not tell the story of disasters without telling the story of heroes and heroines, and around me in all these years have stood men and women of whom the world was not worthy. But for the most part these twenty-five years have been to me great happiness."

Participating in the celebration by speech, letters and presence, famous men and distinguished women from all parts of the world eagerly offered tribute to the preacher who had spread the Gospel into every land. General

B. F. Tracy, the presiding officer of the evening, made a speech in which he paid eloquent tribute to the power and influence of Dr. Talmage:

THE TRIBUTE OF TRACY.

"Last evening," said General Tracy, "Brooklyn honored itself by a celebration, local in scope, but this evening the celebration takes on a wider character. It becomes national, even international. And it is fitting that it should be so. While Dr. Talmage for the last twenty-five years has been heard in Brooklyn, his sermons delivered here have been read the world over. No preacher of to-day, or of any day, or any time, has been so generally heard and so widely read as Dr. Talmage. His sermons are published every week in more than three thousand newspapers, each of which reaches thousands upon thousands of readers. There is scarcely a village in the United States from Maine to Texas or from New York to San Francisco in which the sermons delivered in this Tabernacle are not regularly published in full every week. The same is true of Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand and India, and they have been translated into more than half a dozen different European languages. It is believed that these sermons of Dr. Talmage enter week by week more than five millions of homes, and are placed within the reach of more than twenty millions of people. No minister of the Gospel in the world's history every commanded in his lifetime so great an audience, and no stronger proof could be given that this man teaches what the world needs to hear, that he truly ministers to the souls of men. This is the secret of the influence which our friend has exerted, that in bearing the message he speaks a language which finds a response in every human heart."

FAREWELL.

William M. Evarts spoke also in eulogy of the great preacher, and Patrick Walsh, United States Senator from Georgia, delivered a brilliant tribute to the worth of the words and deeds of Dr. Talmage. Letters, telegrams and cablegrams were read from hundreds of persons. All were filled with admiration for the pastor of the church and of commendation for the jubilee

program. Among those who participated thus in spirit were the Archdeacon of London, Canon Wilberforce, Bishop of London, ex-President Harrison, governors of many states, prominent ministers throughout the country, several members of the Supreme court and others famous in all the walks of life.

The silver jubilee was concluded by a service at noon on Sunday, May 13. The immense Tabernacle was packed to the very doors. Six or seven thousand people were inside the four walls, and hundreds of others were unable to gain admittance. Dr. Talmage preached with more than usual eloquence, and at the conclusion of the sermon invited all persons in the vast audience to come forward for a final handshake. While the organist played the Talmage Jubilee March, thousands of men and women shook hands with the old man eloquent, whose voice they had there heard for the last time. Slowly they passed out of the great building, and at last Talmage himself, the last of a score of lingering friends, left behind forever that fair great-granddaughter of the church to which he had come a quarter of a century before, and which his talents had made the most famous church of all the Protestants

CALLED TO WASHINGTON

In the following year Dr. Talmage accepted a call as co-pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Washington, and went to that city to assist Dr. Sunderland. He afterward succeeded Dr. Sunderland as pastor of the congregation, and continued to preach there until 1899, when he resigned the pastorate to devote himself to literary work and lecturing.

"In church matters," says Mr. C. L. Du Bois, the chief of surveys of the General Land Office, "I have probably been more intimately associated with Dr. Talmage than any one else in Washington during his residence, and more particularly while he was pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of which I was treasurer, elder and trustee at the time of his coming among us. I was in a position to know the history of his call to our church and to Washington. The true version of it I have never yet seen published.

"Our beloved Dr. Sunderland called the officers of the church together one day on his return from the North and told us that Dr. Talmage's son

Frank had been talking to him about our church and the possibility of locating his father here as assistant or associate pastor. Dr. Sunderland said he told Frank that we would be delighted to have him, and that he himself would be pleased with the association. Dr. Sunderland saw in it the hand of Providence in that it would bring throngs and money to the old church whose interests and perpetuity he had so much at heart. He advised us to draw up a letter and call to Dr. Talmage, which was done, and I conducted the correspondence with him myself.

TALMAGE'S LIBERALITY.

"Our arrangements with him showed extreme liberality on his part. He made no charge for his services. Whatever surplus was found after payment of salaries of the other two pastors and all expenses, he would take, but no more. Many wild rumors of a princely salary paid him were afloat. But the greatest amount paid him in any one year was $3,500, and he never made application to the trustees or to the treasurer for any funds, nor did he make any complaint if the surplus was not what he hoped or expected.

"He was always sensitive to public criticism, which seemed strange for one who for several decades had stood in the 'fierce light' of it, and so at his request we endeavored not to admit the public to our financial records while he was connected with the church.

"As to his pastoral duties and his work as a pastor, it should be borne in mind by those who are given to detract from his great service to mankind, and by small minds which are always envious of men of genius, that a positive, unmistakable agreement was made by him with the spiritual and temporal authorities of our church in a conference at the Arlington that he should not be called upon to make pastoral calls or to conduct funerals. And it is due to the memory of this great man that this was not done because he wished to escape it, but was offered by him as a plan to divide the church work, so that his pulpit associates should not be deprived of active labor and participation.

"My intercourse with Dr. Talmage was thus an intimate and cordial one, and I had an opportunity to observe at close range his character and his dis-

position. I found him a most genial, appreciative, high-minded, liberal man. This is a natural corollary of thirty years of sermon writing and preaching. In his tribute to the printing press he said one day: 'It has enabled me to preach a sermon to the public once a week for thirty years without a single exception.' When this is comprehended, can any one estimate or appreciate the vastness of the good he has wrought upon the countless millions who have read and heard his marvelous teachings?

"Of course, it would be presumptuous in me to attempt a eulogy. Such a man needs none. It is found in the thousands and thousands of lives he has made better and brighter all over the world.

LEFT FINANCIAL MATTERS TO OTHERS.

"Personally, I had a great affection for him. I could not help it. His nature was sunny and his disposition optimistic. I have many letters and notes which breathe this temperament. It seems as though he attended to all church matters himself, but had some member of his family look after the financial and business part of his affairs. I asked once if he received that little Christmas present I sent him ($500 on his salary), and he said, 'I believe my daughter did speak of having received it,' showing that he left these matters to her at that time. He was prompt and methodical in all his engagements and preferred to have all arrangements made in advance. He always selected his hymns during the week and sent them to me by special messenger, to be transmitted to the chorister and printed in the leaflet or bulletin. One kind act of his I shall forever remember most gratefully. It is the Presbyterian custom to baptize persons on communion Sabbath, but as it happened on a rainy day my wife was afraid to take our baby down for the ceremony, and wished me to ask Dr. Talmage to perform the rite the next Sabbath if it should be a pleasant day. I hesitated, knowing he did not like interruptions to the regular procedure, but upon a hint of my wishes, conveyed to him in writing, he sent a special messenger to me with a cordial and graceful note heartily consenting, and asking me to bring the baby forward after the second hymn, and he would be glad to christen him. It was an impressive baptism, and I am keeping that letter for the boy to

read in the coming years, because I am sure he will treasure it as a valuable souvenir of a famous man.

NOT A SELF-ADVERTISER.

"Attention has often been directed to the growth of the church during the Talmage pastorate, and inquiries have been made of me as to whether his preaching resulted in accessions. I have always answered in this way: that a number of our people were not comfortable or satisfied with the crowds of strangers who squeezed themselves into their pews, and they took letters to other churches in the city, but on the other hand their places were filled by new members, mostly by letter, and it is a fact drawn from the records of the church that during the period of his ministry the actual membership of the church was at high-water mark.

"Dr. Talmage always conducted the midweek prayer meeting when he was not absent lecturing, and the services were profoundly interesting and instructive. This fact is not generally known. To sum up, as a result of four years' close observation of this remarkable divine, I can truthfully assert that he was a man of deep and fervent piety. To my mind there is nothing in the report so often credited that he was fond of advertising himself or of preaching sensational sermons. He was, it is true, full of quaint sayings, original presentations of the truth, and unique oratory, but who will deny his splendid courage on all occasions when he came out on the right side of every momentous question. Vigor, boldness, and sincerity were his characteristics. There never was but one Talmage; there never can be, it is believed by many, such a preacher. He stands forth a solitary figure among the world-famous men of this century, a man who preached the gospel to a larger number of hearers than any one in modern or ancient times."

On the evening of October 22, 1895, Dr. Talmage was installed in his new pastoral office in Washington. On March 14, 1897, he was proposed as chaplain for the United States Senate. On July 4 of the same year there were rumors of trouble between the doctor and his new charge, and a report was circulated that he contemplated resigning his pastorate. On July 22 he denied having any intention of leaving Washington and

on the following day denounced in the most emphatic terms the person who started the report. On January 24, 1898, Dr. Talmage's associate, Dr. Sunderland, resigned. On March 9, 1899, Dr. Talmage resigned from the Washington church to do literary work, saying: "I made up my mind to resign because I find that I am unable to give to the place the time and attention which it deserves."

Despite the great crowds that were always present at the services, the church was in a bad way financially. The report of the treasurer for the calendar year of 1898-99 showed a deficiency of $750. As Dr. Talmage was to receive as salary all money left after the expenses of the church had been defrayed and the salary of the pastor emeritus had been paid, he of course received nothing for his services the last year he was there.

This fact, however, in the light of Mr. Du Bois' story of the five hundred dollars, could not greatly have embarrassed the great divine.

From the time of his resignation until the very week of his death his sermons appeared weekly, "making of the cylinder of the printing press a wheel of the Lord's chariot."

CHAPTER XXII.

TALMAGE ON THE THEATER.

A LOVER OF HISTRIONIC ART, A FOE TO THEATRICAL VICES—A SERMON HE NEVER PREACHED, "I AM TOO BUSY" TO HUNT DOWN LIES—THE THEATER A GOOD PLACE IN WHICH TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

Dr. Talmage charged upon the evils of the theater as he charged upon the evils of the department store, or the evils of the printing shop, or of the church, or of the home. He did not stop to question whether the people who were interested in the particular thing or business or art that he wished to criticise were his friends or his enemies. He saw only the weeds and went into the field to uproot them. When the grain was free from the danger of being smothered by the noxious and poisonous growth of these "emissaries of the devil," as he was pleased to call all those things that had an influence for evil either in the animal, vegetable or human families, then he would take time to call attention to the virtues of the good grain. But first clear away the weeds.

That was the way he treated the theater. But this time he was not alone. One Sunday when he had announced that he would preach a sermon to the theatrical profession a newspaper that had overlooked the assignment and had nobody on hand to take his sermon, did the best it could under the circumstances. It turned the matter over to a reporter who was familiar with Dr. Talmage's style and prejudices, and he wrote a report of the discourse. However severe may have been the Brooklyn divine's strictures on the stage, and its effects on the morals of a community, they were nothing to the diatribes this reporter poured out under the guise of the good doctor's name. He no doubt knew more of the seamy side of theatric life than Dr. Talmage and had not the restrictive influence of a burning desire to do good that always animated Talmage to curb his expression. So the

sermon that came out the next morning was what is commonly known to newspaper men as "a scorcher." Talmage's name was in everybody's mouth and theater people everywhere cursed him roundly for his abuse of them and the institution in which they earned their livings and whatever of laurels came their way.

SERMON TO THEATRICAL PEOPLE.

A few weeks later, Dr. Talmage preached another sermon on this topic in which he gave a clear statement of his estimate of the theater for good as well as for evil. He denied preaching the other sermon and told how it was written. As this gives the views on a most important branch of art of the man whose character we are endeavoring to set forth in an honest light, we reprint the sermon in full as it was delivered. His sermon was as follows:

"And certain of the chiefs of Asia, which were his friends, sent unto him, desiring him that he would not adventure himself into the theatre."—Acts xix: 31.

The histrionic art has claimed much of the attention of the world since the day when Thespis acted his play in a wagon at the festival of Dionysius, until this hour, when the finest audience-rooms in St. Petersburg, and Venice, and Milan, and Paris, and London, are given up to the drama. Professor Stacke, by his exhumation of the theatre of Bacchus, at Athens, has thrown much light upon the architecture of the ancient theatre. It was a vast building—the seats rising in concentric circles until no human voice could reach the multitude and the play-actors had masks which served as speaking-trumpets, while there were under the seats reflections of sound. The building was roofless, but covered with an awning to keep out the glare of the sun, as all the performances were in the day-time, while at the side there were porticoes into which many of the people retired in time of rain. These buildings were an overmastering splendor of marble, and glass, and statuary, and gold, and silver, and precious stones. For twelve consecutive hours, yea, from morning until night, the audiences would assemble in multitudes of eighty or a hundred thousand people—ay, all the population of the

city. My text gives a glimpse of one of those buildings. It was six hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and in full accord with the architectural pomp and magnificence of that wonderful city. Paul wanted to attend that theater. His friends were determined he should not go there. He says, "I must go there," and when so determined a man as Paul proposes a thing, it is a very difficult matter to hinder him. But they held fast of him, and the chief men of the city "sent unto him, desiring that he would not adventure himself into the theater." What! had the apostle become so fond of the spectacular—had he been so pleased with the writings of Eschylus, the dramatist, and with the reputation of Sophocles and Euripides, the world-renowned tragedians, that between his sermons he must go and look upon the performances of the theater? No! He wanted to go into that theater to preach Christ to the people, and vindicate the cause of truth and righteousness. Indeed, I do not know any place more appropriate for the preaching of the Gospel than these palaces of dramatic art. Christ says, "Go into all the world and preach my Gospel." That means preach it everywhere. No place too good for it. No place too bad for it. I never had a better time in proclaiming Christ to the people than one night in Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, at the invitation of the owner of the theater, and under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city.

PREACHING IN THEATERS.

We began the service by a prayer-meeting in the green-room, and we concluded the service by an inquiry-meeting, in which scores of souls started out for heaven, afterward joining the different churches of the city. Chatham Theater, in New York, was never put to a grander purpose than when, in 1857, during the great revival, the doors were thrown open for religious assemblages, and hundreds of souls found that their birth-place, and on one occasion, the service of the main audience was overpowered by the Christian songs that came rolling up from the bar-room where men once destroyed their bodies and souls with strong drink. Until the ministry shall be invited to preach in all these palaces of dramatic art, the best thing we can do is, as far as possible, to imitate Paul the Apostle, and adventure ourselves

into the theater by preaching to those who attend upon it, and to those who act upon its stage, and to all the employes of the institution.

"But," says some one, "you are the last man in the world to preach to the theatrical profession, since you are their avowed enemy." Before I get through this morning, I will show you whether or not I am their enemy. Three or four years ago, I preached three or four sermons on the character and condition of the average American theater. What I thought, and felt then, I think and feel now, but my utterances were very much misrepresented. I never made any wholesale and indiscriminate assault upon the theatrical profession. I acknowledged then, as I acknowledge now, that there is as much genius in that profession as in any other profession, that there are men and women in that profession who are pure and honest, that the characteristic of many of them has been generosity, and I said other things in that direction, but the reports in the newspapers did not give that part of my sermons, while they gave those parts that were entirely critical of that profession—that omission, not from any desire to misrepresent me, but I suppose from the crowded state of the columns of the newspapers at that time. One sermon was ascribed to me, not one word of which did I preach. I have this fact authenticated, that in one of the newspaper offices of the country, on Sunday afternoon, the question was asked, "Where is Talmage's sermon on the theater?" The answer was, "The gentleman who went over to phonograph the sermon met with an accident, and he did not get to the Tabernacle, and so we haven't received it." "Well," said one in the office, "you go down and find out what the text was." A messenger went and found out what the text was, and came back, and in that office my sermon was written out! and by a man who had never seen me—making me the foe of all kinds of amusements, representing me as the denouncer of all the men and women of the theatrical profession, without any exception, as profligate and abandoned. "Well," you say, "why didn't you correct the impression?" Oh, I never hunt lies! I have so many things to do, and that is not my business. My work is to proclaim the whole counsel of God as far as I understand it, and I leave the result with the Lord, and I find the plan works well.

CHURCH AND PLAYHOUSE.

"We must, however, at this point of the discourse, acknowledge that there is an everlasting war between the church and the playhouse. You do not like the church. We do not like the theater. But there is a common ground on which we may meet to-day, as immortal men and women, with souls to be saved and lost, for whom there is a Christ ready to lift every burden, and heal every wound, and save every soul. Him I declare unto you to-day.

I ask that the members of the theatrical profession, whether present to-day, or after awhile reading these words, come immediately, and unconditionally surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. I make the request on two grounds. First, because of the vast amount of usefulness you might wield for Christ. It seems to me that the entire course of the world's history would have been changed if men and women who have given themselves to the world's theatrical entertainment had given themselves to Christian work. It was the dramatic element sanctified in Robert Hall, and Thomas Chalmers, and George Whitefield, that made them become the irresistible and all-conquering instruments of righteousness. If Hackett, and Edmund Kean, and John Kemble, and George Frederick Cook, and Junius Booth, and Garrick, and their contemporaries of the stage, had given themselves to the service of the Lord, this would have been a far different world from what it is. If the Davenports, and the Irvings, and the Wallacks, and the Edwin Booths of to-day would some night at the close of their performance come to the front of the stage and say to the people, "Ladies and gentlemen, from this time I begin the especial service of Jesus Christ, I give myself in public and private to His cause, I am to be His for time and for eternity"—it would revolutionize the American cities—it would save the world!

THE ACTOR'S NEED OF CHRIST.

"Oh," you say, "now you are talking about an impossibility; you know very well that there is such a prejudice against our profession that if we should come and knock at the door of a Christian church we would be

scouted and driven back." Great mistake. When Spencer H. Cone stepped from the burning theater in Richmond, December 26, 1811, and stepped into the pulpit of the Baptist denomination, he was rapturously welcomed, and I ask what impression that man ever made as a play-actor compared with the influence with which he thrilled Christendom when the great tragedian had become the great apostle? I ask, then, in the name of God, that the dramatic talent of the world change its profession. I ask that you give to God your heart, your head, your hand, your foot, your power of impersonation, your grip over the human heart, your capacity to subdue and transport and electrify great assemblages. Admitting, as you will, that it is every one's duty to put to the grandest possible use every faculty that God gives man, I ask you to come and throw yourselves into the stupendous work of preparing men and women from an unending eternity. Garrick, the actor, and Whitefield, the preacher, were contemporaries, were friends and admirers. Garrick said he would give a thousand guineas for the capacity to use the exclamation "Oh!" as George Whitefield used it. The triumph of the one was in Drury Lane Theater, the triumph of the other was on Moorfields Common, where thousands of souls under his ministry cried out for God. From the door of eternity, which man has the pleasanter retrospect? Oh, I will ask you to decide this matter as you will wish you had decided it after the curtain has fallen upon the last act of the tragedy of the world's existence.

I put this request for your surrender to the Lord, also on the ground of your own happiness and safety. There is no peace for any occupation or profession without Christ. Your profession is no exception. The huzza in the Haymarket Theater and in Covent Garden, and in Goodman's Fields, and in the Royal Theater of London, could not give peace to Mrs. Siddons, and Thomas Betterton, and Edmund Kean, and Macready. The world may laugh at the farce, but the comedian finds it a very serious business. Liston in his day had more power to move the mirth of an audience than any other man. He went one day to Dr. Abernathy, saying, "Oh, doctor, I am so low-spirited, can't you cure me?" Dr. Abernathy did not know it was Liston, the comedian, who had come as a patient, and he said to him, "Pooh, pooh, I am not the man you want to see; don't come and see a doctor; go

and see Liston; two doses would cure a madman." Alas! for Liston, he might cure others, but he could not cure himself. I tell you that without God there is no happiness and no permanent good cheer. At the wave of the orchestral baton, when the music rises, and the chandeliers gleam, and the play goes on plunging toward the catastrophe, it does not seem as if you had any disquietude at all, but there are times of heartache, and exasperation, and disappointment for you. A great London actor went into the madhouse for life, because by some unfortunate stroke of a sword he lost his wig in the play of Hamlet, and the guffaw of the audience utterly frenzied him.

HAPPINESS DEPENDS ON CHRISTIANITY.

Besides all the other annoyance of your life, there is the question of livelihood, and you know that in your profession it is a very precarious thing. Sometimes you are flush with money. Then a favorite troupe comes along and pushes you off the stage. "Hush! hush!" said the French actress to the manager, as he conducted her from the theater to her carriage. "Hush! don't you let my coachman hear that you have given me only eighteen hundred francs a year, when I give him twenty-four hundred!" Sometimes you have gone from the theater, when in the play you were robed, and garlanded, and coronated like a queen, to a home where the struggle for bread is awful. Now I ask you to come out and try the comforts of the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. "Oh," you say, "in order to do that I should have to give up my profession." My brother, my sister, decide one question at a time. First give your heart to the Lord, and then decide this question. You will be able to decide it better then. You will have God to help you to decide it. When I was, three or four years ago, preaching on the condition of the average American theater, there were several play-actresses who came to my house and said, "We would like to become Christians, if you could only find for us some other occupation." I said to them what I say to you, that no one ever becomes a Christian until he or she is willing to come in this spirit and say, "Oh, Lord Jesus, I take Thee now anyhow, come weal or woe, prosperity or privation, comfortable home or almshouse." It was in that spirit that the poor girl wrote the memorable

hymn which you all know, after she had been turned out of her father's house, because he was an infidel, and she was determined to be a Christian, when she sat down and wrote in her banishment, these words:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.

"Perish every fond ambition,
All I've hoped, or wished, or known
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own."

But let me say that God lets no one be shelterless and hungry who comes in that spirit. She shall have the omnipotent God for her friend, and all the armed hosts of heaven will be her sworn allies. The poor girl will be richer than all the rich men of the earth who have made this world their God, in their dying moment, saying a few nice religious things so as to help the minister through with his funeral sermon! Your safety and your happiness, as well as your usefulness, depend upon your being a Christian. Besides that, after the four acts have been gone through with—infancy, youth, manhood, old age—and you come to the fifth act, the last act, the catastrophe, the death-hour—what then? I know not what may be the shifting scenes of the act, whether palace or garret, or whether the foot-lights may be glittering festivities, or the dim candles of destitution, but this I know: it will be a momentous hour. Enter, the King of Terrors, with all his courtiers of pain, and sickness and bereavement. Exeunt, all the pleasures, and advantages, and enjoyments of this life. I don't know whether you will leave this world amid the excitement of the stage, as did Mr. Palmer, the London actor, who, while he was quoting the words of the play, "Oh, God, is there not another and a better world?" dropped lifeless in the presence of the aghast audience, and then was carried to the green-room. I don't know what will be the circumstances of your leaving this world, but I know the hour will be a sifting process. In that hour all your past life will come before you—all you have been and all you might have been. I hope

it will not be with you in that hour as it was with Madame Rachel, the celebrated actress, who ordered the jewels which had been given her by the kings of Europe to be brought to her, and with her dying hands she turned over the glittering jewels and said. "Ah, my bright jewels, must I leave you so soon?" In the final hour it will be a grand thing if we can look back upon a life of usefulness, but it will be a dreadful thing if we look back upon an ill-spent life. Charles Lamb once wrote a play for the stage. It was a very poor play, but the loudest hissing came from the gallery where Charles Lamb sat, and the audience looked up and saw that it was the author of the play who was hissing his own production. And, my friends, if at last we can look back upon a life wasted, or full of fatal mistakes, we ourselves will be the severest critics—we will be the most vehement in the denunciation of our own neglect and stupidity. While in the great Brooklyn theater disaster we were all warned to prepare for eternity, it seems to me that it was an especial call to the theatrical profession in the death of Claude Burroughs and Henry Murdoch, the two brilliant dramatists.

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

Ah! they had but little time to prepare for eternity that night, when the play of "The Two Orphans" was exchanged for a scene which made many orphans. What difference does it make to them now whether the audience that sat before them that night were pleased or displeased with their acting? What difference does it make now to Macready whether the Astor Place Opera House greeted him with a volley of stones, or whether he was carried off on the shoulders of the exultant people. What difference does it make to Edwin Forrest whether the critics liked or disliked his "Richard III.," or his "Gladiator," or his "King Lear," or his "Metamora," or his "Shylock?" When we have gone out of this world, if our life has been a failure, no clapping encore will ever bring us back to re-enact it. Our character in the last moment will be our character through eternity. "As the tree falleth, so it must lie." He that is holy will be holy still. He that is unjust will be unjust still. He that is filthy will be filthy still.

Oh, men of the theatrical profession, to whom those words may come,

and men of all occupations and professions—prepare for eternity. After the first ordeal of death has passed, there will be a second ordeal, and that will be the judgment. On that day the audience will be a vaster audience than all the people who were ever gathered in Covent Garden, and the Haymarket, and Goodman's Fields, and Drury Lane. It will be an innumerable audience. The footlights will be burning mountains and burning seas. The orchestra will be the thunders of a parting heaven. The tragedy will be the rising of the righteous and the overthrow of the wicked. The closing scene will be the dispersing of the audience to their everlasting homes of gladness or retribution. Then the lights will go out, and the spectacle will be ended forever!

CHAPTER XXIII.

TALMAGE ON INGERSOLL.

TALMAGE'S IDEA THAT INGERSOLL HELPS RATHER THAN HARMS RELIGION—TALMAGE NOT AT HIS BEST IN DENOUNCING INTELLECTUAL EVIL—HIS POWER AGAINST MORAL EVIL—HIS APPEAL TO THE HEART IN THE GREAT PASSAGE, "BURN THE BIBLES"—CERTAIN SOPHISTRIES EMPLOYED BY TALMAGE.

One day some friends were talking about Ingersoll. "He is doing a great deal of harm to the church," said the spokesman. The others, all excepting Talmage, assented. "He is keeping many young men from joining the church." Again there were expressions of assent from every one but Talmage. "If he goes on like this he will empty the churches, and then what will the ministers do?" This was more than Talmage could stand.

"Empty the churches," he exclaimed. "Why, he'll fill them. If any thinking man wants to get into a frame of mind that will drive him back to the comfort and the shelter of religion, of the church, all he needs to do is to take a course of what they are beginning to call Ingersollism. Ingersoll is supposed to be the devil's chief recruiting agent on earth, but he is nothing of the kind. People only go to hear him in order to be entertained and amused. Ingersoll is only a wit. He is merely a cheap scoffer. He doesn't do any harm to religion. I repeat, he is populating the churches instead of depopulating them. It's easy enough to laugh. A man can laugh at his grandmother. Ingersoll attacking the Bible is like a green grasshopper chirping and sawing away on a railroad track, denouncing the steam engine, when the express comes thundering along. The grasshopper can't stay the express, and Ingersoll can't stop the truth. He can't even derail it."

The metaphor has all the Talmagean force—it is not unlike the brilliant, stinging methods of Ingersoll himself—it is fighting the devil with fire.

Moreover, there is behind the words of Talmage that absolute conviction which breeds conviction in others. Even an admirer of Ingersoll is reminded that his apostle constructed nothing, offered no substitute for that which he tore down, and sees that purely negative work has nothing in it which can endure. Nevertheless Talmage is better, more passionately in earnest, more convincing when he denounces a moral and physical evil like rum, of which he has seen with his eyes and with his heart the terrible consequences, than he is when he denounces what he regards as an intellectual evil, for instance, the teaching of Ingersoll. Furthermore, he has a better cause. To extinguish heresy, the task Talmage assumes in his six answers to Ingersoll, is the same fundamental task that in a darker age than ours, lit the fires and invented the nerve-racking implements of the Spanish Inquisition. Attacking the belief of another man, no matter how wrong that man's belief may be, is not a part of Christ's spirit, in spite of the fact that the churches of all times and creeds have done it. It is the weakest side of Christianity.

The strongest side of Christianity or of any other religion is its attack upon great moral evils, such as alcoholism. In this attack Talmage's whole nature, with all its splendid blaze of passion, rushes into words that strike on men's hearts like blows.

Although he is not at his best in his answers to Ingersoll, he makes many a telling point—the conflict between the two keen minds armed with unusual powers of argument, illustration, satire, ridicule, is gladiatorial. There is plenty of emotional force generated in Talmage by the necessity of meeting his opponent's arguments. Our point is merely that this emotion is based upon antagonism to an individual person and upon antagonism to an intellectual belief, and that this emotion is by nature less noble, less profound and less truthful than the emotion with which the preacher attacks a *moral* evil.

"BURN THE BIBLES!"

The strongest part of Talmage's answer is not the intellectual part—in fact that part contains glaring flaws of logic and manifest sophistries. The strongest appeal Talmage makes for the Bible in its defense against the attack of Ingersoll is not his appeal to the mind, but his appeal to the heart.

Take, for instance, that magnificent passage in which he mockingly calls on the world to burn its Bibles, new and old: "It seems from what we have recently heard that the Christian religion is a huge blunder, that the Mosaic account of the Creation is an absurdity large enough to throw all nations into rollicking guffaw, that Adam and Eve never existed, that the ancient flood and Noah's ark were impossibilities, that there never was a miracle, that the Bible is the friend of cruelty, of murder, of polygamy, of obscenity, of adultery, of all forms of base crime, that the Christian religion is woman's tyrant and man's stultification, that the Bible from lid to lid is a fable, an obscenity, a cruelty, a humbug, a sham, a lie, that the martyrs who died for its truth were miserable dupes, that the Church of Jesus Christ is properly gazetted as a fool, that when Thomas Carlyle, the sceptic, said, 'The Bible is a noble book,' he was dropping into imbecility, that when Theodore Parker, the infidel, declared in Music Hall, Boston, 'Never a boy or girl in all Christendom but was profited by that great book,' he was becoming very weak-minded, that it is something to bring a blush to the cheek of every patriot, that John Adams, the father of American Independence, declared, 'The Bible is the best book in all the world,' and that lion-hearted Andrew Jackson turned into a sniveling coward when he said, 'That book, sir, is the rock on which our Republic rests,' and that Daniel Webster abdicated the throne of his intellectual power and resigned his logic, and from being the great expounder of the Constitution and the great lawyer of his age, turned into an idiot when he said, 'My heart assures and reassures me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. From the time that at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style or thought to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures,' and that William H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century, only showed his puerility when he declared, 'The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influences of the Bible,' and that it is wisest for us to take that book from the throne in the affections of uncounted multitudes, and put it under our feet to be trampled upon by hatred and hissing

contempt, and that your old father was hoodwinked, and cajoled, and cheated, and befooled, when he leaned on this as a staff after his hair grew gray, and his hands were tremulous, and his steps shortened as he came up to the verge of the grave, and that your mother sat with a pack of lies on her lap while reading of the better country, and of the ending of all her aches and pains, and reunion not only of those of you who stood around her, but with the children she had buried with infinite heartache, so that she could read no more until she took off her spectacles, and wiped from them the heavy mist of many tears. Alas! that for forty and fifty years they should have walked under this delusion and had it under their pillow when they lay a-dying in the back room, and asked that some words from the vile page might be cut upon the tombstone under the shadow of the old country meeting-house where they sleep this morning waiting for a resurrection that will never come. This book, having deceived them, and having deceived the mighty intellects of the past, must not be allowed to deceive our larger, mightier, vaster, more stupendous intellects. And so out with the book from the court-room, where it is used in the solemnization of testimony. Out with it from under the foundation of church and asylum. Out with it from the domestic circle. Gather together all the Bibles—the children's Bibles, the family Bibles, those newly bound, and those with lid nearly worn out and pages almost obliterated by the fingers long ago turned to dust—bring them all together, and let us make a bonfire of them, and by it warm our cold criticism, and after that turn under with the plowshare of public indignation the polluted ashes of that loathsome, adulterous, obscene, cruel and deathful book which is so antagonistic to man's liberty and woman's honor, and the world's happiness."

That magnificent appeal for the Bible, is, we repeat, an appeal to the heart. All the tenderest and best emotions and associations of life which have twined themselves about that Book are most wonderfully evoked. Not the abstract Bible, but all the Bibles, one by one, "those with lid nearly worn out and pages almost obliterated by the fingers long ago turned to dust," are what Talmage, here at his very best, here a poet truly touching the heart, brings before the imagination of his hearer.

Furthermore Talmage enlists here on his side not only those to whom the Bible is word for word inspired by God as other books are not. He enlists all those great men, like Renan, Parker, Thomas Carlyle, to whom the Bible is the mightiest record of a people's life and spiritual aspiration, the greatest piece of literature in existence. In that passage Talmage is at his very best and strongest.

THE CASE AGAINST INGERSOLL.

He then proceeds to try Ingersoll in the following manner: "Perhaps you had better give the Bible a trial before you condemn it," he says. "Well, we will give it a trial. I impanel this whole audience as a jury to render their verdict in this case—Infidelity, the plaintiff, versus Christianity, the defendant. Twelve jurors are ordinarily enough in a case, but in this case, vaster in importance than any other, I this morning impanel all the thousands of people here gathered as a jury, and I ask them silently to affirm that they will well and truly try this issue of traverse joined between Infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant, so help you God.

"The jury impaneled, call your first witness. Robert G. Ingersoll! 'Here!' Swear the witness. But how are you to swear the witness? I know of only two ways of taking an oath in a court-room. The one is by kissing the Bible, and the other is by lifting the hand. I cannot ask him to swear by the Bible, because he considers that a pack of lies, and therefore it could give no solemnity to his oath. I cannot ask him to lift the hand, for that seems to imply the existence of a God, and that is a fact in dispute. So I swear him by the rings of Saturn, and the spots on the sun, and the caverns in the moon, and the Milky Way, and the nebular hypothesis, that he will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in this case between Infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant.

"Let me say that I know nothing of the private character of that person, neither do I want to know. I have no taste for exploring private character. I shall deal with him as a public teacher. I shall not be diverted from this by the fact that he has again and again in lectures and in interviews assailed my name. I have no personal animosity. I invite him the Sabbath after

he has changed his views in regard to the Christian religion to stand here where I stand and preach his first sermon. I deal with him only as a public teacher.

AN UNFORTUNATE SOPHISTRY.

"You say, Why preach these three or four sermons which I intend to preach in answering the champion blasphemer of America? Am I afraid that Christianity will be overborne by this scoffing harlequinade? Oh, no. Do you know how near he has come to stopping Christianity? I will tell you how near he has come to impeding the progress of Christianity in the world. About as much as one snowflake on the track will impede the half-past three o'clock Chicago lightning express train. Perhaps not so much as that. It is more like a Switzerland insect floating through the air impeding an Alpine avalanche. The Sabbath after Mr. Ingersoll in this region extinguished Christianity, we received in this church over four hundred souls in public and beautiful consecration of themselves to Christ, and that only a small illustration of the universal advance. Within ten years Mr. Ingersoll has done his most conspicuous stopping of Christianity, and he has stopped it at the following rate: In the first fifty years of this century, there were three million people who professed the faith of Christ. In the last ten years, there have been three million people connecting themselves by profession with the Church of Christ. In other words, the last ten years have accomplished as much as the first fifty years of this century."

This is one of those glaring sophisms which we alluded to in the opening of this chapter. It is unfortunate that Talmage should have weakened his case by employing it. In the beginning of the century the entire population "professed the faith of Christ." For three million out of three million people to profess a thing is a different proposition from having three new million out of seventy million profess it. When Talmage says the last ten years have accomplished as much as the first fifty years of the century he leaves entirely out of account the increase in population which tremendously cuts down the ratio of those who are professing Christians to those who are not. One may regret the fact as much as one will, but when one deliberately ignores it, and in fact attempts to convey a wholly different impression as to the fact, one

commits a fatal error in argument. If the "false in part, false in all" principle which he applies to Ingersoll were applied here to himself we should be obliged to throw out his entire testimony. We do not, however, wish to throw it out, for the reason that some of it is true and valuable.

He continues: "My fear is not that Ingersoll will arrest Christianity. I preach these sermons for the benefit of individuals. There are young men who, through his teachings, have given up their religion and soon after gave up their morals. Ingersoll's teachings triumphant would fill all the penitentiaries and the gambling hells and houses of shame on the continent—on the planet. No divine system of morals, and in twenty years we would have a hell on earth eclipsing in abomination the hell that Mr. Ingersoll has so much laughed at. My fear is not that Christianity in general shall be impeded, but I want to persuade these young men to get aboard the train instead of throwing themselves across the track. God is going to save this world anyhow, and the only question is whether you and I will refuse to get into the lifeboat. Besides that, I want to put into the mouths of these young men arguments by which they can defend themselves in the profession of their faith in Christ when they are bombarded." The young men, however, must be on their guard to weigh Talmage's arguments before they use them. It would be unfortunate to advance an argument like that of the three million before a keen assailant of the orthodox faith. One who so advanced it would be in the position of those who, as Sir Thomas Browne said in the seventeenth century, "have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain themselves a trophy to the enemies of truth."

"FALSE IN PART, FALSE IN ALL."

Coming back from his digression, Talmage says: "But that trial comes on. The jury has been impaneled. The first witness has been called. In the opening sentences of my sermon I gave Mr. Ingersoll's charges against Christianity. Now, my friends, it is a principle settled in all court rooms and among all intelligent people, 'false in part, false in all.' If a witness is found to be making a misrepresentation on the stand it does not make any difference what he testifies to after; it all goes overboard. The judge, the jury,

every common-sense man says, 'false in part, false in all.' Now, if I can show you, and I will show you, the Lord helping me, that Mr. Ingersoll makes misrepresentations in one respect, or two respects, or three respects, I will demand that, as intelligent men and as fair-minded women, you throw overboard his entire testimony. If he will misrepresent in one thing he will misrepresent all the way through. 'False in one, false in all.'

"In the first place he raises a roystering laugh against the Bible by saying, 'is this book true? The gentleman who wrote it said that the world was made out of nothing; I cannot imagine nothing being made into something.' In nearly all his lectures he begins with that gigantic misrepresentation. I offer a thousand dollars' reward to any man who will show me any passage in the Bible that tells me that the world was made out of nothing. The very first passage says it was made out of God's omnipotence. 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' I do not ask you to refer to your Bible. Refer to your memory that you may see it is an Ingersollian misstatement—a misstatement from stem to stern, and from cutwater to taffrail, and from the top of the mainmast down to the barnacles on the bottom. If he had taken some obscure passage he would not so soon have been found out, but he has taken the most conspicuous, the most memorable, the most magnificent passage, all geological and astronomical discovery only adding to its grandeur. 'In the beginning.' There you can roll in ten million years if you want to. There is no particular date given—no contest between science and revelation. You may roll in there ten million years, if you want to. Though the world may have been in process of creation for millions of years, suddenly and quickly, and in one week, it may have been fitted up for man's residence. Just as a great mansion may have been many years in building, and yet in one week it may be curtained and chandeliered and cushioned and upholstered for a bride and groom.

"You are not compelled to believe that the world was made in our six days; you are not compelled to believe that. It may not have been a day of twenty-four hours, the day spoken of in the first chapter; it may have been God's day, and a thousand years with him are as one day. 'And the evening and the morning were the first day'—God's day. 'And the evening and the

morning were the second day'—God's day. 'And the evening and the morning were the sixth day'—God's day. You and I living in the seventh day, the Sabbath of the world, the day of Gospel redemption, the grandest day of all the week in which each day may have been made up of thousands of years. Can you tell me how a man can get his mind and soul into such a blasphemous twist as to scoff at that first chapter of Genesis, its verses billows of light surging up from sapphire seas of glory!" This, in our opinion, is more than mere pretty rhetoric. It is the truest criticism that can be made upon Robert Ingersoll—a Philistine insensibility to the grandeur of the grandest poetry this world has made.

LIGHT BEFORE THE SUN.

In contrast to "sapphire seas of glory," Talmage places Ingersoll's scoffing:

"Come now," he says, "and let Mr. Ingersoll laugh at the fact that the world is made out of nothing. He rings his changes on that word nothing. He has gone all through the cities telling what every man, woman and child of common-sense knows is a misrepresentation. There is as much difference between Mr. Ingersoll's statement and the truth as between nothing and omnipotence. Now I will take Mr. Ingersoll's first misrepresentation, and I nail it so high that North, South, East and West may see it and remember it. Wilful misrepresentation! I repeat, there is as much difference between his statement and the Bible statement as between nothing and omnipotence. Now I demand, gentlemen of the jury, that you throw overboard his entire testimony. False in part, false in all—all that he has testified to in the past, all that he will testify to in the future—all overboard, by the common rules of evidence.

"I take a step further in the impeachment of this witness. One would have thought that after misrepresenting the first passage he would have rested from his labors and given us some honest exposition. Oh, no! He rolls from side to side with laughter. He runs up and down the whole gamut of cachinnation. He can hardly contain his mirthfulness. He swoops upon the third and fourth verses of the same chapter in caricature and says: 'Ha,

ha! the Bible represents that light was created on Monday, and the sun was not created until Thursday. Just think of it! a book declaring that light was created three days before the sun shone.' Here Mr. Ingersoll shows his geological and chemical and astronomical ignorance. If Mr. Ingersoll had asked any schoolboy on his way home from one of our high schools, 'My lad, can there be any light without the shining of the sun?' the lad would have said, 'Yes, sir; heat and electricity emit light independent of the sun. Besides that, when the earth was in process of condensation, it was surrounded by thick vapors and the discharge of many volcanoes in the primary period, and all this obscuration may have hindered the light of the sun from falling on the earth until that Thursday morning.' Beside that, he would say: 'Mr. Ingersoll, don't you know that David Brester and Herschel, the astronomer, and all the modern men of their class, agree in the fact that the sun is not light, that it is an opaque mass, that it is only the candlestick that holds the light, a phosphorescent atmosphere floating around it, changing and changing, so it is not to be at all wondered at that not until that Thursday morning its light fell on the earth? Beside that, Mr. Ingersoll,' the lad of the high school would say, 'the rocks in crystallization emit light. There is light from a thousand surfaces, the alkalies, for instance.' The lad would have gone on to say 'the metallic bases emit light.' The lad would have gone on still further to say: 'Mr. Ingersoll, don't you know there was a time in the history of the world when there were thousands of miles of liquid granite flaming with light?' The lad would have gone on and told Mr. Ingersoll that by observation it has been found that there are burned-out volcanoes in other worlds which, when they were in explosion and activity, must have cast forth an insufferable light, throwing a glare all over our earth. And the boy would have asked him also if he had ever heard of the Aurora Borealis or the Aurora Anchalis. And then the boy would have unbuckled the strap from his bundle of books and read from one entitled 'Connection of the Physical Sciences,' this paragraph:

" 'Captain Bonnycastle, coming up the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the 17th of September, 1826, was aroused by the mate of the vessel in great alarm from an unusual appearance. It was a starlight night, when suddenly the

sky became overcast. In the direction of the high land of Cornwallis County an instantaneous and intensely vivid light, resembling the aurora, shot out on the hitherto gloomy and dark sea, on the lee bow that was so brilliant, it lighted everything distinctly, even to the masthead. The light spread over the whole sea between the two shores, and the waves, which before had been tranquil, became agitated. Captain Bonnycastle describes the scene as that of a blazing sheet of awful and most brilliant light—a long and vivid line of light that showed the face of the high frowning land abreast. The sky became lowering and more intensely obscure. Long, tortuous lines of light showed immense numbers of large fish darting about as if in consternation. The topsail yard and mizzen-boom were lighted by the glare as if gaslights had been burned directly below them, and until just before daybreak at four o'clock the most minute objects were distinctly visible.'

"Mr. Ingersoll has only to go to one of our high schools to learn there are ten thousand sources of light besides the light of the sun. But if he had been in one of the classes in our high schools, a class in astronomy, or geology or chemistry, the impatient teacher would have said to him: 'Robert, go down to the foot and be in disgrace—be in disgrace for your stupidity!' This is not wilful misrepresentation in this case on the part of Mr. Ingersoll. He does not know any better. It is the most profound and most disgusting ignorance ever exhibited on a lecturer's platform in America when he says there cannot be any light, or implies there cannot be any light except that which comes from the sun.

CHARGE OF IGNORANCE.

"In the first case which I showed you it was wilful misrepresentation. In this case it is ignorance, geological and astronomical and chemical. But whether wilful or ignorant misrepresentation, either and both will impeach Robert G. Ingersoll as incompetent to give testimony in this case between Infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant. I nail on the top of the temple of scepticism this misrepresentation by the champion blasphemer of America. He misrepresented in the first case. He has misrepresented in the second case. Now I demand, gentlemen of the jury, that you throw overboard his testimony. 'False in part, false in all.' "

We do not wish, in this book, to defend the attacks of Mr. Ingersoll upon the Bible, but it is our duty not only to give a just estimate of the work of Talmage, pointing out, to the best of our ability, wherein that work is strong and wherein weak, but we also feel it our duty to warn the young Christians to whom Talmage is here furnishing arguments against infidelity that the great orator and mover of men's hearts is not invariably a safe intellectual guide. We should dislike to see some earnest young soul employing this argument that light existed before the sun in the form in which it is here presented. The sun, which is the center of our planetary system, was not the first nor will it be the last sun which the infinite womb of the universe has brought to birth. Light, therefore, most certainly existed before our sun. The sun is one of the stars, and there are older stars. But when Talmage tries to make out that the earth and earthly lights were brought forth before the sun it takes less knowledge of science than he attributes to his high-school boy to refute him. That the sun and its planets are of equal age, being different parts of one whole, is a scientific fact as well known as that the root and the stem of an oak spring simultaneously upward and downward from an acorn. All the facts adduced by Talmage are marshalled to the false conclusion that the earth is older than the sun. The absurdity of the idea becomes manifest when we ask "What was the earth doing before it began revolving around the sun?" If older than the sun it must have originally done something else. There is no use denying what is known and proved, for sooner or later truth once discovered will be known to all men. That the entire solar system in its mist-like form revolved about a center, that this center condensing became the sun, and that outlying parts of the great wheel, condensing, became planets is no longer an hypothesis—it is a scientific theory which explains the facts, and is accepted as the truth. Let no Christian advance an argument based on anything but truth, for the recoil will do the cause more harm than good.

THE STORY OF NOAH'S ARK.

"I take a step further," continues Talmage, "in impeaching this witness against Christianity. He sharpens all his witticisms to destroy our belief in

the ancient deluge and Noah's ark. He says that from the account there it must have rained eight hundred feet of water each day in order that it might be fifteen cubits above the hills. He says that the ark could not have been large enough to contain 'two of every sort,' for there would have been hundreds of thousands and hundreds of thousands of creatures! He says that these creatures would have come from all lands and all zones! He says there was only one small window in the ark, and that would not have given fresh air to keep the animals inside the ark from suffocation! Then he winds up that part of the story by saying that the ark finally landed on a mountain seventeen thousand feet high. He says he does not believe the story. Neither do I! There is no such story in the Bible. I will tell you what the Bible story is. I must say that I have changed my mind in regard to some matters which once were to me very mysterious. They are no more mysterious. This is the key to the facts. This is the story of an eye-witness, Noah! his story incorporated afterward by Moses in the account. Noah described the scene just as it appeared to him. He saw the flood and he fathomed its depth. As far as eye could reach everything was covered up, from horizon to horizon, or as it says, 'under the whole heaven.' He did not refer to the Sierra Nevadas, or to Mount Washington, for America had not been discovered, or, if it had been discovered, he could not have seen so far off. He is giving the testimony of an eye-witness. God speaks after the manner of men when He says everything went under, and Noah speaks after the manner of men when he says everything did go under. An eye-witness. There is no need of thinking that the kangaroo leaped the ocean or that the polar bear came down from the ice.

"Why did the deluge come? It came for the purpose of destroying the outrageous inhabitants of the then thinly populated earth, nearly all the population probably very near the ark before it was launched. What would have been the use of submerging North and South America or Europe or Africa when they were not inhabited? Mr. Ingersoll most grossly misrepresents when he says that in order to have that depth of water it must have rained eight hundred feet every day. The Bible distinctly declares that the most of the flood rose instead of falling. Before the account where it says

'the windows of heaven were opened' it says 'all the fountains of the great deep were broken up.' All geologists agree in saying that there are caverns in the earth filled with water, and they rushed forth, and all the lakes and rivers forsook their bed. What am I to think, and what are you to think of a man who, ignoring this earthquake spoken of in the Bible as preceding the falling of the rain, and for the purpose of making a laugh at the Bible, will say it must have rained over eight hundred feet every day? Taking the last half instead of the first half. The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and then the windows of heaven were opened. Is it a strange thing that we should be asked to believe in this flood of the Bible when geologists tell us that again and again and again the dry earth has been drowned out? Just open your geology, and you will read of twenty floods. Is it not a strange thing that the infidel scientist wanting us to believe in the twenty floods of geological discovery should, as soon as we believe in the one flood of the Bible, pronounce us asinine and *non compos mentis?*

THE SIZE OF THE ARK.

"Well, then, another thing, in regard to the size of the ark. Instead of being a mud-scow, as some of these infidels would have us understand, it was a magnificent ship, nearly as large as our Great Eastern, three times the size of an ordinary man-of-war. At the time in the world when shipbuilding was unknown God had this vessel constructed, which turned out to be almost in the same proportions as our stanchest modern vessels. After thousands of years of experimenting in naval architecture and in ship-carpentry we have at last got up to Noah's ark, that ship leading all the fleets of the world on all the oceans. Well, Noah saw the animal creation going into this ark. He gave the account of an eye-witness. They were the animals from the region where he lived; for the most part they were animals useful to man, and if noxious insects or poisonous reptiles went in, it was only to discipline the patience and to keep alert the generations after the flood. He saw them and he gives the account of an eye-witness. They went in two and two of all flesh.

"Two or three years ago I was on a steamer on the river Tay, and I came

to Perth, Scotland. I got off, and I saw the most wonderful agricultural show that I had ever witnessed. There were horses and cattle such as Rosa Bonheur never sketches, and there were dogs such as the loving pencil of Edwin Landseer never portrayed, and there were sheep and fowl and creatures of all sorts. Suppose that 'two and two' of all the creatures of that agricultural show were put upon the Tay steamer to be transported to Dundee, and the next day I should be writing home to America and giving an account of the occurrence, I would have used the same general phraseology that Noah used in regard to the embarkation of the brute creation in the ark—I would have said that they went in two and two of every sort. I would not have meant six hundred thousand. A common-sense man myself, I would suppose that the people who read the letter were common-sense people.

" 'But how could you get them into the ark?' says Mr. Ingersoll with a great sneer. 'How could they be induced to go into the ark?' He would have to push them out and drive them in and coax them in. Could not the same God who gave instinct to the animal inspire that instinct to seek for shelter from the storm? However, nothing more than ordinary animal instinct was necessary. Have you never been in the country when an August thunderstorm was coming up and heard the cattle moan at the bars to get in, and seen the affrighted fowl go upon the perch at noonday, and heard the affrighted dog and cat calling at the door, supplicating entrance? And are you surprised that in that age of the world, when there were fewer places of shelter for dumb beasts, at the muttering and rumbling and flashing and quaking and darkening of an approaching deluge, the animal creation came moaning and beating to the sloping embankment reaching up to the ancient horses and cattle and sheep and dogs, but I never had a horse, or a cow, or a sheep or a dog that was so stupid it did not know enough to come in when it rained! Yet Mr. Ingersoll cannot understand how they could get in. It is amazing to him."

HEARTS, NOT BRAINS, INSPIRED.

We need not point out that Talmage here palpably begs the question. There is no doubt that the horses, dogs, cows and sheep which he adduces

in evidence could be got into the ark; the question was not as to domestic animals at all, but as to wild animals like deer, savage animals like tigers, creatures like rock-pythons. If there were at the beginning of the voyage two deer and two tigers there would be after several months for tigers to get hungry in how many deer? The Great Eastern would not be large enough to hold two each of the multitude of living fauna. We will merely say that the real leaders of modern Christian thought no longer hold as Talmage vainly attempts to hold to the literal truth of Bible stories. God inspired the hearts of those ancient writers who wrote Genesis and the rest, but He did not put into their brains exact knowledge. With inspired hearts they used what knowledge they had—just as Dante in his Divine Comedy employs the science of his own, not the science of a later time. To try now to twist that ancient science into agreement with our more exact modern science is simply to exhaust the patience of intelligent men.

IGNORANCE OF INGERSOLL.

For the sake of the example of Talmage's argumentative style, however, we give the close of this first answer to Ingersoll. "And then," continues Talmage, "that one window in the ark which afforded such poor ventilation to the creatures there assembled—that small window in the ark which excites so much mirthfulness on the part of the great infidel. If he had known as much Hebrew as you could put on your little finger nail, he would have known that that word translated window there means window course, a whole range of lights. This ignorant infidel does not know a window pane from twenty windows. So, if there is any criticism of the ark, there seems to be too much window for such a long storm. If he had studied Hebrew two weeks he would have been saved the display of that appalling ignorance, that most disgraceful ignorance, when he scoffs and scoffs and scoffs and chuckles and chuckles and chuckles over the small window in the ark. This infidel says that during the long storm the window must have been kept shut, and hence, no air. There are people in this house to-day who, all the way from Liverpool to Barnegat lighthouse, and for two weeks were kept under deck, the hatches battened down because of the storm. Some of you, in

the old-time sailing vessels, were kept nearly a month with the hatches down because of some long storm.

"For the tenth or the fifteenth misrepresentation by Mr. Ingersoll he says that the ark landed on a mountain seventeen thousand feet high, and that, of course, as soon as the animals came forth they would all be frozen in the ice! Here comes in Mr. Ingersoll's geographical ignorance. He does not seem to know that Ararat is not merely the name for a mountain, but for a hilly district, and that it may have been a hill one hundred feet high, or five hundred or a thousand feet high, on which the ark alighted. Noah measured the depth of the water above the hill, and it is fifteen cubits or twenty-seven feet. But in order to raise a laugh against the Holy Scriptures Mr. Ingersoll lifts the ark seventeen thousand feet high, showing an ignorance of just that altitude!

"We are not dependent on the Bible for the story of the flood entirely. All ages and all literatures have traditions, broken traditions, indistinct traditions, but still traditions. The old books of the Persians tell about the flood at the time of Ahriman, who so polluted the earth that it had to be washed by a great storm. The traditions of the Chaldeans say that in the time when Xisuthrus was king there was a great flood, and that he put his family and his friends in a large vessel, and all outside of them were destroyed, and after a while the birds went forth and they came back and their claws were tinged with mud. Lucian and Ovid, celebrated writers, who had never seen the Bible, describe a flood in the time of Deucalion. He took his friends into a boat, and the animals came running to him in pairs. So, all lands, and all ages, and all literatures, seem to have a broken and indistinct tradition of a calamity which Moses, here incorporating Noah's account, so grandly, so beautifully, so accurately, so solemnly records.

"But I must halt in this argument, as in a great trial sometimes an attorney will stop for lack of time to finish, and I must on other Sabbath mornings take up this subject. I have only opened the door of a subject it will take me other Sabbath mornings to explore. I have impeached Robert G. Ingersoll for having misrepresented once, twice, thrice. I demand that you put into execution the principle of every court room, gentlemen of the jury, and

throw overboard his entire testimony. 'False in part, false in all.' I have this morning only discussed the cleanest part of Mr. Ingersoll's infidelity—the best part of Mr. Ingersoll's infidelity. There are depths below depths, and I shall go on and say all I have to say on this subject.

"My prayer is that the God who created the world, not out of nothing but out of His own omnipotence, may create us anew in Christ Jesus; and that the God who made light three days before the sun shone may kindle in our souls a light that will burn on long after the sun has expired; and that the God who ordered the ark built and kept open more than one hundred years that the antediluvians might enter it for shelter may graciously incline us to accept the invitation which this morning rolls in music from the throne, saying: 'Come thou and all thy house into the ark.'"

On the following Sunday Mr. Talmage kept his promise, and preached once more on Ingersollism. We need not point out that entertaining as his parallel between Ingersoll and Adam's rib and a dog with a bone, it is not argument.

"Professor Morse thought he was making a wonderful invention when he found out the magnetic telegraph; but Job describes electrical communication thousands of years before, when he says: 'Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, here we are?'"

We interrupt, as a man sitting in a congregation may not interrupt a preacher, to point out that Job's idea was exactly the reverse of what Talmage here represents it to be. Talmage tries to make his hearer think Job believed the lightning *could* be sent with messages. It seems to us evident that Job meant the exact opposite, and by citing it as he does Talmage weakens his case. A similar twisting of ancient words into modern meanings characterizes many of the other passages here cited by him. Let us repeat that great as Talmage is in some respects, especially in his power over words that reach the heart, he is not always a great thinker; nor does he always furnish good arguments to young Christians. If they repeat them in the society of educated men they will simply be refuted and put to confusion.

We turn gladly from this chapter, in which we see Talmage at his weakest, to the consideration of his sermon against rum, where he is at his best.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TALMAGE ON RUM.

THE AWFUL RAVAGES OF ALCOHOL—ALLEGORY OF THE FOUR FIENDS—WHAT THE INEBRIATE SUFFERS—LOSS OF PROPERTY, POSITION AND FAMILY—IMPOSSIBILITY OF REFORM WITHOUT THE HELP OF GOD—"O THOU RECRUITING OFFICER OF THE PIT, I HATE THEE."

It was thought in the days when Dr. Talmage began his preaching against the evils that confronted every-day life that a minister was going out of his province when he chose to lecture on questions of sociology instead of preaching the gospels. But the wise doctor combined earthly affairs with those of the hereafter in such a way as to always bring up inside the church, no matter how material his subject might be.

His attacks on the theater, whisky drinking, tobacco and other habits that lead to ill-health, if not to moral destruction, were thought to be far beyond the bounds of rational argument. Even the great Gough himself could not paint the horrors of delirium occasioned by excessive use of alcohol in more vivid and startling colors than Talmage. But today the most widely circulated daily papers in the country are printing editorials quite as strong and stirring. In the magazine supplement of a great Chicago daily (Sunday issue), April 20th, 1902, in type of large proportions and with a half page illustration, appeared the following:

"Once more we venture to discuss with readers the important question of drink.

"Once more we invite young men and old to consider whisky, not from the point of view of one who seeks to impress his own will upon others, but from the point of view of each man's individual interest and duty.

"The hope which underlies these editorials is this—that they may supply arguments useful to good men and women anxious to save sons, or brothers, or husbands, or friends from the effects of excessive drink.

"A man may have in his life a thousand enemies—altogether they will not be as dangerous as the one enemy, whisky. That enemy works with an intelligence and a force equaled by no other. It attacks first of all the brain. It conquers the intellect and at one stroke renders the entire human being useless, destroying simultaneously his moral qualities, his mental faculties and his material usefulness.

"When a man is shot in the leg he has still three of his limbs to work with and his brain to guide their work.

"When the worst of diseases, even consumption, attacks a man the brain at least is spared; it works honestly and keeps the man respected while his life lasts.

"Whisky is a poison and, while its work is sometimes slow, it acts as do other poisons. It destroys the seat of moral activity as prussic acid destroys the physical organism.

"A hideous thing about the worst enemy of civilization is this:

"It unfits a man for all the good work of life.

"It adds to a man's capacity for evil.

"A hundred times in any year you may read in the daily newspapers this:

" '*The murderer had often threatened that he would kill his victim. Little attention was paid to his threats. But that day it was noticed that he was drinking very hard and that night the murder was committed.*'

"Whisky, the poison that destroys the affection and morality, the enemy that wrecks ability and defeats ambition, provides the incentive, the strength and determination for crimes."

On *The Plague of Alcohol* Dr. Talmage says:

"This was the worst of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight flapped his wing over the land, and there was one dead in each house. Lamentation and mourning and woe through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth, but a far worse has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse devastation is wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America is worse than the calamity in Egypt. There are thousands of the slain, millions of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number. I am glad to see that the

decorations of Thanksgiving Day have been retained until this hour, but as last Thursday we used them as symbols of the goodness and kindness of God to the American people today I shall use them for a different purpose. Who could think that the ripe clusters of the vineyard and the golden sheaves of the harvest-field could be used for the world's damage and the world's death?

FABLE OF THE FOUR FIENDS.

"Once upon a time four fiends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these infernals came forth to our earth on an embassy chief. The one fiend said, 'I'll take charge of the vineyards.' Another said, 'I'll take charge of the grain-fields.' Another said, 'I'll take charge of the dairy.' Another said, 'I'll take charge of the music.' The four fiends met in the great Sahara Desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other in handshake of fidelity, kissed each other good-bye with lip of blue flame, and parted on their mission. The fiend of the vineyard came in one bright morning among the grapes, and sat down on a root of twisted grape-vine in sheer discouragement. The fiend knew not how to damage the vineyard, or, through it, how to damage the world. The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and luscious. They bewitched the air with their sweetness. There seemed to be so much health in every bunch, and while the fiend sat there in utter indignation and disappointment he clutched a cluster of grapes and squeezed it in perfect spite, and lo! his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said, 'That reminds me of the blood of broken hearts; I'll strip the vineyard, and I'll squeeze out all the juice of the grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the grapes to stand until they rot, and I'll call the process fermentation.' And there was a great vat prepared, and people came with their cups and their pitchers, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they drank, and drank, and went away drinking, and they drank until they fell in long lines of death, so that when the fiend of the vineyard wanted to return to his home in the pit he stepped from carcass to carcass, and walked down amid a great causeway of the dead.

"Then the second fiend came into the grain-field. He waded chin-deep amid the barley and the rye. He heard all the grain talking about bread, and

prosperous husbandry, and thrifty homes. He thrust his long arms into the grain-field, and he pulled up the grain, and he threw it into the water, and he made beneath it great fires—fires lighted with a spark from his own heart—and there was a grinding and a mashing and a stench, and the people came with their bottles and they dipped up the fiery liquid, and they drank, and they blasphemed, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they murdered, and the fiend of the grain-field was so pleased with their behavior that he changed his residence from the pit to a whisky barrel, and there he sat by the door of the bunghole laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harmless as the grain of the field he might turn this world into a seeming pandemonium. The fiend of the dairy saw the cows coming home from the pasture field, full uddered, and as the maid milked he said, 'I'll soon spoil all that mess. I'll add to it brandy, sugar and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink it, and some of the temperance people will drink it, and if I can do them no more harm I'll give them a headache, and then I'll hand them over to the more vigorous fiends of the Satanic delegation.' And then the fiend of the dairy leaped upon the shelf and danced until the long row of shining milk-pans quaked.

"The fiend of music entered a grog-shop, and there were but few customers. Finding few customers, he swept the circuit of the city, and he gathered up the musical instruments, and after night-fall he marshalled a band, and the trombones blew, and the cymbals clapped, and the drums beat, and the bugles called, and the people crowded in, and they swung around in merry dance, each one with a wine-glass in his hand, and the dance became wilder, and stronger, and rougher, until the room shook, and the glasses cracked, and the floor broke, and the crowd dropped into hell. Then the four fiends—the fiend of the vineyard, and of the grain-field, and of the dairy, and of the music-hall—went back to their home, and they held high carnival, because their work had been so well done, and Satan rose from his throne and announced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption, so long as these four fiends could pay such tax to the diabolic. And then all the demons, and all the sprites, and all the fiends filled their glasses, and clicked them, and cried, 'Let us drink—drink to the everlasting pros-

perity of the liquor traffic. Here's to woe, and darkness, and murder, and death. Drink! Drink!'

AWFUL EVILS OF STRONG DRINK.

"But whether by allegory or by appalling statistics this subject is presented, you know as well as I that it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of strong drink. A plague! A plague! I shall show you that it is a plague of suffering to the inebriate. In the first place it is a plague of suffering to the inebriate, because it is to him a loss of good name. God has so arranged it that no man loses his reputation except by his own act. The world may assault a man, and all the powers of darkness may assault him—they cannot capture him so long as his heart is pure and his life is pure. All the powers of earth and hell can not take that Gibraltar. If a man is right, all the bombardment of the world for five, ten, twenty, forty years, will only strengthen him in his position. So that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. But as soon as it is whispered, 'He drinks,' and it can be proved, he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a reputation? What store wants him? What church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? He drinks! I stand before hundreds of young men—and I say it not in flattery—splendid young men who have their reputation as their only capital. Your father gave you a good education or as good an education as he could afford to give you. He started you in city life. He could furnish you no means, but he has surrounded you with Christian influences and a good memory of the past. Now, young man, under God you are with your own right arm to achieve your fortune, and as your reputation is your only capital, do not bring upon it suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments, or by an odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush on your cheek. You lose your reputation, and you lose your capital.

SYMPATHY FOR ALL.

"The subject comes over me this morning like the waves of the Atlantic for power. Oh! when I see the influences abroad in Brooklyn and New York

to destroy young men, I hardly know what to say. For the young men themselves all sympathy have I, and all compassion. For those who deal out the deadly stuff, all pity that they should bring upon themselves the condemnation of good society and the retributions of God. But for the liquor establishments themselves, for the rum-selling restaurants, may God consume them with the brightness of His coming!

"The inebriate suffers also the plague in the fact that he loses his self-respect. When you destroy a man's self-respect there is not much left of him. Just as soon as a man finds he is a slave, he loses his self-respect. Then a man will do things he would not do otherwise, he will say things he would not say otherwise.

"The fact is that a man can not stop, or he would stop now. He is bound hand and foot of the Philistines, and they have shorn his locks and put his eyes out, and made him grind in a mill of great horror. After he is three-fourths gone in this slavery, the first thing he will be anxious to impress you with is that he can stop at any time he wants to. His family become alarmed in regard to him, and they say, 'Now, do stop this, after awhile it will get the mastery of you.' 'Oh! no,' he says, 'I can stop at any time, I can stop now, I can stop to-morrow.' His most confidential friends say, 'Why, I am afraid you are losing your balance with that habit, you are going a little further than you can afford to go, you had better stop.' 'Oh! no,' he says, 'I can stop at any time, I can stop now.' He goes on, further and further. He can not stop. I will prove it. He loves himself, and he knows that strong drink is depleting him in body, mind, and soul. He knows that he has less self-control, less equipoise of temper than he used to have. Why does he not stop? Because he cannot stop. I will prove it by going still further. He loves his wife and children. He sees that his habits are bringing disgrace upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and his children. He sees all this, and he loves them. Why does he not stop? He can not stop. I had a very dear friend, generous to a fault. He had given thousands, tens of thousands of dollars to Bible societies, tract societies, missionary societies, asylums for the poor, the halt, the lame, the blind, the imbecile. I do not believe for twenty years anybody asked him

for a dollar, or fifty dollars, or a hundred dollars for charity but he gave it. I never heard of anybody asking him for help but he gave it. But he was under the power of strong drink, and he went on, down, down, down. His family implored him, saying, 'You are going too far in that habit, you had better stop.' He replied, 'I can stop any time—I am my own master, I can stop.' He went on, down, down. His friends advised and cautioned him. He said, 'Don't be afraid of me—I am my own master, I can stop now, I know what I am doing.' He went on down until he had the delirium tremens. On down until he had the delirium tremens twice. After the second time the doctor said, 'If you ever have an attack like this again you will die, you had better stop.' He said, 'I can stop any time, I can stop now.' He went on down. He is dead. What slew him? Rum! Rum! Among the last things he said was that he could stop any time. He could not stop.

WHEN THE CHAINS ARE ON.

"Oh! my young friends, I want to tell you that there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man go he can not stop. But sometimes a man will be more frank than that. A victim of strong drink said to a reformer, 'It is impossible for me to stop, I realize it. If you should tell me I couldn't have a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off.' I had a very dear friend in Philadelphia, whose nephew came to him and was talking about his trouble, and confessed it. He confessed he could not stop. My friend said, 'You must stop.' He said, 'I can't stop. If there stood a cannon, and it were loaded, and there was a glass of wine in the mouth of the cannon, and I knew you would fire it off if I approached, I would start to get that glass of wine. I must have it. I can't get away from it.' Oh! it is awful for a man to wake up and feel that he is a captive. I hear him soliloquizing, saying, 'I might have stopped three months ago, but I can't stop now. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, and my soul beats against the wires of my cage on this side, and beats against the wires of my cage on the other side, until there is blood on the wires, and blood on the soul, but I can't get out. Destroyed without remedy!'

"Again. The man suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you know some of the men who have fallen into the ditch were once in the front rank in churches and in the front rank in reformatory institutions? Do you know they once knelt at the family altar, and once carried the chalice of the holy communion on sacramental days? Do you know they once stood in the pulpit and preached the Gospel of the Son of God? We will not forget the scene witnessed four or five years ago in this church when a man rose in the midst of the audience, stepped into the aisle, and walked up and down. Everybody saw that he was intoxicated. The ushers led him out, and his poor wife took his hat and overcoat and followed him to the door. Who was he? He had once been a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in a sister denomination, had often preached in this very city. What slew him? Strong drink. Oh! what must be the feeling of a man who has destroyed his capacity for usefulness. Do not be angry with that man. Do not lose your patience with him. Do not wonder if he says strange things and gets irritated easily in the family. He has the Pyrenees, and the Andes, and the Alps, and the Himalayas on him. Do not try to persuade him that there is no future punishment. Do not go into any argument to prove to him that there is no hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

TERRORS OF THE DAMNED.

"He suffers also in the loss of physical health. The older people in this audience can remember Doctor Sewell going through this country electrifying great audiences by demonstrating to them the effect of strong drink upon the human stomach. I am told that he had eight or ten diagrams which he presented to the people, showing the different stages in the process of the disease, and I am told tens of thousands of people turned back from that ulcerous sketch and swore eternal abstinence from all intoxicants. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws on every bone, and stings with every poison, and pulls with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his shivering limbs! What spectres stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear the air! Talk of the rack, talk of the funeral-pyre, talk of the Juggernaut! he suffers

them all at once. See the attendants stand back from that ward in the hospital where the inebriates are dying. They can not stand it. The keepers come through to say, 'Hush up now! stop making this noise. Be still! You are disturbing all the other patients. Keep still, now!' Then the keepers pass on, and after they get past, then the poor creatures wring their hands and say, 'O God! Help, Help! Give me rum, give me rum! Take the devils off me!' And they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they cry for help, and then they ask the keepers to slay them, saying, 'Stab me, strangle me, smother me! Help, help! Rum! Give me rum!' They tear out their hair by the handful, and they bite their nails into the quick. This is no fancy picture. It is transpiring in a hospital at this moment. It went on last night while you slept, and more than that, that is the death some of you will die unless you stop. I see it coming. God help you to stop before you go so far you can not stop."

Was ever there such a word picture! was ever so much sympathy expressed for the drunkard by one who did not drink! Truly here is a great prophet who is a great living brother of mankind. He continues:

MARVELOUS SYMPATHY OF TALMAGE.

"But it plagues a man also in the loss of his home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this habit gets the mastery of him —this habit of strong drink—he will do the most outrageous things. If need be, in order to get strong drink, he would sell them all into everlasting captivity. There are hundreds and thousands of homes in New York and Brooklyn that have been utterly blasted by it. I am speaking of no abstraction. Is there anything so disastrous to a man for this life and for the life to come? Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? There are little children in the streets to-day, barefooted, unkempt, uncombed, want written in every patch of their faded dress, and on every wrinkle of their prematurely-old countenances, who would have been in the house of God this morning as well clad as you, had it not been that strong drink drove their parents into penury and then down into the grave. Oh, rum! rum! thou

despoiler of homes, thou foe of God, thou recruiting officer of the pit! I hate thee! I hate thee!

"But my subject takes a deeper tone when it tells you that the inebriate suffers the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that if we go into the future world unforgiven, the appetites and passions which were regnant here will torment us there. I suppose when the inebriate wakes up in the lost world there will be an infinite thirst clawing upon him. In this world he could get strong drink. However poor he was in this world, he could beg or he could steal five cents to get a drink that would for a little while slake his thirst, but in eternity, where will the rum come from? Dives wanted one drop of water, but could not get it. Where will the inebriate get the draught he so much requires, so much demands? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds now for the dregs that were thrown on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind flung out from the punch-bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives called for water. The inebriate calls for rum. 'Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder!' When I see this plague in the land, and when I see this destroying angel sweeping across our great cities, I am sometimes indignant and sometimes humiliated. When a man asks me, 'What are you in favor of for the subjugation of this evil?' I answer, 'I am ready for anything that is reasonable.' You ask me, 'Are you in favor of Sons of Temperance?' Yes. 'Are you in favor of Good Samaritans?' Yes. 'Are you in favor of Good Templars?' Yes. 'Are you in favor of a prohibitory law?' Yes. 'Are you in favor of the pledge?' Yes. Combine all the influences, O Christian reformers and philanthropists. Combine them all for the extirpation of this evil."

CHAPTER XXV.

TALMAGE ON THE CHINESE.

A CHALLENGE TO THE LAW OF EXCLUSION—CHRISTIAN NATION HAS NO RIGHT TO EXCLUDE ANY HUMAN BEING—ESTIMATE OF CHINESE CHARACTER—MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE MONGOLIANS HAS GOOD RESULTS.

The breadth of Talmage's humanity, no less than the keenness of his live shafts of wit, appears in his sermon preached in September, 1880, soon after Dr. Talmage returned from the Pacific Coast. The Chinese question was then raging there, and Talmage had unusual opportunities for studying it. With Christianity as a basis of argument he reaches the conclusion that the Chinese also are our brothers, and that they should be received and treated as such. If the actual affairs of the world were much affected by the Christian theory of conduct the course advocated by Talmage would have been pursued, and there would have been no Chinese Exclusion Act.

As a matter of fact, however, the affairs of the world, neither its business nor its pleasure, nor its politics, nor the treatment of one race of men by another—none of these matters are treated according to the principle of unselfishness, which is the heart and essence of true Christianity. Another and older principle is at work in the world of men—and that principle is self-preservation. It works more visibly in the relation of race to race than it works in the relation of man to man. Whites and blacks in the Southern States of America, Americans and Filipinos, Boers and Britons, Russians and Finns, do not live under habits of Christian practice—might still makes right between the races. Races struggle to overcome each other as they have struggled since men dwelt in caves and jungles. Early man drove the anthropoid apes out of Asia into the great forests of Africa. The Congress of Religions was a step toward uniting mankind in one great brotherhood. The Peace Conference at The Hague was consciously a step toward Chris-

tianizing world politics. A great Russian writer affirms that it is the dream of the Slav to carry Christ into history—meaning thereby the introduction of the Christian spirit into the relations of one race, one people, one country with all others. That may be the ideal, but even while the great writer announces it the bureaucracy of Russia takes measures to stamp out the national soul of Finland.

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

Even as Talmage announces the true Christian attitude toward the Chinese in America, the American Government enacts the Chinese Exclusion Act. "The light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

"Who is my neighbor?" cries Talmage. "A keen lawyer had Christ under the fire of cross-examination, and this was one of the questions. The answer which Christ gave enlarged the world's idea of neighborhood, and that idea of neighborhood has ever since been enlarging. It seemed a figure of speech to say that people living on the other side of the world were our neighbors, but steam from Southampton to New York, and from China to San Francisco, and rail tracks across all the continents, and cables under all the seas, have literally made the whole world one neighborhood. Is the Chinaman a neighbor? Does he belong to the race of which God is the Father? Is he a brute, or an immortal? Will he help us, or will he hurt us? Must he be welcomed or driven back? Those are tremendous questions which press upon the nation today, and answer them we must, and answer them we will. The subject will yet be as much of an agitation on the Atlantic Coast as it is on the Pacific Coast.

"I want you, my friends, to start right in your opinions, and therefore I shall give you the result of my summer observation in California, where the Chinese populations have become an important factor. Arriving in San Francisco Saturday afternoon, August 7th, I had been but a few moments in my hotel when the highest officers of the city called upon me in the interest of the anti-Chinese sentiment, and from morning until night, and for many days, I do not think there was half an hour in which I was not brought into the presence of this subject by committee or letter or document, so that

if any man ever had a good opportunity of seeing the whole subject from both sides I had that opportunity. It is the habit in San Francisco to take people from the East to see the Chinese quarters, or what they call Chinatown. The newspapers say President Hayes last week visited Chinatown, but that they covered up the worst parts of the place that he might be deceived in regard to the true character of Chinatown. No such imposition was practiced upon me, for the five gentlemen with whom I went there were openly and above-board always antagonistic to Chinese emigration, and it was their one desire to have me see the worst side of it. Doctor Mears, a most obliging gentleman, the President of the Board of Health of San Francisco, went with me, and if there is a man on the continent antagonistic to Chinese emigration it is Dr. Mears. So I saw the worst, and it is bad enough and filthy enough and dreadful enough, but I tell you, as I told the people of San Francisco in their Grand Opera House, that underground New York life is filthy fifty per cent worse than Chinatown. The white iniquity of our Atlantic Coast cities is more brazen than the yellow iniquity of San Francisco, and as to malodors, it is the difference between the malodors of whiskey and the malodors of opium, and the malodors of whiskey are to me a thousandfold more offensive than the malodors of opium. The crowded tenement houses of New York are more crowded and more abominable than the crowded Chinese quarters. I told the people of San Francisco, standing face to face: 'If you will let your three hundred policemen be augmented by five hundred special policemen sworn in for the duty, men from your banking houses and your churches—if they will go out in the name of God and the strength of the law, they will in one night extirpate the last iniquity of Chinatown.' Do you tell me that two hundred and eighty thousand good San Franciscans cannot put down twenty thousand bad people?

CHINESE VIRTUES.

"From what I saw this summer in San Francisco, and from my observation in California ten years ago, I give it to you as my opinion, corroborated by the opinion of tens of thousands of people in California, that, of all the foreign populations which have come to the United States during the last

forty years, none are more industrious, more sober, more harmless, more honest, more genial, more courteous, more obliging than the Chinese. I have in my possession affidavits from all classes of people in California, in which they present the truthfulness, the integrity, the love of order, the industry of the Chinese people. They have no equal as laundrymen; they are unrivaled as house-help. I was told in many of the homes of San Francisco that one Chinese servant will do the work of three servants of any other kind.

"It is objected to the Chinese that they underbid other labor, since they can live so much cheaper than other nationalities, and so they injure American labor and every other style of labor. I reply to that, in many departments the Chinese receive higher wages than any other class of persons. There are no such wages paid in Brooklyn or New York for domestic service as are paid to the Chinese in San Francisco to-day. Besides that, suppose they did underbid other labor, would you cast them out on that account? Then, to be consistent, you must drive out all those who work sewing machines and reapers and hay rakes, because these different styles of machinery are underbidding other styles of work and injuring those who toil with the bare hand. As to this absurd notion that is going through the country about the Chinese injuring American labor, I have to tell you this fact, that wages are higher in California—have been higher in California—than in any other State of the American Union. When we shall have in this cluster of cities, as we will have, twenty or thirty or forty thousand Chinese workmen, wages will be larger than they are now, and we will have greater prosperity, for then, instead of between one and two millions in this cluster of cities, we shall have three or four or five millions.

FINANCIAL ARGUMENT.

"Again, it is objected to the Chinese that they do not spend all their money where they make it, but send it all back to China. False again. The Chinese pay in the city of San Francisco rent for residences and for wash-houses and so on, yearly, $2,400,000. Would not we people in Brooklyn think that it was a grand addition to our municipal condition if we had $2,400,000 added every year? Further, as taxes to the State government the

Chinese in California pay over $4,000,000 a year. It all stays in California. Moreover, they pay in customs to the United States Government annually $9,400,000. That all stays in this country. Now, away with the falsehood that the Chinese spend none of their money in this country. Besides that, if they did send it all away, could you blame them much? How much money would you invest in a country where you were denied the rights of citizenship and where you might any hour suffer outrage and expatriation? The Chinese are blamed because they demand that after death their bones be sent home to China. If you and I were as badly treated in Brooklyn as the Chinese have been treated in San Francisco, we would not want to be buried within three thousand miles of where the indignity had been enacted. We would argue: 'If they treat us so badly while we have our arms to strike back, how will they treat us when we are powerless?'

"Besides that, it comes very poorly from us, the charge that the Chinese send home their money. There are hundreds and thousands of American and English merchants in China; where do they send their money to? Besides that, we have been applauding and complimenting for the last thirty years the German and Irish serving-maids who have been denying themselves all luxuries and sending their money back to the old folks at home. Oh, we have admired that self-denial and that generosity, and we have had no words to express that admiration for their willingness to send their money to Germany and Ireland, and I think what is good for one nation is good for another. Besides that, O men of the Alantic Coast, do you know in what direction and for what purpose much of the money goes that is sent back to China? The parents of many of these Chinese in America are serfs, the subjects of a base feudal system, and much of the money that is sent back to China is for the liberation of their parents. I have that from a mandarin high in authority. If your parents were in bondage, would not you send some money home to purchase their liberation? Would not you send all you have? Instead of caricaturing the Chinese for sending their money back to China, let us admire their self-denial—for they love luxuries as much as we do—let us applaud their self-denial.

"But it is said that they have such severe economies. Well, that is bad! That is a crime you cannot charge much upon the American people! The fact is, these people come in with a lower order of civilization, and they are industrious, and they pay all their debts and save something for a rainy day, and such a style of civilization we cannot abide in this country! We do not want our higher style of civilization interfered with—that style which allows a man to spend four times more money than he makes, and to steal the rest! Away with this barbarism, which works all the time and pays all its debts!

PLEA FOR RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

"Again, it is objected that the Chinese are pagans, and that they have peculiar dress. What, now, do you refer to—the Chinese cue? George Washington wore a cue, Benjamin Franklin wore a cue, John Hancock wore a cue, your great grandfathers wore cues, and anything that Washington and Franklin and John Hancock and your ancestry did must have been eminently respectable. Besides that, Chinese apparel is often more than eclipsed by American apparel. Have you forgotten crinoline monstrosities of twenty years ago? The coal-scuttle bonnet of your grandmothers, the silver knee-buckles of your grandfathers, and how at different times in this country there has been an elaboration and an overtopping and appalling mystery of womanly head attire that ought to make us lenient in our criticism of Mongolian conspicuities? We see in this (for their dress is part of their religion) and in other things, that a man's religious belief is to be interfered with. Do you think the Huguenots and the Pilgrim Fathers and the patriots of the Revolution would have contended as they did for civil and religious liberty in this country if they had known that their descendants would make religious belief a test of residence and citizenship? If this Government continues to stand it will be because alike defended are the joss-houses of the Chinese, the cathedrals of the Roman Catholics, the meeting-houses of the Quakers, and the churches of the Presbyterians."

The breadth of Talmage's mind is clearly revealed in many passages, but nowhere more clearly than here. Here is the generous spirit which made the Congress of Religions possible. The next paragraph, in its fearlessness and fervor, reminds one of Wordsworth's great sonnet:

"Great God, I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn."

"Do you want me to make a choice between a religion which insults and stones a man because of the color of his skin or the length of his hair or the economy of his habits, on the one hand, and a paganism which patiently endures all this, working right on until death comes? If you want to have me make a choice between such a religion and such a paganism, I say, 'Give me paganism.' If you have a superior civilization, a superior Christianity, present them to these people in a courteous and Christian way. And this brings me to say that the first Sabbath forenoon I spent in a Chinese church in San Francisco, and I had the privilege, through an interpreter, of telling those Mongolians of that Christ who was not an American Christ, nor a German Christ, nor an Italian Christ, nor a Spanish Christ, but the round world's Christ, and I think it was the greatest joy of the summer to me that I heard afterward that through the services salvation was brought to some of their souls.

CHINESE MAKE GRAND CHRISTIANS.

"These Chinese make grand Christians, and there are going to be more of them—five hundred millions of them—if the Bible be true when it says that the land of Sinim is to surrender to God. Oh, how insignificant and contemptible will seem many of the Christians of this generation when in the future it shall be demonstrated that these Chinese were brought to our country, not so much by the stigmatized Six Emigration Companies, but by the God of the Bible, to have them Christianized, and multitudes of them sent home again for the redemption of China. Now, my friends, they are either inferior, or they are our equals, or they are our superiors. If they are our inferiors, flat skulls will never dominate high foreheads, stupidity will never overcome large brain. If they are inferior, you have nothing to dread. If they are your equals, does not your sense of justice say then they ought to have equal rights? If they are our superiors, then we cannot afford to maltreat them.

POETIC RICHES OF CHINA.

"China is the richest country in all the earth. Oh, the ruby, and the amethyst, and the porphyry, and the agate, and the lapis lazuli, and the tur-

quoise, and the emerald, and the crystal—enough precious stones to build the four walls of Heaven! Oh, the gold, and the silver, and the iron, and the lead, and the copper waiting for the cellar door of her mountains to be thrown open! Oh, the rosewood, and the camphor, and the cedar, and the cypress, and the varnish trees, and the ebony, and the ivory—enough to make the cabinet-ware of all nations. Oh, the wheat, and the barley, and the mango, and the pineapple, and the persimmon, and the cocoanut and the rice—enough to make puddings for all the earth, and tea enough to refresh all nations! You stupid man, do you not understand that their right to come here implies our right to go there? It will not be many years before there will be as many Americans in China as there are Chinese in America, and the question all over China will be, 'Must the Americans go?' " In the light of the siege of the legations at Pekin the words of Talmage become luminous as prophecy fulfilled.

"If," he continues, "when a man must go in an emigrant wagon six months to cross to the Pacific Coast, many went, do you not think New Yorkers and Long Islanders will go to China when they can go there in five weeks, when they are fully persuaded of all the treasures of that great land? It is the will of Providence that the whole world should be on wheels, and the nations are going to move north, move south, move east, and move west. The nations will intermarry, and far down in the future men will have the blood of fifty nationalities in their arteries, and there will be in all the earth only one great nation—one nation on five continents—a grand, homogeneous, great-hearted, all-climated, five-zoned, world-encircling, Christian nation. They broke to pieces at the foot of Babel, they will come together at the foot of the cross. Under the shadow of the one they were confounded, under the light of the other they will be harmonized, and when all nations and kingdoms and people become one empire, can you doubt who will be king? 'Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.'

NO CHINESE WALL.

"Do not in your nervousness try to build up a high, stout wall to keep the Chinese out while you let others in. Such a wall as that, God's earthquakes

would shake from beneath, and God's thunderbolts of wrath would smite from above, and that wall would heave and rock and fall on the demagogues who built it, and on the nation who favors it, and on the Christianity that is too cowardly to denounce it. God will say, 'That American temple I built for civil and religious liberty, and for a gospel that would have all men saved, I founded that temple in the blood of the Revolutionary fathers. The arches of that temple went up on the shoulders of men who died for their principles, the baptismal fonts of that temple were filled with the tears of exiled nations who came here for refuge, the sword of your patriot ancestry was the trowel that mortared the foundation, and lo! on these sacred altars you have sacrificed the swine of passion and hate, and these columns have been defiled with unholy hands, now let the temple perish. Down it must come—column and capital, arch and dome—and I will in some other land, and among a more generous people, and in a brighter age of the world, demonstrate before earth and heaven how that I would have all men equal and free!' "

The fervent passage in which Talmage prophesies the "one Christian nation," embracing two hemispheres and five continents, contains a most inspiring vision of universal human brotherhood—an end furthered, since the sermon was preached, by the Congress of Religions and the Peace Conference. The Congress, indeed, seems to indicate that rather than attempting to supplant Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism and the other great religions of the world, the enlightened Christianity of the future will welcome these as brothers, and joining hands and hearts with them will affiliate with but not absorb them or by them be absorbed. The same spirit of toleration for the Chinese people which Talmage here preaches will, when carried further, bring toleration also for the Chinese religions.

SELFISHNESS VS. LOVE.

It is a great spectacle—this conflict between the self-interest of Californians on the one hand and on the other the principle of altruism preached by Talmage. Self interest won in this case and the Chinese were excluded. There is a similar conflict between the inspired voice of Russia proclaiming the Slavic race ideal and mission to be the bringing of Christ into history, and on the other hand the quenching of Finnish national life by the Russian power.

The conflict is in the last analysis the conflict between the ancient principle of life which Darwin saw and expressed calling it the law of the survival of the fittest, and showing that all living beings are engaged in a ceaseless struggle for existence, and on the other hand the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." As the law of strife, of self-preservation, of destruction of others, is ages older than Darwin, the law of love is ages older than Christ. It began in the love of animal mothers for their young, and from that beginning went on developing and spreading until the great mind of Jesus of Nazareth perceived in it a force which would transform and save mankind. He first clearly enunciated the second of the twin laws which weave the world. Selfishness is necessary. Without it no being could live. Love is necessary. Without it it would not be worth while for any being to live.

Beyond all shattering of ancient theologies past all passing of old-time creeds, the name and the philosophy of Jesus Christ will endure, for with Him there came into the world of man a clear conception, born in his deep heart, of the all-important place which Love must play in human life.

This sermon of Talmage is one only of countless echoes of the sermon on the mount still sounding in the world to-day. Deeper than all forms, and rituals, and insignificances, and disputes, and sects, this sermon is one in spirit with the first Christian sermon. The principle of life enunciated by Christ really compels the admission of Chinamen into our nation. But that older principle of life which graves deep and firm in each man's and nation's soul the iron mandate, "Preserve thyself," compels the exclusion of the Chinese. Shall the Californian of the future be white or yellow? The soul of the white race hurls its tremendous force into the spoken and acted answer, "He shall be *white!*"

The philosopher does not condemn that act of racial self-preservation. He notes with calm eye that in this particular time and place the non-Christian spirit has prevailed. He does not condemn the non-Christian spirit. He knows that the law, "Preserve thyself," is coeval with the law, "Love thy neighbor." He knows that both these two world-forces are necessary, that in their counter-play is the same delicate balance as the balance of centripetal and centrifugal forces which keep the earth in its orbit.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CULTURE OF TALMAGE.

LIFE ITSELF THE CHIEF SOURCE OF HIS CULTURE—A STUDENT OF THE FINE ARTS—TALMAGE ON TURNER—THOMAS WEBSTER, PAINTER OF BOYS—ROSA BONHEUR'S HAYFIELD—FIG LEAVES—THE CULTURE OF TRAVEL—DESCRIPTION OF THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

Writers like the editor of the Nation, whose criticism of Talmage we have touched on elsewhere, have such a plentiful ignorance of what the man's mind really was that they will be startled at the present chapter-heading. "The Culture of Talmage!" they will cry, and look for a chapter like that entitled "The Snakes of Ireland," which consisted of the words—"There are no snakes in Ireland." But there is a "Culture of Talmage." The critics of the class we speak of are accustomed to conceive the voice of Talmage, reaching his twenty million readers a week by means of that printing press whose cylinder he proposed to convert into "a wheel of the Lord's chariot"—they conceive his voice to be what Walt Whitman said his own was. "I send my barbaric yawp across the roofs of the world," boasts Whitman. Critics have thought that Talmage, too, had a "barbaric yawp." They have not read the man's works.

In the first place, Talmage was a university graduate, and in all the technique of rhetoric which enslaves the average critic he was a better trained critic himself. Better trained was he to the point of concealing his training. We have alluded in the chapter on the Holy Land to his sympathy with the classic writers and his non-parade of such sympathy in words directed to people who were not classical scholars. We have pointed out the superb structure of his sermons with their lowly openings and lofty perorations. There remains to be shown here his study of those conventional vehicles of culture—painting and polite travel.

The chief source of Talmage's culture was indubitably life itself. All

his boyhood life contributed material for culture. So in his study of pictures, it is not the technique, not the art for art's sake which appeals most to him, but the human element—the story, the pathos, the fun which painters have put on canvas. His is not the ultra-cultivated, decadent point of view, but it is the point of view of a man whom painters, to be truly great, must please.

It would be absurd to claim for Talmage any profoundly studied art-criticism. Nevertheless, his opinions are worth far more than those absorbers of Ruskin, Taine and Pater, who merely ape and echo the opinions of their oracles. A quick eye, a quick sympathy, common sense and an honest voice make a man's judgment of pictures humanly valuable and these Talmage had. How much he *liked* pictures, how he looked at them with his own eyes, and how much he saw is evident from the following passages:

"In art, as in everything else, things must pass for what they are worth. A feeble picture of Orcagna is none the less feeble because five hundred years old. I can not admire his 'Coronation of the Virgin,' wherein he sets the angels to playing bagpipes. Even the Scotch Highlander expects to put down his squealing instrument this side of heaven. There is no power in the centuries to consecrate a failure. Time has a scythe, but no trowel. Age, in the abstract, excites not my veneration. I must first know whether it is an old saint or an old sinner. The worst characteristic about some things is their longevity. A newly-laid egg, boiled just two minutes and a half by the watch, and placed on the table beside a clean napkin, is a luxury to bless the palate withal, but some of us remember that once in our boarding-house at school, we chanced at the morning meal to crack the shell of a Pre-Raphaelite egg, and, without 'returning thanks,' precipitately forsook the table. Antiquity may be bad or good.

"As with physical vision, so in mental optics there are far-sighted men who can not see things close by, while a quarter of a mile away they can tell the time of day from the dial on a church steeple. The sulphurous smell in Church's 'Cotopaxi' makes them cough and sneeze, though, at the peril of unhinging their necks from the spinal column, they will stand for hours, looking straight up at a homely Madonna by some ancient Italian, plastered

on the rotunda of a Brussels cathedral. Having no sympathy with those who expend so much good-humor on the old masters that they have nothing left for moderns, I shall speak of recent pictures, at the risk of rubbing against fresh paint.

AMERICAN INTEREST IN TURNER.

"Americans, more than any other people, want to see the paintings of Joseph William Turner. John Ruskin has devoted more than half of his working life making that painter more famous. But Ruskin's art criticisms have nowhere been read as in the United States, for the reason that The Modern Painters is published in a very cheap American edition, while the English publishers of that book present it only in expensive type and with costly illustrations, thus keeping it beyond the reach of the masses. Though Turner lies beside Joshua Reynolds in the Cathedral of St. Paul, and his pictures have become the inheritance of the British nation, London knows little more of him than does New York.

"But nine out of ten of our friends returning from the National Gallery of England express sore disappointment with Turner's paintings. They think it strange that his canvas should excite the great intellect of John Ruskin for fifteen years into a seeming frenzy of admiration, so that he can write or speak of nothing else—enduring, in behalf of his favorite artist, all acerbity and flagellation, the masters of British and foreign schools bedaubing the brilliant writer with such surplus of paint as they could spare from their own palettes, and pursuing the twain with such ferocity, that, though the first has hidden from his foes behind the marble of the tomb, and his defender, in ruined health, retired to Denmark Hill, nevertheless the curses need some cooling yet.

"Our first glance at these pictures, covering the four walls of two rooms in the gallery, struck us back with violent disappointment. On our last look, on the last day of our visit, we felt an overcoming sadness that probably we never again should find such supernatural power in an artist. We say supernatural, for if we believe that Jeremiah and David and John had more than human power to write, I know not why it would be wrong to suppose

that Paul Veronese, and Giotto, and Rembrandt, and West, and William Turner were divinely inspired to paint. In the one case, it was parchment, in the other, canvas. Here it was ink, there it was colors. Now a pen, then a pencil. Was it not the same power which handed Raphael's 'Transfiguration' across four centuries that has conveyed to this present time the New Testament? I never felt so deeply the suffering of the Savior, when reading the description in Luke and John, as when standing in the cathedral at Antwerp. Looking at the 'Crucifixion,' by Rubens, I was beaten down and crushed in soul, and, able to look no more, I staggered out, faint and sick, and exhausted, the sweat dropping from every pore.

"I will not advocate the supernal inspiration of any of these men, ancient or modern, but must say that the paintings of William Turner exerted over me an influence different from anything I have experienced. The change between my first and last look of this British artist is to be explained by the change of standpoint. No paintings in the world are so dependent upon the position occupied by the spectator. Gazed at from ordinary distances, they are insipid, meaningless, exaggerated. You feel as if they had not been done with a pencil, but a broom. It seems that each one of them must have taken two quarts of stuff to make it as thick as that. You almost expect the colors to drip off—you feel like taking your handkerchief and sopping up the excess. But, standing close up to the opposite wall, you see a marked improvement, yet, even then, the space between you and the picture is too small. You need to pass through into the next room, and then, looking through the doorway, fasten your eye on the painting. Six paces off, and Turner's 'Decline of Carthage' is a vexation, but twenty-two paces off, with an eye-glass, and Turner's 'Decline of Carthage' is a rapture. From the last standpoint, looking at 'The Spithead,' we felt like dividing our life into two portions—that which had occurred before we saw Turner and that which might occur afterward.

TURNER'S CHANGES OF STYLE.

"This master shifted his style four times. No one mood lasted him long. So many a man looks back, and finds that his life has been a series of fits.

Perhaps very young in literature, he had a fit Tupperian. Passing on a few years, and he was taken with a fit Byronian. Getting into calmer waters of life, he was attacked with a fit metaphysical. As might be expected, from being out so much in the fog he took a violent fit Carlylean. Then, at the close of life, he reviewed his intellectual gyrations, and, disgusted with his ramblings, he had a fit of common sense, which was such a sudden change from anything preceding that it killed him. It is easy to trace Turner through a variety of artistic spasms, but he is always entertaining.

"We can not forget his 'Caligula's Palace,' the magnificence of destruction, the ages of the past looking through the ruined porticos and shivering on the top of the broken marble, the bridge, in its leap across the bay, struck with a death of desolation that leaves it a skeleton in the way, children playing in the foreground, their diminutiveness and simplicity, by the contrast, piling up the height of the towers, and the gorgeous pretension of the imperial domain, the sun rising just high enough to show that carved pillars of stone belonging to a kingly fool are but dust when the 'Rock of Ages' crashes against them.

THE LIGHT OF TURNER.

"Who can forget the light that Turner pours on Venice, the Campanile of San Marco, the Dogana—light falling with the positiveness of a pebble, but the diffusiveness of a liquid—light that does not strike on the water and stop there, but becomes transfused and intermixed—nay, which, by matchless chemistry of color, becomes a part of the wave, so that you cannot say which is light and which is water, gondolas variegated, dropping all their hues into the wave—gondola above, gondola beneath, and moving keel to keel. Light, though so subtle that it flies from other touch, Turner picked up, nor let it slip through his fingers till it touched the canvas. John Martin, the Northumberland painter, tried to catch the light, but instead thereof caught the fire that burns up many of his fine pictures. Turner's light is neither a hot element to consume nor a lifeless thing that might be called a mere pallor on the cheek of the darkness, but so natural you hardly know whether it drops from the sky-window into the gallery, or was kindled by

the hand which for twenty years has been mouldering in the crypt of Saint Pauls Cathedral.

WATER AND PERSPECTIVE.

"What water Turner painted! The waves of the sea knew him. No man could pour such moonlight upon the Thames as he, or could so well run the hands of the sea up and down the sides of a stranded ship, or could so sadden the Hellespont with the farewell of Leander, or toss up the water in a squall so natural that you know the man in the fishing-smack must be surprised at the suddenness, or so infuriate the Channel at Calais that you wish you did not, on your way home, have to cross it, or could have dropped a castle-shadow so softly and yet so deep into a stream. The wave of William Turner was not, as in many pictures, merely wet whitewash, but a mingling of brightness and gloom, crystal and azure, smoothed down as a calm morning tramples it, or flung up just as the winds do it.

"Then, all this thrown into a perspective so marked, that, seeing it for the first time, you feel that you never before knew what perspective was. You can hardly believe that the scene he sketches is on the dead level of the wall. You get on the bank of his river in 'Prince's Holiday,' and follow it back through its windings, miles away, and after you think you will be compelled to stop, you see it still beyond, and when you can no more keep the bank, you see in still greater distance what you say may be cloud, and may be water, but you cannot decide. Turner can put more miles within a square foot than any one we know of. There are always back-doors opening beyond. But his foreshortening is quite as rare. Often his fishermen and warriors and kings are not between the frame of the picture, but between you and the canvas. You almost feel their breath on your cheek, and stand back to give them room to angle, or fight, or die.

"After exploring miles of pictures, the two on secular themes that hang in my memory, higher than all, brighter than all, are Turner's 'Parting of Hero and Leander,' and Turner's 'Palace and Bridge of Caligula.' And there they will hang forever.

"Yet his rivals and enemies hounded him to death. Unable longer to

endure the face of a public which had so grievously maltreated him, with a broken heart he went out from his elegant parlors on Queen Anne street, to die in a mean house in Chelsea. After he was lifeless, the world gathered up his body, played a grand march over it, and gave it honored sepulture. Why did they not do justice to him while living? What are monuments worth to a dead man? Why give stones when they asked for bread? Why crack and crush the jewel, and then be so very careful about the casket? Away with this oft-repeated graveyard farce! Do not twist into wreaths for the tomb the flowers with which you ought to have crowned the heated brow of a living painter." Talmage is not echoing Ruskin, but his descriptions of Turner's light and water effects are hardly surpassed by Ruskin himself.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF IT.

More realistic descriptions of other pictures abound in the works of Talmage—the estimate being ever not the dilettante's, but the man's. He says that "one of the aggravations of a traveler's life is the being compelled to give but four days to a gallery that demands as many years. As we hasten through, we feel the fingers of worn artists pulling us back, as much as to say, 'Is this the way you look at what it took years of privation and toil to do?' Rembrandt says, 'You did not see that wrinkle in the old man's face. It took me weary hours to sink that!' Muller says, 'You did not notice the twist of straw in that upturned chair!' Delacroix wonders that we pass his river Styx without a tear over the distressed boatman. Guerin upbraids us for slighting that drapery which he was a month in hanging. Yet we break away and push on, in a few hours of time passing through a seeming eternity of painstaking.

"But, as after days of walking through strange cities, there are only five or six faces among the multitudes that you remember, so we recall only a few of the thousands of pictures along which we have passed.

THOMAS WEBSTER'S BOYS.

"To this painter there was given a revelation of boys. Between six and fourteen years of age the masculine nature is a mixture of mischief, and

sensitiveness, and spunk, and fun, and trouble, and pugnacity, that the chemistry of the world fails to analyze. A little girl is definable. She laughs when she is pleased, cries when she feels badly, pouts when she is cross, and eats when she is hungry. Not so with a boy. He would rather go a-nutting than to eat, forgets at the fish-pond he has not had his dinner, often laughs when he feels badly, and looks submissive to an imposition practised upon him till he gets the perpetrator alone in the middle of the road, and tumbles him into the dirt till eyes and mouth and nose are so full the fellow imagines that, before his time, he has returned to dust. A boy, under a calm exterior, may have twenty emotions struggling for ascendency.

"After a boy has been tamed by hard discipline, and wears a stock, and has learned to walk down street without any temptation to 'skip-skop,' and sees only nonsense in leap-frog, and enjoys Calvin's Institutes above Robinson Crusoe, and feels feathers on the elbows—premonitory symptoms of cherub, he ceases to be a mystery. But Thomas Webster, in 'The Dame School' in Kensington Museum, London, gives us the unperfected boy such as we more frequently see him, namely, boy in the raw. This creature is somewhat rough, and uncertain as to where he will break out, superlatively susceptible to tickle, is bound to lose his hat, and comes in red in the face from just having swallowed his slate-pencil.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

"Thomas Webster, in this picture, manages girls and boys perfectly. There he places the spectacled old schoolmistress. I remember her perfectly well, although I have not seen her since I was eight years old, and yet I would have known her anywhere by her nose. Fifty hot summers have dried up all the juices of her nature. Her countenance is full of whack and thump, and the gad she holds in her hand is as thick at one end as the other, not moderating into any mercy of thinness. It would never be mistaken for the rod that budded. Boys studying 'Rule of Three' look around at her to study rule of one, and, in multiplying the sum of school troubles, carry nine when they ought to carry nothing. How sharp her eyes are! The boys sitting on the opposite side of the room feel her look on their back clear through the fustian.

"There is the cracked and peeling wall. There are the hats, and bonnets, and satchels. There is a little girl threading a needle. She will have to twist tighter the end of the thread or she will never get it through that fine head. She will soon be able to hem handkerchiefs, and to take stitches for her mother. May she never never have to sew for a living, sorrow and anguish and despair bigger than a camel going through the eye of her needle! Here is a boy prompting another in the recitation, telling him wrong, I am certain. There always was some fellow to get us into trouble with geography, grammar, or arithmetic lesson, telling us that the capital of Virginia is Texas, and that baboon is a personal pronoun, and that in every whole there are three halves and six quarters.

"There is a little girl crying over her lesson. Why cannot somebody show her? Napoleon getting his ammunition wagons over the Saint Bernard pass had nothing to do compared with the tug of a little child making her first trial at spelling 'baker.' The alphabet to many has been twenty-six tortures. Here stands a little girl with her finger in her mouth. The schoolmistress has not seen it, or she would put an end even to that small consolation. School is no place for a bee to suck honey out of a flower. A boy is looking through a sheet of paper, which he has rolled into a scroll like a telescope—he is probably an astronomer in the early stages.

COMPREHENSION OF BOY-NATURE.

"Here is a plodding boy, prying away at his books. He suffers many impositions from his comrades. Away! you young scamps with those sticks with which you are annoying him! When a joke is told, and the children laugh, he will turn around with a bashful and bewildered look, imagining himself the victim of the satire, but next day will cackle out in the quiet of school-time at the sudden discovery of the meaning of the witticism. But he may yet outstrip them all. When a boy's head is so thick it is hard for knowledge to get in, the same thickness prohibits its departure. Give him thirty years, and he will make a dictionary.

"There a boy makes faces, and the whole school is in danger of running over with giggle. It is an awful thing for a child not to dare to laugh when

the merriment rises, and wells up till the jacket gets tight, and the body is a ball of fun, and he knows that if out of the corners of his compressed lips a snicker should escape, all the boys would go off in explosion. I remember times when I had at school such responsibility of repression resting on me, and proved unfaithful.

"There! to severely correct them, a boy and girl are placed beside each other—a style of punishment greater at that age than ever after. Here is a boy making way with an apple behind his lifted book. I expect some one will cry out, 'John Greed is eating an apple!' for it is a peculiarity of children under ten years of age (?) that they do not like others to have that which they themselves can not get. Whether it be right or wrong, in their estimation, depends on whether themselves or someone else has the apple.

"Just outside the school-room door is a boy showing his strength. As he turns up his arm in the light, he says, through the art of the painter, 'Do you see that muscle?' He is good at a wrestle, can run around all the bases at one stroke of the bat, can take the part of a wronged urchin, and I fear, if the school-dame comes too suddenly at him with the stick, she may lose the glass out of her spectacles. There will be no Sunday-school books made about him, although out of his brawn of body, and mind, and soul, there may yet come an Oliver Cromwell or a Martin Luther.

"Thank Thomas Webster for taking us back to school by his painting! It is the only way we should like to go back. We had rather be almost anything than a boy, the world so little understands him.

ROSA BONHEUR.

"The next best thing to being in the country is to have Rosa Bonheur, in a picture gallery, plunge us into a hay field. The stroke of a reaper's rifle on the scythe is to me a reveille. The past comes back, and in a moment I am a boy, with a basket of luncheon, on the way to the men in the harvest field, finding them asleep under the trees, taking their 'nooning.' Their appetites were sharper than their whetted scythes. Those men are still taking their nooning under the trees, but it is a sounder sleep. Death has plowed for them the deep furrow of a grave.

"I forgive Rosa Bonheur that she smokes cigarettes, and wears a rowdy

hat, and is fond of lounging about slaughter-houses, now, as I stand before this picture of the hay scene. Like the bewitched workman who looked into the maiden's face, we forget it is showery weather, until it is four o'clock, and the guard of the gallery, with cocked hat, and red sash, and flaming sword, comes round to drive us out of Paradise." For the sake of his true interpretation of the boy and animal pictures—shall they be classed together?—we forgive the good Doctor his bit of professional prudery in wishing for more fig leaves.

Writers whose whole stock-in-trade is "culture" cannot improve on the description of places Parisian which Talmage makes in these paragraphs: "The scarlet rose of battle is in full bloom. The white water lily of fear trembles on the river of tears. The cannon hath retched fire and its lips have foamed blood. The pale horse of death stands drinking out of the Rhine, its four hoofs on the breast-bone of men who sleep their last sleep. The red clusters of human hearts are crushed in the wine-press just as the vineyards of Moselle and Hockheimer are ripening. Chassepot and mitrailleuse have answered the needle-gun, and there is all along the lines the silence of those who will never speak again.

"But Paris has for an interval, at least, recovered from her recent depression. Yesterday I stood at the foot of the Egyptian red-granite obelisk, dug out three thousand four hundred years ago, and from the top of which, at an elevation of seventy-two feet, the ages of the past look down upon the splendors of the present. On either side of the obelisk is a fountain with six jets, each tossing into the bronze basin above, a seventh fountain, at still greater elevation, overflowing and coming down to meet them. Ribbons of rainbow flung on the air, golden rays of sunlight interwoven with silver skeins of water, while the wind drives the loom. Tritons, nereids, genii, dolphins, and winged children disporting themselves, and floods clapping their hands.

"From the foot of the obelisk, looking off to the south, is the Palace of the Legislature—its last touch of repairs having cost four million dollars—its gilded gates, and Corinthian columns, and statues of Justice, and Commerce, and Art, and Navigation—a building grand with Vernet's fresco,

and Cortot's sculpture, and Delacroix's allegories of art, and the memory of Lamartine's eloquence, within it the hard face of stone soft with gobelin tapestry, and arabesque, and the walls curtained with velvet of crimson and gleaming gold.

"From the foot of the obelisk, glancing to the north, the church of the Madeleine comes into sight, its glories lifted up on the shoulders of fifty-two Corinthian columns, swinging against the dazed vision its huge brazen doors, its walls breaking into innumerable fragments of beauty, each piece a sculptured wonder, a king, an apostle, an archangel, or a Christ. The three cupolas against the sky great doxologies in stone. The whole building white, beautiful, stupendous—the frozen prayer of a nation.

"From the foot of the obelisk, looking east through a long line of elms, chestnuts, and palms, is the palace of the Tuileries, confronting you with one thousand feet of facade, and tossed up at either side into imposing pavilions, and sweeping back into the most brilliant picture galleries of all the world, where the French masters look upon the Flemish, and the black marble of the Pyrenees frowns upon the drifted snow of Italian statuary, a palace poising its pinnacles in the sun, and spreading out balustrades of braided granite. Its inside walls adorned with blaze of red velvet cooling down into damask overshot with green silk. Palace of wild and terrific memories, orgies of drunken kings, and display of coronation festivity. Frightful Catherine de Medicis looked out of those windows. There, Marie Antoinette gazed up toward heaven through the dark lattice of her own broken heart. Into those doors rushed the Revolutionary mobs. On that roof the Angel of Death alighted and flapped its black wings on its way to smite in a day one hundred thousand souls. Majestic, terrible, beautiful, horrible, sublime palace of the Tuileries. The brightness of a hundred fete days sparkle in its fountains! The gore of ten thousand butcheries redden the upholstery!

"Standing at the foot of the obelisk, we have looked toward the north, and the south, and the east. There is but one way more to look. Stretching away to the west, beyond the sculptured horses that seem all a-quiver with life from nostril to fetlock, and rearing till you fear the groom will no longer

be able to keep them from dashing off the pedestal, is the Champs Elysees, the great artery through which rolls the life of Parisian hilarity. It is, perhaps, the widest street in the world. You see two long lines of carriages, one flowing this way, the other that, filled with the merriment of the gayest city under the sun. There they go! viscounts and porters, cab-drivers of glazed hat taking passengers at two francs an hour, and coachman with rosetted hat, and lavender breeches, his coat-tails flung over the back of the high seat—a very constellation of brass buttons. Tramp, and rumble, and clatter! Two wheels, four wheels, one sorrel, two sorrels! Fast horse's mouth by twisted bit drawn tight into the chest, and slow horse's head hung out at long distance from the body, his feet too lazy to keep up. Crack! crack! go a hundred whips in the strong grasp of the charioteers, warning foot-passengers to clear the way. Click! click! go the swords of the mounted horse-guards as they dash past, sashed, feathered, and epauletted.

"On the broad pavements of this avenue all nations meet and mingle. This is a Chinese with hair in genuine pig-tail twist, and this a Turk with trousers enough for seven. Here, an Englishman built up solid from the foundation, buttressed with strength, the apotheosization of roast-beef and plum-pudding; you can tell by his looks that he never ate anything that disagreed with him. Here, an American so thin he fails to cast a shadow. There, a group of children playing blind-man's buff, and, yonder, men at football, with a circle of a hundred people surrounding them. Old harpers playing their harps. Boys fiddling. Women with fountains of soda-water strapped to their back, and six cups dangling at their side, and tinkling a tiny bell to let the people know where they may get refreshment. Here, a circle of fifteen hobby-horses poised on one pivot, where girls in white dresses, and boys in coat of many colors swing round the circle. Puff of a hundred cigars. Peddler with a score of balloons to a string sending them up into the air, and willing for four sous to make any boy happy. Parrots holding up their ugliness by one claw, and swearing at passers-by in bad French. Canaries serenading the sunlight. Bagpipers with instruments in full screech. 'Punch and Judy,' the unending joke of European cities, which is simply two doll-babies beating each other.

"Passing on, you come upon another circle of fountains, six in number —small but beautiful, infantile fountains, hardly born before they die, rocked in cradle of crystal, then buried in sarcophagus of pearl. The water rises only a short distance and bends over, like the heads of ripe grain, as though the water-gods had been reaping their harvest, and here had stacked their sheaves. And now we find toy-carriages drawn by four goats with bells, and children riding, a boy of four years drawing the rein, mountebanks tumbling on the grass, jugglers with rings that turn into serpents, and bottles that spit white rabbits, and tricks that make the auditor's hat, passed up, breed rats.

"On your way through the street, you wander into grottos, where, over colored rocks, the water falls, now becoming blue as the sea, now green as a pond, and now, without miracle, it is turned into wine. There are maiden-hair trees, and Irish yews, and bamboo, and magnolias, and banks of azaleas, and hollies, and you go through a Red Sea of geraniums and dahlias dry-shod. You leave on either hand concert castles, and parti-colored booths, and kiosks inviting to repose, till you come to the foot of the Arc de Triomphe, from the foot of which radiate eleven great avenues, any one of which might well be a national pride, and all of them a-rumble with pomp and wealth, and the shock of quick and resonant laughter.

"On opposite sides of the archway are two angels, leaning toward each other till their trumpets well nigh touch, blowing the news of a hundred victories. Surely never before or since was hard stone ever twisted into such wreaths, or smoothed into such surfaces. Up and down frieze and spandrel are alti-rilievi with flags of granite that seem to quiver in the wind, and helmets that sit soft as velvet on warrior's brow, and there are lips of stone that look as if they might speak, and spears that look as if they might pierce, and wounds that look as if they might bleed, and eagles that look as if they might fly. Here stands an angel of war mighty enough to have been just hurled out of heaven. On one side of the Arch, Peace is celebrated by the sculptor with sheaves of plenty, and chaplets of honor, and palms of triumph. At a great height, Austerlitz is again enacted, and

horse and horsemen and artillery and gunners stand out as though some horror of battle chilled them all into stone.

"By the time that you have mounted the steps, and stand at the top of the Arch, the evening lamps begin a running fire on all the streets. The trees swing lanterns, and the eleven avenues concentrating at the foot of the Arch pour their brightness to your feet a very chorus of fire. Your eye treads all the way back to the Tuileries on bubbles of fame, and stopping half way the distance to read, in weird and bewitching contrivance of gas-light, an inscription with a harp of fire at the top and an arrow of fire at the bottom, the charmed words of every Frenchman, *Champs Elysees.*"

CHAPTER XXX.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

TALMAGE PROPHESIES THE "SUNDOWN" OF HIS OWN LIFE—THE GLORIES OF THE NIGHT—THE EVENING OF CHRISTIAN SORROW—GRAND OLD AGE—TO-DAY THE EARLY HISTORY OF EVERYTHING GOOD—INSECURITY OF ALL EARTHLY TREASURE.

Dr. Talmage died as he lived, in the full belief of a blessed hereafter. No preacher since Paul so continually declared a positive belief in the immortality of the soul; he poured out all the wealth of his imagination on this sublime subject, and one of his greatest sermons was preached from the text, "At eventime it shall be light," from Zachariah xiv., 7. There need be no tears shed at the grave of a man who lived in an atmosphere of such sublime faith as is expressed in the eloquent periods of this discourse. Whatever of sweetness or light or glory the future holds for any one it must hold for him. "While night in all languages," he says, "is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above, or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath—murky, hurtling, portentous, but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night parade; and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations, and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveler from the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing on heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a ringing: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace; good will to men."

This is not the night of the doubter, the disbeliever, the iconoclast. It is the night of a poet, a philosopher, a Christian who sees "a vision of the

world and all the wonders that there be." It is the utterance of a man who believed that the religion of Jesus Christ is the grandest practical encouragement any man can have; that it is not a mere phantasy of an overwrought imagination, but something "which a man may enter with his entire physical, mental, and moral nature."

To Dr. Talmage the Christian religion was an illumination. No matter how dark the night he had no doubt of the morning. He found in the Gospel a solution to all mystery, even the mystery of death. "The religion of Christ," he declares, "is never in all the Bible once represented as darkness. It is a lamp. It is a lantern. It is daybreak. It is noontide glory. It is irradiation. It is warmth." In the teachings of the Man of Galilee he found not only hope, joy, comfort, peace and the promise of eternal life, but he found in it the source of strength and power to perform herculean tasks, to overcome all obstacles, and to teach a religion so virile, so full of practical suggestions and every-day usefulness that hardly a farm-house in America but had one or more of his books of sermons thumbed by loving study.

And so in the evening of his life the golden shafts of the setting sun fell on a brow already irradiated with the crown of promise, and he went out into the great night of the unknown which he himself had apostrophized in these words:

"What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman Campagna! Awful night among the Cordilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are light-houses on the coast, toward which I hope we all are sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbor."

So this great orator, daring preacher and thoughtful philanthropist looked upon the night of death. He seems to have lived as a great sea captain lives, sure of his knowledge of the charts by which his course is steered, and with a serene belief of final entrance to the destined harbor. "At even-

time it shall be light" he quotes, and declares the prophecy applies not only to the evening of each life, but to the evening of the world, to the evening of the Christian religion. How well he understood the world and its activities is apparent in the application made of the foregoing prophecy to every-day affairs. "For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet, and work with a thousand arms, and the pickaxe struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its twenty per cent, and a book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled in value, and sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music, and stepped in the dance, and glowed in the wine, and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music, and ease, and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderbolts of power. But every sun must set, and the brightest day have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harp-strings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long-established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell. A patent could not be secured for the invention. Stocks sank like lead. The insurance company exploded. 'How much,' says the sheriff, 'will you bid for this piano?' 'How much for this library?' 'How much for this family picture?' 'How much? Will you let it go at less than half price? Going—going—GONE!' "

Such is the picture he paints of the sudden reversal of fortune that threatens those who have all their treasures laid up in this world. But for those who have the faith of the Fathers he finds consolation. For them is strength supplied for the greatest trials. "Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances?" He had no doubt of it. "What," he cries, "have become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail, and crushed under the wheel, and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust, weeping, wailing and gnashing their

teeth? * * * Did they kneel at their empty money-vault and say, 'All my treasures are gone?' Did they stand by the grave of their dead, saying, 'There never will be a resurrection?' * * * Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dark, and howling, smothering and choking their life out? No! No! No! At eventime it was light. The swift promise overtook them. The eternal constellations, from their circuit about God's throne, poured down an infinite luster. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests, the plumes of gold, and jasper, and amethyst, and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer air of God's love. The night-blooming assurance of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heaven. At eventide it was light. *Streaming, joyous, outgushing, everlasting* LIGHT."

LUMINOUS WITH HIS RELIGION.

This utterance is the very soul of Talmage. He was luminous with his religion. To him it was everything, all. Without a belief in the promise of the Scriptures he could see nothing in life worth the struggle required to maintain it. With that belief nothing was but held its separate worth, its joy, its rapture. He loved action even as a boy loves it. In his sermons and lectures he gave himself up to the thought to such a degree that his gestures for a time became the subject of ridicule. He was caricatured in the public prints. Fashionable congregations scoffed at what they called "the antics of the pulpit." He was tried for buffoonery by the Synod of his church. But he was a great natural force and came out of it all unscathed. He not only believed in life in the next world, but he believed in life, strong robust, healthful, here and now. "It is a grand thing to be young," he cries, "to have the sight clear, and the hearing acute, and the step elastic, and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Mid-life and old age will be denied many of us—but youth—we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow. That snow was not always on your head. That brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm. You have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hill-side, or threw off your hat for the race, or sent the

ball flying sky-high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits, and broad shoulders for burden-carrying, and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path, if you follow it long enough, will come under frowning crag and across trembling causeway. Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally. You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains; old rivers; old seas; old stars, and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old, unless you are older than the mountains, and older than the stars.

"Glorious old age, if found in the way of righteousness! How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, falling with the harness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell James, to the last proclaiming the Gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God! At eventime it was light!

HONOR TO THE AGED.

"See that you do honor to the aged. A philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day, saying to the passers-by, 'You will be an old man; you will be an old man.' 'You will be an old woman; you will be an old woman.' People thought that he was crazy. I do not think that he was. Smooth the way for that mother's feet; they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs; they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more wrinkles; trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart; it will soon cease to beat. 'The eye that mocketh its father, and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.' The bright morning and hot noon-day of life have passed with many. It is four o'clock! five o'clock! six o'clock! The shadows fall longer, and thicker, and faster. *Seven o'clock! eight o'clock!* The sun has dipped

below the horizon; the warmth has gone out of the air. *Nine o'clock! ten o'clock!* The heavy dews are falling; the activities of life's day are all hushed; it is time to go to bed. *Eleven o'clock! twelve o'clock!* The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfires of victory all over the heavens. *At eventime it is* LIGHT! LIGHT!

CIVILIZATION JUST OUT OF THE CRADLE.

"It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just getting out of the cradle. The light of martyr-stakes, flashing all up and down the sky, is but the flaming of the morning; but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to God's conquering truth, it shall be light. War's sword clanging back in the scabbard; intemperance buried under ten thousand broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow heavenward for the benediction, 'Blessed are the pure in heart;' the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven-descending charities; all China worshiping Dr. Abeel's Savior; all India believing in Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal superstition acknowledging David Brainard's piety; human bondage delivered through Thomas Clarkson's Christianity; vagrancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Fry's Redeemer; the mountains coming down; the valleys going up; 'holiness' inscribed on horse's bell, and silk-worm's thread, and brown-thrasher's wing, and shell's tinge, and manufacturer's shuttle, and chemist's laboratory, and king's sceptre, and nation's Magna Charta. Not a hospital, for there are no wounds; not an asylum, for there are no orphans; not a prison, for there are no criminals; not an almshouse, for there are no paupers; not a tear, for there are no sorrows. The long dirge of earth's lamentation has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forests harping it on vine-strung branches, the waters chanting it among the gorges, the thunders drumming it among the hills, the ocean giving it forth with its organs, trade-winds touching the keys, and Euroclydon's foot on the pedal. I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed; I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last sabre-wound has stopped hurting; I want to see William Penn when

the last Indian has been civilized; I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has been extinguished; I want to see John Bunyan after the last pilgrim has come to the gate of the celestial city; above all, I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne, and begun to sing *Hallelujah!*

THE BLESSEDNESS OF SILENCE.

"You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field. The heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swim in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water; heaven above, and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling, or a bee humming, or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow; silence in the orchard; silence among the hills.

"Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven fills all the scene with love, and joy, and peace. At eventime it is *light!* LIGHT!

"Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how short a winter's day is, and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at eight and sets at four. The birth-angel and the death-angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle, and with the other she touches a grave.

"I went into the house of one of my parishioners on Thanksgiving day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas day came, and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.'

"But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventime it shall be light!

"I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us, and from

a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces, there dash upon us 'Hosannah! Hosannah!'

" 'Throw back the shutters and let the sun in,' said dying Scoville McCollum, one of my Sabbath-school boys.

"You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims, 'I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith.'

"Hugh McKail went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried, 'Farewell sun, moon, and stars! farewell all earthly delights!' Then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried, 'Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome, death! Welcome, glory!'

"A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said, in his last moments, *'I move into the light.'*

"They did not go down doubting, and fearing, and shivering, but their battle-cry rang through all the caverns of the sepulchre, and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven, 'O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?' Sing, my soul, of joys to come.

"I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, 'Who is this beautiful being, wandering up and down the earth?' They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again! When the blind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement, and joins in such company, and has a free seat in such a great temple! Hungry men no more to hunger; thirsty men no more to thirst; weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this stupendous theme of the soul's disenthrallment! Oh! the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting *Free!* FREE! Your eye has gazed upon the garniture of earth and heaven; but eye hath not seen it. Your ear has caught harmonies un-

counted and indescribable—caught them from harp's trill, and bird's carol, and waterfall's dash, and ocean's doxology; but the ear hath not heard it. How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah! eternity is not long enough to tell it; seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it—the marvels of redeeming love! Let the palms wave; let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend; let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou failest!

"Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heart-rending. Yet, light in the evening. As all the stars of this night sink their anchors of pearl in lake, and river, and sea, so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down-flashing of the glory to come.

"The dying soul looks up at the constellations. 'The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?' 'The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

"Close the eyes of the departed one: earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands: life's work is ended. Veil the face: it has been transfigured.

"Mr. Toplady, in his dying hour, said, 'Light.' Coming nearer the expiring moment, he exclaimed, with illuminated countenance, 'Light!' In the last instant of his breathing, he lifted up his hands and cried, '*Light!* LIGHT!'

"Thank God for light in the evening!"

And to this sweet closing prayer there must rise in every heart a responsive Amen.

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